WEEK
ENDING
JUNE 28, 1930

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Liberty

A Weekly for Eve bo

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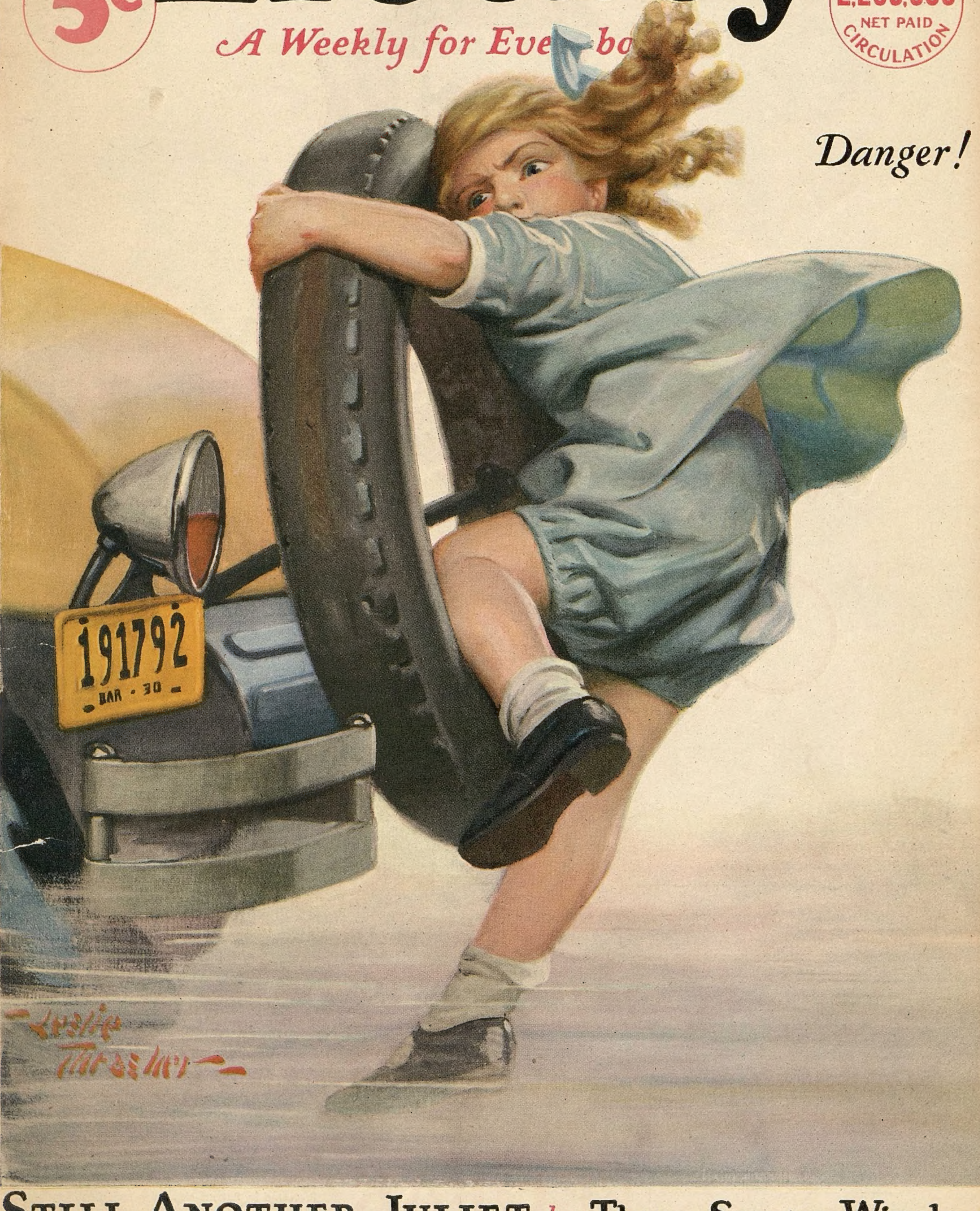
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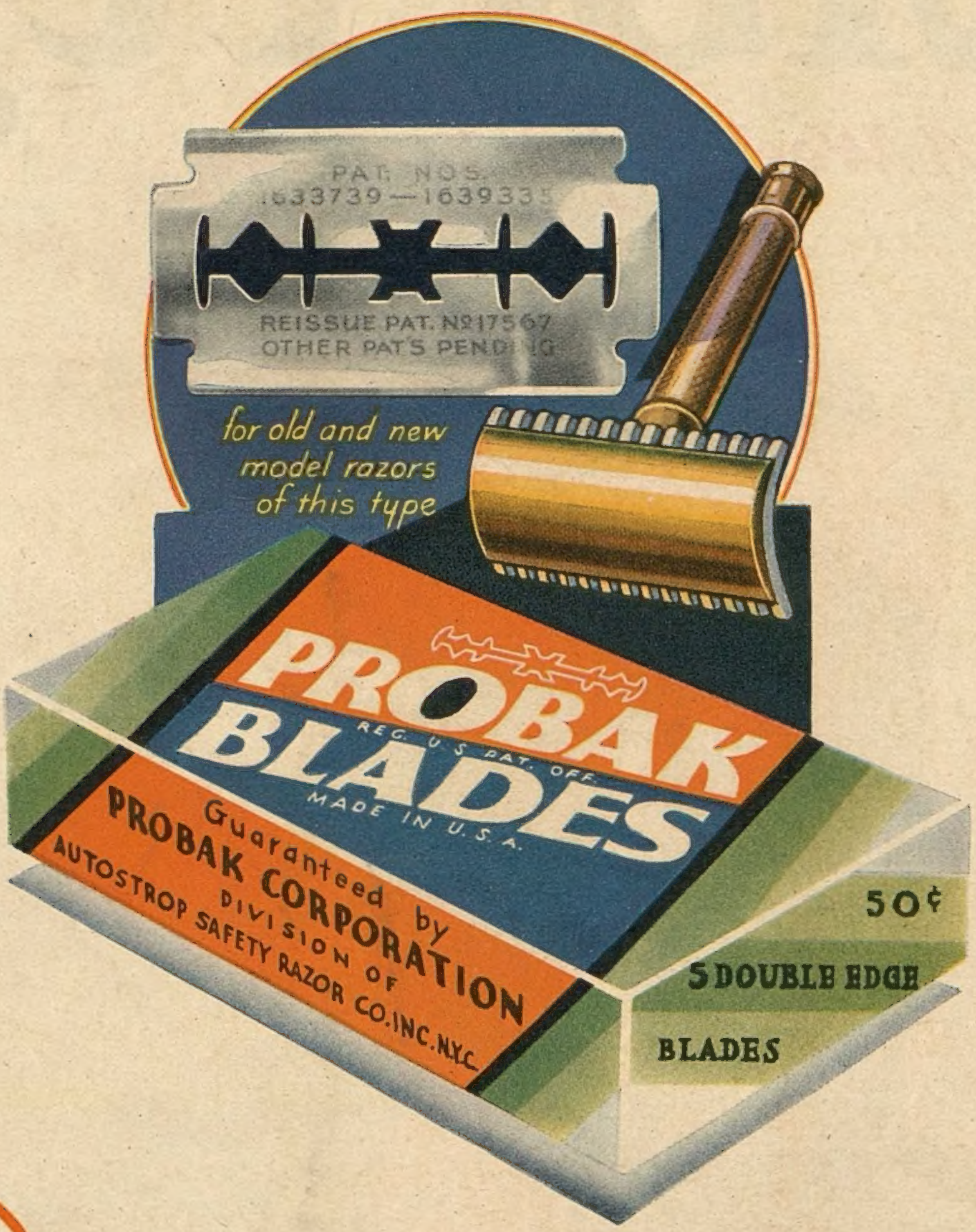
BAR · 30
Leslie Thrasher

Danger!

STILL ANOTHER JULIET *by* **Thyra Samter Winslow**

NOT ONE SOUR BLADE IN A MILLION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for old and new model razors of this type
PROBAK BLADES
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MADE IN U.S.A.
Guaranteed by PROBAK CORPORATION DIVISION OF AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO. INC. N.Y.C.
50¢
5 DOUBLE EDGE BLADES

QUICKER SHAVING *with* PROBAK

LIGHT, easy, swift strokes leave your face clean, smooth and refreshed when you shave with a super-keen Probak blade in your double-edge razor—old type or new!

Every stroke counts. Once over is enough. There's no drag or vibration—no need to press or pull. Guide your razor with a barber's touch. Beards—over-sized and cross-grained—vanish like boyish down.

Prove this at our risk. Probak is guaranteed on a money-back basis. Compare it with your present blades. Shave alternately with one and the other. If better steel, better designing and better manufacturing methods don't make Probak a better blade—return the package and your dealer will refund every cent.

Probak is patented from edge to edge. Butterfly channeling in duo-tempered steel gives it the straight-edge principle and makes it shave like a head barber's favorite. Standards are high—inspection rigid. You won't find a sour blade in a million.

Buy before your present blades are gone. Identify Probak by its striking, modern, red, blue and green package—displayed by dealers everywhere—$1 for 10, 50c for 5.

Use coupon if your dealer has not yet stocked Probak

TRIAL OFFER COUPON

PROBAK CORPORATION, Dept. L-97
Send me a special trial package of Probak blades for which I enclose 25c (in coin or stamps).

Name____________________

Address____________________

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Dealer's Name____________________

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AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR CO., INC.
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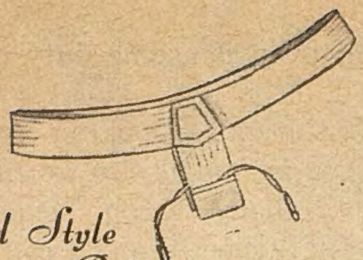
PROBAK

Protected by Patents Nos. 1,633,739; 1,639,335.
Reissue No. 17,567. Other patents pending.

HICKORY

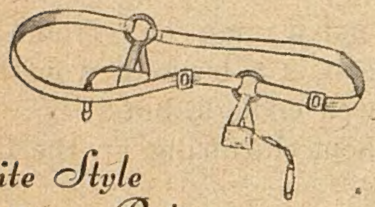
Personal Necessities

Step in Line With Health and Fashion



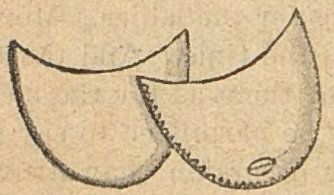
Curved Style Sanitary Belt

"Shaped-to-fit" slip-on all elastic style - wide elastic - satin trimmed - taped pins, 50c. Other elastic styles 25c to $1



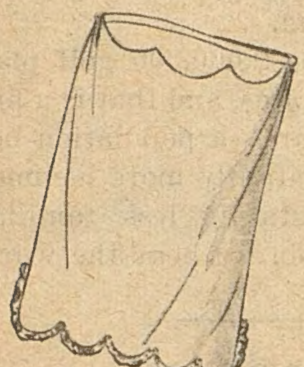
Petite Style Sanitary Belt

The Belt Petite - of 3/8 inch narrow rayon elastic - adjustable - with taped pins or patented clasps. 25c to 50c



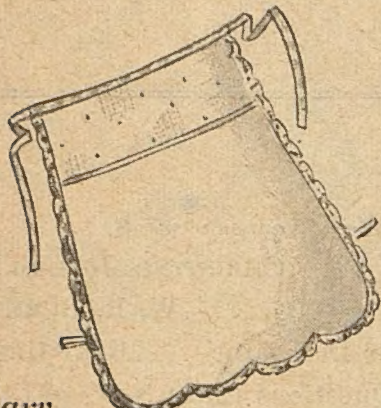
Dress Shields

Double covered dress shields in all standard shapes - made of Jap silk in white, flesh and all popular colors 50c. Others 25c to 75c



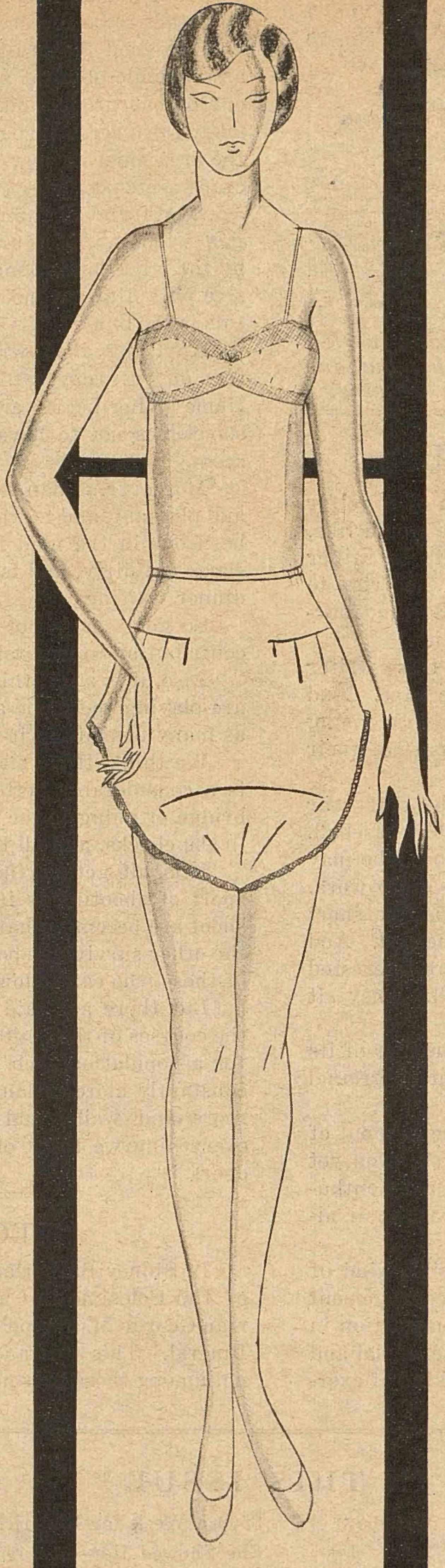
Shadow Skirt

Shadow skirt of crepe-de-chine with loose rubberized silk panel-lace trimmed $3.50. Others 50c to $5.95



Sanitary Apron

Sanitary apron with Point d'Esprit net yoke - rubberized silk panel - lace trimmed $1. Others 25c to $2



Step-in *(shown on figure)*

Step-in of rayon crepe - lace trimmed with a light protective rubber panel $1.75. Others 50c to $5.95

Brassiere *(shown on figure)*

Cupped style, crepe-back satin brassiere - lace trimmed - in flesh $1. Others 50c to $2

From the standpoint of your health medical authorities recommend and approve Hickory Belts. Perfectly shaped to fit, scientifically constructed—*not in one—but in many needed styles*—they never bind or constrain. They hold securely any pad or protection you prefer. Absolute comfort assured—and comfort is a prime requisite for health.

The dainty HICKORY Dress Shields—the lovely Aprons, Step-ins and Shadow Skirts are also creations of exquisite charm. Fashion favors HICKORY, too—Style authorities pronounce them "splendid—stylishly correct."

See these "intimate invisibles" at your favorite store, now, while the gala *"Hickory June Month"* Exhibits are in progress. Naturally, only a few of the many delightfully different, stylishly correct and superior Personal Necessities by HICKORY can be illustrated here. Do make it a point to become acquainted with them all. You'll enjoy doing so.

Among other fine Hickory Products are the following:

Children's Garters
Full Back Baby Pants
Crib Sheets
Baby Garters
Hickory Elastic
Tea and Household Aprons
Girdles

A. STEIN & COMPANY
Chicago .. New York .. Los Angeles .. Toronto

JUNE 28, 1930

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

IN PRAISE OF GOLF

The writer of these lines is not much of a golfer himself. He does not play as often as he would like, and when he does the experience is apt to be rather painful. People snicker discreetly when he tries to drive, and sometimes the members of a following foursome get real unpleasant about being held up.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, this writer thinks golf is about the grandest game we have. And it is his opinion, respectfully submitted, that young chaps in school and college should spend part of their time learning it.

The game guarantees them great benefits—far greater than they will derive from football or baseball. In the case of football and baseball, for those who play the benefit stops when they graduate and go to work. They are fleeting pastimes, enjoyed for a few short years at a time of life when they are least needed. And of course the vast majority of those who are interested in football and baseball do not play at all. They sit in the stands and watch.

Golf is a game anyone can play. The number of its participants is limited only by the amount of ground you can find to play on.

The golfer's career does not end when he gets out of school: most golfers' careers have not, then, even yet begun. The game lasts to middle age, and many enthusiasts still pursue it when they are well past their allotted threescore years and ten.

It keeps people outdoors in every possible kind of weather; clouds and even rain are no discouragement to the true golfer. It offers the zest of competition in pleasant, homeopathic doses. It provides beneficial and reasonably strenuous exercise—and it is a kind of exercise that is fun, and not a burdensome duty of which one needs to be reminded.

One good feature of the game, looking at it from an economic point of view, is that it throws farm land out of overproduction. Nobody can say exactly how many farm acres have been turned into golf courses, but the area must be very large. And this, in a time when crops are chronically too big, is important.

Another good thing is what the game does for the golf widows. Of course they pretend to be desolated by their husbands' long absences in pursuit of the elusive pill. But anyone who has been around knows that this is the bunk.

Anything that will get a man out from under foot on Saturday afternoon is a boon to womankind. Home-loving hearts are well enough, but it is a relief sometimes not to have them cluttering up the living-room.

Moreover, a man is never more likely to be amiable and pleasant, and to wag his tail a little, as when he has been out in the mud for five or six hours, knows his shoes are dirty, and is humbly aware that he has kept dinner waiting.

So golf (as is not sufficiently realized) is a great contribution to marital felicity.

Also, it is a fine thing for the ladies. More of them are playing the game all the time. And there are just as many benefits in it for them as for the men.

We think, if we may be permitted to say so, that it is a considerably better diversion than afternoons of bridge or going to the movies. It is conducive to roses in the cheeks, and all that.

It is, altogether, the coming game. The old he-man sport of shooting is in its decline, now that places to shoot are becoming harder and harder to find. Most of the other surviving sports impose limits on the number of those who can follow them.

But there are said to be 2,000,000 golf players on the courses of the United States, and that is a fine thing for a population such as ours—a population becoming constantly more urban, constantly more hemmed in by roofs and walls, and constantly less familiar with everything we think of when we hear the word "outdoors."

BEG PARDON

In Sidney Sutherland's recent article on the killing of Jim Colosimo in Chicago, it was stated that Alderman George M. Maypole of Chicago attended Colosimo's funeral. This was an error. Alderman Maypole was not among those present.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

Prize awards for solutions of The Mystery of the Giant Redwoods, by Sidney Sutherland, are announced on page 75.

1st year—The first teeth are appearing. Are they strong, well shaped?

3rd year—Time to start seeing the dentist—also to use Pepsodent morning and night.

6th year—The 6-year molars appear—most important teeth. Have examined every 3 months.

10th year—Are teeth crowded? Show signs of decay? Don't neglect them now.

16th year—A few more years, and decay will be less apt to occur. Protect them daily.

During These Years, Mother, Take Them to the Dentist Often

Many troubles seldom laid to teeth originate there nevertheless. Only your dentist can recognize and correct them.

Do you know that the backwardness in school of a great many children is caused by neglected teeth? When the teeth are repaired and the mouth and gums are again made healthy, these backward children become alert, attentive and industrious. Dullness is usually based on a depleted physical condition whose source may be difficult to find.

Decay, crooked teeth and various germ infections of the mouth—all can be corrected by your dentist. At an early stage they may be treated successfully with slight discomfort and children will not mind it.

Home care of teeth

Because your children's teeth require extra care, have them use Pepsodent, the gentle tooth paste, regularly every day. For Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasive. It is safe.

Pepsodent is the most effective way of removing the troublesome film from teeth, which is the major cause of decay and other serious troubles.

Film holds germs of decay against the teeth. It is the cause of teeth becoming dull, discolored, because film absorbs the stains from foods and fruits. Removing film frees teeth of stains and "dinginess."

Pepsodent—the special film-removing dentifrice—is the scientific way to lovely, healthy teeth in later life.

Use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist twice a year

PEPSIN-CONTAINING TOOTH PASTE
Pepsodent
THE PEPSODENT CO., CHICAGO, U.S.A.
MADE IN U.S.A.

The trip to the dentist may be made interesting and enjoyable. Never suggest to the child that it may be otherwise.

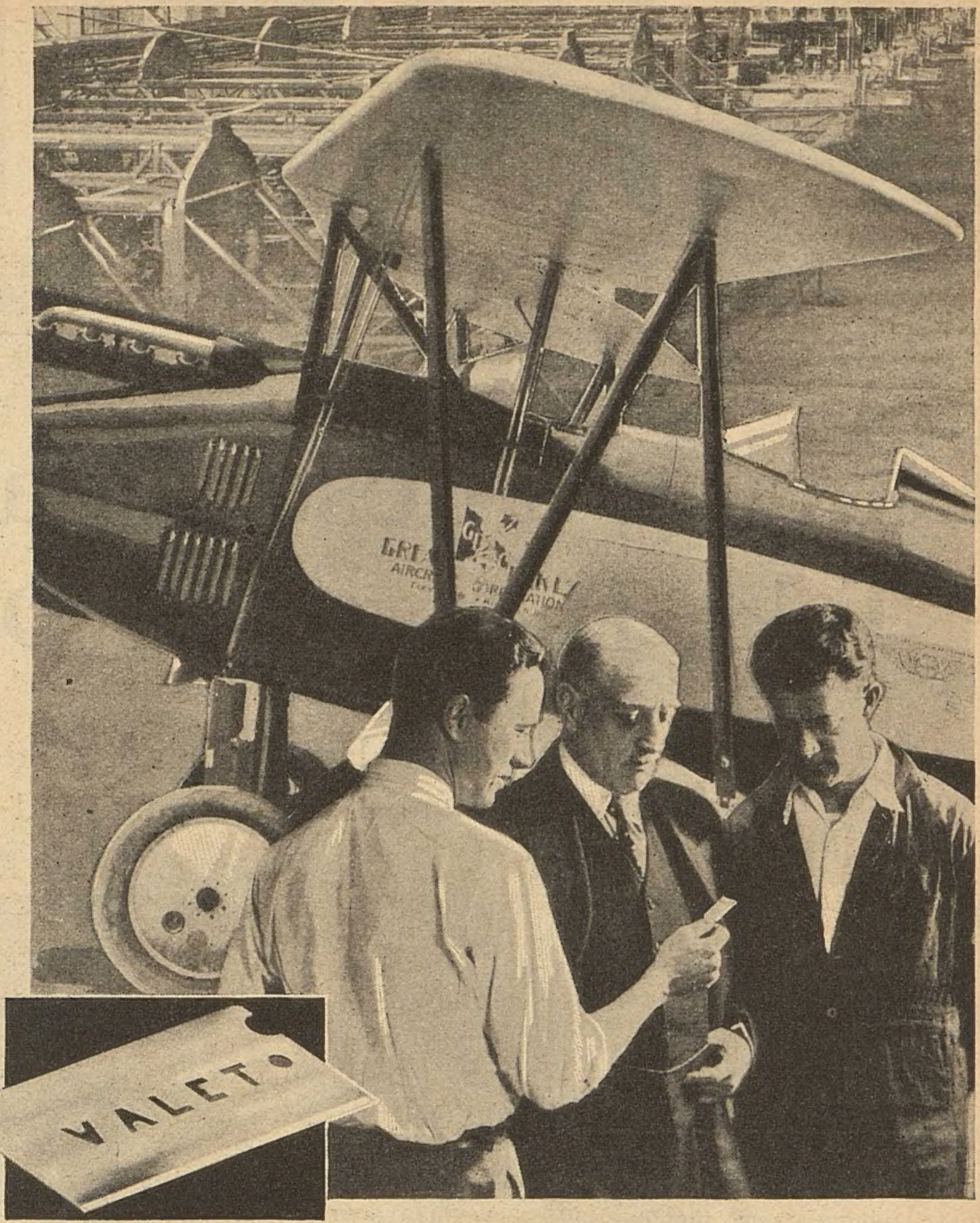
Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos 'n' Andy Radio Program.

AMOS 'n' ANDY America's most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m., Eastern Daylight time—10:30 p. m., Central Daylight time—8:30 p. m., Mountain Standard time—7:30 p. m., Pacific Standard time.

MEN WHO KNOW STEEL PREFER THE VALET—MEN WHO KNOW FACES PRESCRIBE IT



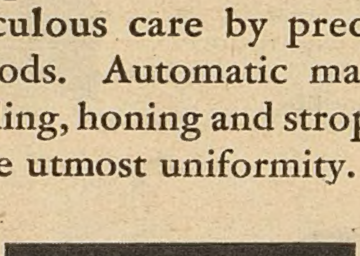
A New altitude record in razor blade quality

"THE steel, finish and shaving qualities of the Valet blade are a revelation to our metallurgists and engineers —who designed the Great Lakes Sport Trainer—the "ship" with a fuselage of chrome molybdenum steel." *The Great Lakes Aircraft Corporation.*

' ' '

In the air men's lives depend on steel. On the ground their reputations depend on it. Small wonder that aircraft engineers and metallurgists instantly recognize and welcome fine steel wherever they find it.

The new Valet blade is a triumph in steel—made with meticulous care by precision methods. Automatic machine grinding, honing and stropping assure utmost uniformity.



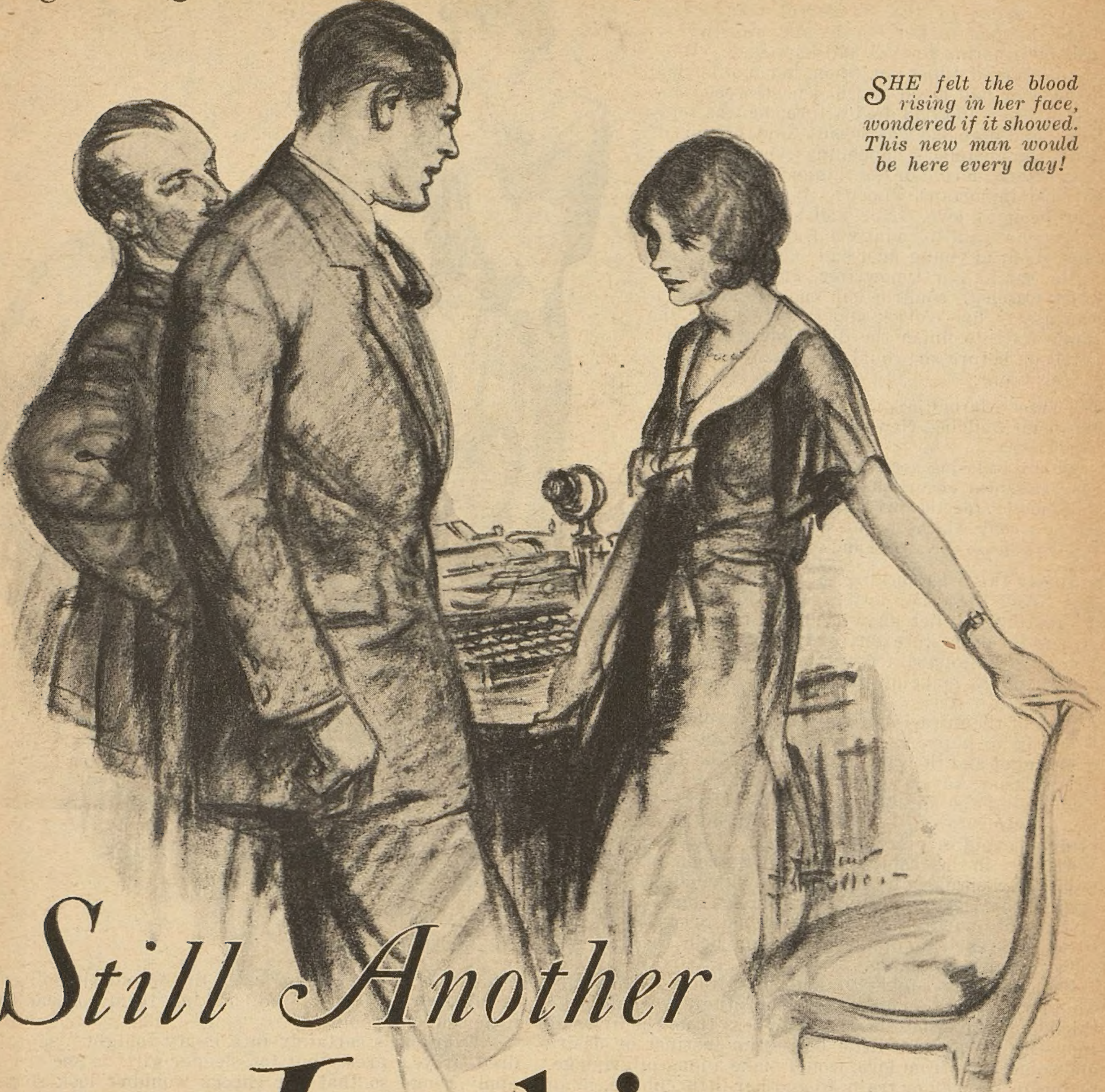
Dermatologists prescribe the Valet because it is kind to the face—glides through beard lightly, smoothly, without irritating the skin. This blade is made exclusively for the Valet AutoStrop—the only razor that does not require removal of the blade for stropping, shaving or cleaning. Keep your face young—your skin clear. Use the new Valet blade in the Valet AutoStrop Razor and enjoy real shaving convenience and luxury.

The new blade can be identified by the word "Valet" cut through the steel

The NEW VALET Auto-Strop BLADE

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Inc., 656 First Ave., New York—Also Toronto ' London ' Paris ' Milan ' Rio de Janeiro

Beginning a New Romance *of* TODAY *in* America



SHE felt the blood rising in her face, wondered if it showed. This new man would be here every day!

Still Another Juliet

By

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

who was born in Fort Smith, Arkansas; attended the University of Missouri and Columbia University, and studied art at the University of Cincinnati. She has been on the stage, is the author of novels and short stories, and has written for the Chicago Tribune. She is married and lives on Long Island.

Pictures by A. D. FULLER

PART ONE

JULIET AND THE MIRACLE

IT was March 15, 1921. Warren G. Harding had been President and Calvin Coolidge Vice President for eleven days. The prohibition amendment had been technically in effect for over a year. The Communists and the Fascisti had had their first conflict in Florence. The Stillmans and the Stokeses were airing their pretty matrimonial difficulties. The Supreme Council at Paris had fixed Germany's total indemnity. And it was Juliet Rogers' birthday and she was twenty years old. Ever since she was a little girl Juliet had believed that this birthday, when she was leaving her teens behind, would be romantic and lovely.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page seven

She had dreamed, ever since she had started to have dreams, of the wonderful things that would happen to her before she was twenty. And here nothing at all had happened. Why, the ill-starred Juliet for whom her mother had named her had loved and had been wooed and had married and had died before she was fourteen—and here she was twenty, and, outside of most commonplace happenings, her life had been utterly devoid of the things she felt should be most important. Love? Why, she hadn't ever been in love. Nor had she been loved, unless you want to count what a lot of silly, inconsequential young men had said to her.

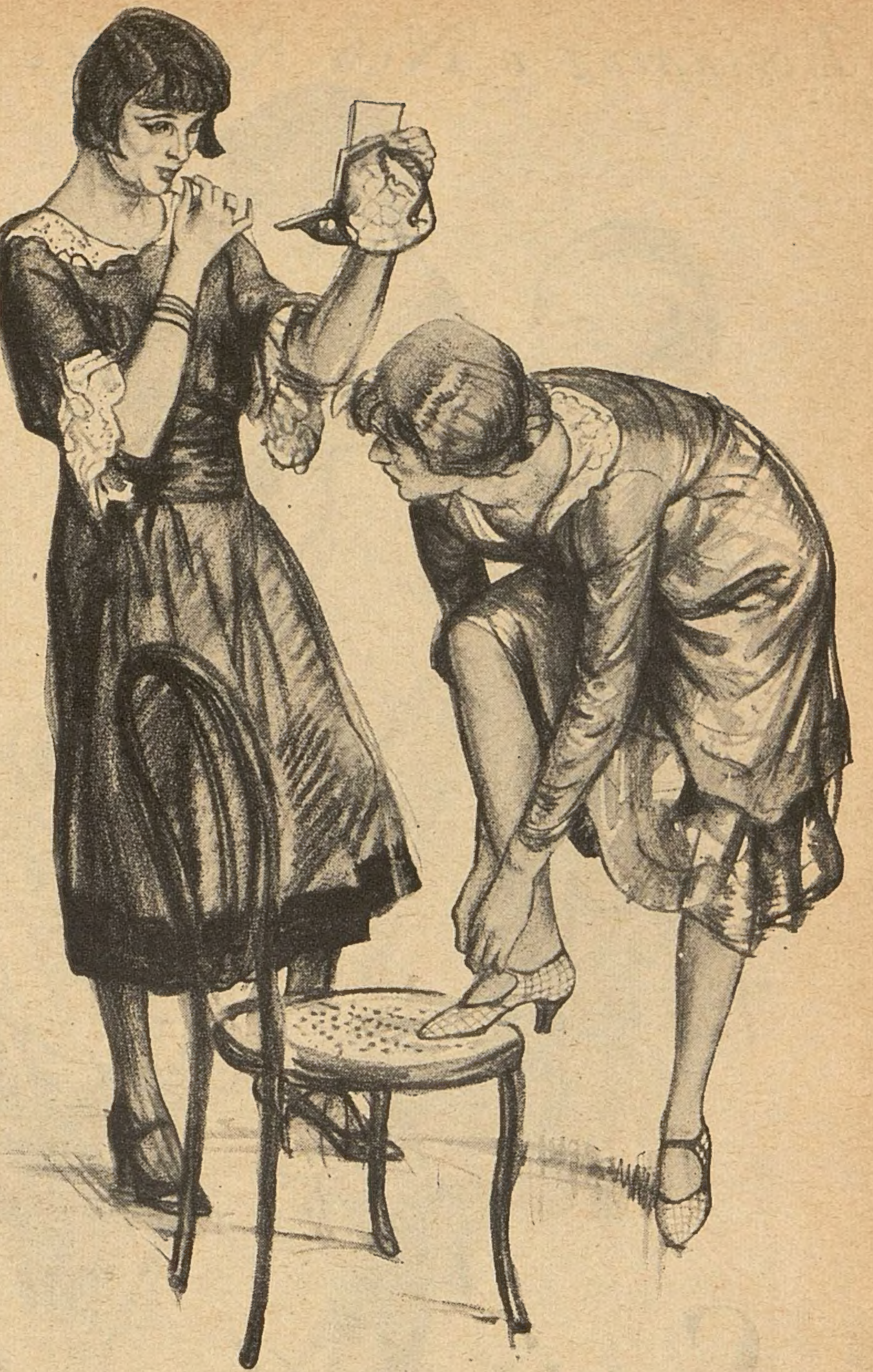
She sat at her typewriter, glancing at her wrist watch to confirm her knowledge that it was nearly five o'clock and knowing that she would have to finish the dictation still in her notebook before she could go home.

She wrote:

The Three-Alarm Clock Co.,
McAlister Building, New York.
Gentlemen:

We are inclosing herewith the new schedule for your classified advertising for the Summer and Fall months, together with the corrected proofs of the new copy which you have already approved. Will you please O.K. these and return them at once.

Surely this was nothing to write on a birthday. And the other letters were just as uninteresting. Juliet knew that the rest of the girls in the office were getting ready to go home. You always stopped a few minutes before five to put on new make-up in the ladies' room.



ONE of the miracles of New York was beginning to happen; but so accustomed to it were Juliet and the rest of the staff of the J. D. Fredrickson Advertising Agency that no one was paying the slightest attention. Darkness was starting to fall over the city, darkness as utterly devoid of preceding twilight as if New York were in the tropics. And simultaneously, as the darkening buildings became silhouetted against the deepening sky, lights shone from all of the office windows, as if a child had pricked little squares in a picture and then held the view in front of a lamp.

Soon another equally unnoticed miracle of the city would occur. From all of the office buildings would pour thick queues of workers, the little bees from the hives of industry. And each little bee, from instinct or desire and sometimes from love, would make a long pilgrimage, by bus or subway or train, to another little cubicle, in an apartment building or a house in the suburbs, and would take up an entirely different life, as complete as if these hours over desks or counters hadn't interrupted it. And tomorrow they would be back in their hives again.

Girls from the J. D. Fredrickson Advertising Agency were in the ladies' room, as Juliet knew, but she didn't know that they were talking about her. The ladies' room was down a long corridor, and though it was shared by the feminine employees of the other offices that were on the same floor, most of the girls there now worked for "J. D." These girls thought themselves superior to most girls who worked. The agency required a high-school education and they had gained for themselves a crisp sophistication.

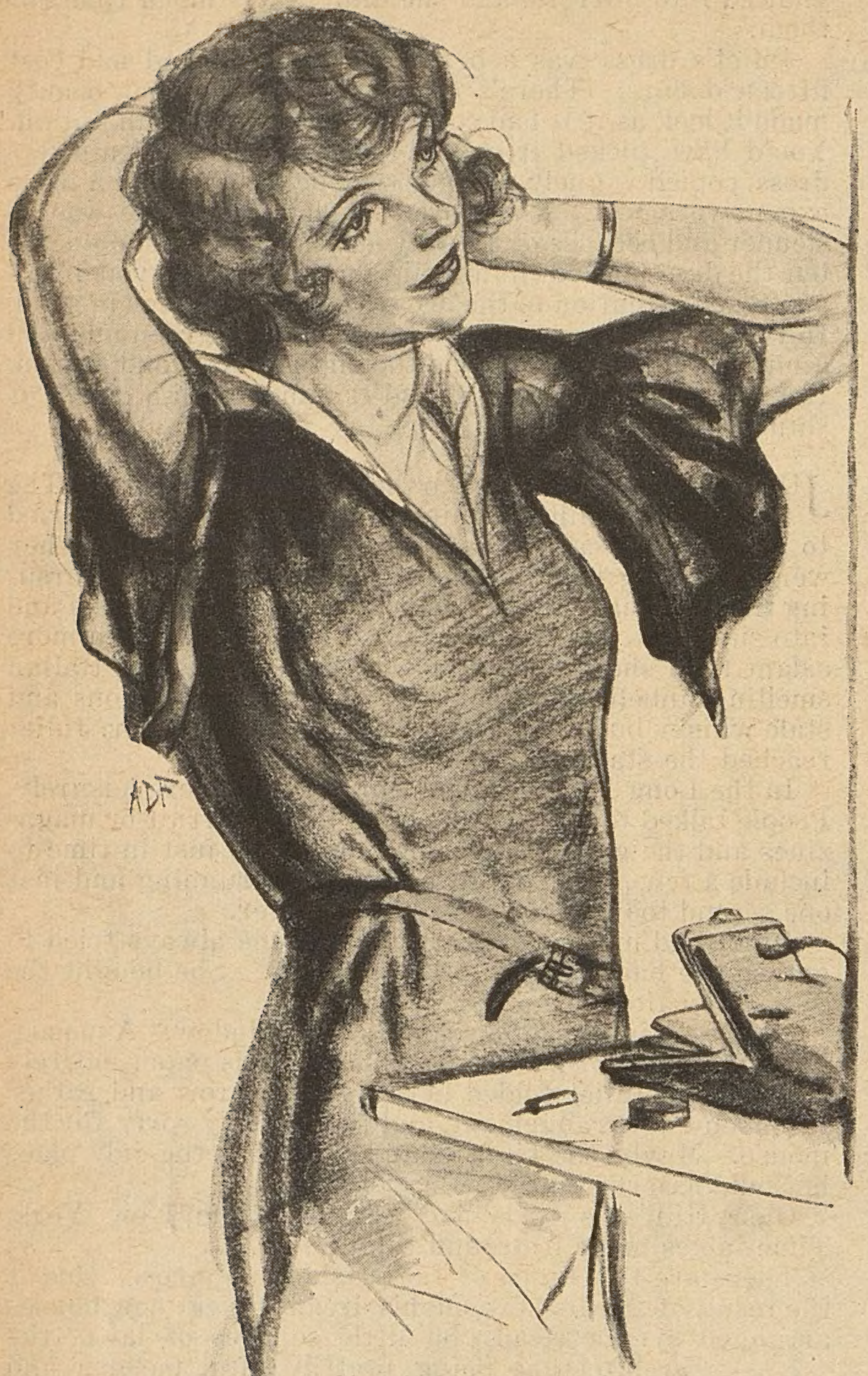
The ladies' room was marble-lined, gray and white, highly polished. There were inset mirrors in the walls, with a long, narrow marble shelf below, and several straight chairs with cane seats. Freda Robertson, the bookkeeper, whom the girls respectfully called "Miss Robertson," sat in one of the chairs, smoking. The other girls were too busy applying cosmetics to sit down. Their purses lay open on the narrow shelf and they were using lip rouge and powder from little gilt or enameled boxes or tubes, and ignoring entirely the sign, "Do Not Comb Your Hair Here, Please," even the automatic politeness of the word "Please" not making them conceal their little celluloid combs.

"Everyone's certainly in a hurry tonight," said Mildred Grey, a pretty but too slender girl, as she tried to apply rouge so that her cheeks wouldn't look so thin. "I bet everyone in the office has a heavy date tonight. I'll have to hurry home if I want to be in time for mine. That's the trouble with living on Two Hundred and Tenth Street. You've got to stand in the subway all the way home. And I'll have about a minute to get something to eat, and my mother will have a fit because I won't help with the dishes—though I'd like to know what she does all day. And then I'll have to change my dress and beat it right back again if I want to be at Times Square at eight-thirty. Harry and I are going to see The Bat."

"Haven't you seen that? Fred and I saw it weeks ago. You'll love it. It's a swell show. Mysterious. I couldn't guess how it was coming out till the very end," said Ethel Wright, who was trying to apply rouge so that her too plump cheeks would not look quite so round. "Yes, I have a date, too," she added. "Fred and I are going to see Norma Talmadge. Don't you just love her? I guess we all have dates except Murphy and Sleeping Beauty. I heard Sleeping Beauty tell Murphy this was her birthday."

"What's that about me?" a voice asked.

Murphy had come in while they were talking. She was a good ten years older than the others, older than any other woman in the office except Miss Taylor, who wrote



You couldn't tell whom you'd meet on the way home. When you are just twenty living is a sort of anticipation. Anything might happen.

copy and thought she was too good to talk with the other girls, anyhow. One learned of Miss Taylor's life only through hearsay, though one got quite a number of details that way. Miss Taylor never volunteered anything excepting a grudging "Good morning." She was proud because she had got ahead. She had started as a stenographer; but now she had her own office with her name on the door, and sat in at conferences, and wrote copy "with a woman's angle."

MURPHY'S age entitled her to no special respect. The girls liked her well enough when they thought of her at all. They pitied her, in fact, but paid little enough attention to what she said. She was efficient and rapid, but they felt she was unimportant, would never get much farther ahead.

Everyone knew Murphy's story. She had been a stenographer in the agency since she was seventeen. When she was nineteen she started "keeping company" with the bookkeeper—there were male bookkeepers in the office until the war; then a woman was taken in and kept the position. Murphy had a mother and father to help support. She couldn't get married "just yet." She kept putting off the wedding date. There didn't seem anything else she could do.

She never looked at another man—was devoted to the bookkeeper. When he went to war, she was always sending him presents, worrying about him. When he got back her father and mother were still dependent on her. After all, they were her parents. What could she do about it? The bookkeeper married a girl of eighteen whom he'd met at a canteen dance and who didn't have obligations at home nor any other reasons for postponing marriage.

The girls in the office thought it was a shame, but the affair seemed too impersonal, too outside of their own scheme of life, for them to feel too sorry. Things like that couldn't happen to them. They'd know how to manage. The bookkeeper was a sap, anyhow. They felt Murphy was a fool to have cared for him, in the first place. They all agreed that long engagements were all nonsense, anyhow.

"What were you saying about me?" Murphy repeated. Murphy's first name was Sophie. No one seemed aware of it.

"NOTHING much," said Irene Little, who was "fresh." She had been too busy drawing a rosebud and entirely unnatural mouth over her rather full lips to talk before. "They just said that you and your dear friend Miss Rogers probably didn't have dates for tonight."

Murphy bristled.

"You're all wrong, as usual," she said. "I've certainly got a date. I'm going to visit my mother's cousin in Brooklyn. She broke her leg a couple of weeks ago, but she's able to be up and about now, and some of us are going to give her a buffet supper. We're going to fix everything ourselves after we get there, so that my cousin won't have to walk a step."

"And what a big night that will turn out to be!" said Irene.

"And *my* friend Miss Rogers," Murphy went on as if she hadn't heard, "—and I don't know any friend I'd rather have—is having a big birthday party for some of her intimate friends at her home in Long Island. I guess you know her folks own their own home there."

"Yes, we know," said Ethel Wright. "You tell us about it twice a day. You haven't been out there, I believe."

"No, but I'm going as soon as the weather gets warm. She's asked me several times." She tried to find a place in front of a mirror, and finally contented herself with peering over the shoulder of Lou Ray Tellis, who didn't talk much and never objected to anything. Murphy was short and squat and dark and used only powder for make-up, though her complexion never showed that even this beautifier had been applied.

"Well," said Irene, turning her attention to her blond hair, "I bet Juliet Rogers' dinner party consists of her family and a maiden aunt. That will be another gay evening."

"It will be from choice," defended Murphy. "She could have any of the ribbon clerks you girls meet at the drug stores if she'd lift her little finger."

"I guess she's waiting for the Prince of Wales," answered Irene.

"Maybe she is," said Murphy. "I bet she's turned down finer fellows than you girls will ever get a chance to lick your fingers after."

Murphy never knew why she "took up for" Juliet Rogers. Juliet was nice to her, but so were most of the other girls. She admired Juliet's appearance and her aloofness. It sort of made things seem better for her when a lovely girl like Juliet Rogers didn't run around with boys much, either.

"The trouble with you girls," said Freda Robertson, lighting a fresh cigarette (cigarette smoking was a bit devilish in the ladies' room), "is that the whole lot of you are jealous of Juliet Rogers. I can't say I blame you. It's not right for one girl to have hair and eyes like hers—and lashes a mile long without mascara when I've worn mine out trying to make them look half as well.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page nine

And her skin. And grand figure. It's not fair, girls, and there's not a thing we can do about it."

"I'm not jealous," said Ethel. "And of course I'd like to look like her—or like Mary Pickford or Corinne Griffith. But it's her being so indifferent that gets my goat. Never caring about men."

"She has a lot of dates," Murphy defended.

"Oh, has she? A fellow takes her out once or twice and she'll never go out with him again. Or he trails out on the train to Neck of the Woods, Long Island, and the family plays the phonograph for him. That's what happened when that good-looking young Torber from the copy department went to see her. Of course, the fellows fall hard when they first meet her. Lucky for the rest of us it doesn't last or things would be pretty bad. She pulls a line that she just doesn't care—that she's never been in love and that's what she's waiting for. Waiting for 'Mr. Right' to come along. Maybe she's holding out for a millionaire. I would like to see who she'd fall for."

"Maybe she's one of those cold girls I read about in Miss Holly's Daily Hint for Happiness. Some girls just can't love. And in a picture I saw the other night the girl didn't love anyone—"

"If you're going my way you'd better hurry," said Frances Topping, the youngest girl in the office. "I know what love is, I can tell you, and I'm going to be on time for my date just to find out if it's as bad as I think."

"You and me both," said Lou Ray Tellis.

If the remark didn't seem to mean a great deal, no one noticed. No one paid much attention to what Lou Ray said. It was fun, though, getting Murphy started. The girls hurried, now. There were more important things than office gossip.

When Juliet's letters were finished the other girls had gone. Two girls from another office were alone in the ladies' room.

Juliet applied rouge carefully with her little finger to the soft fullness of her mouth. You couldn't tell whom you'd meet on the way home. When you are just twenty living is a sort of anticipation. Anything might happen. Juliet felt that her underlip was too full. She patted her powder puff over her smooth skin. She must remember to get a new one at Woolworth's tomorrow. She smoothed her hair. She wore it long, though the question of bobbed hair was already an established one and any group of girls could be entirely preoccupied with it. She didn't especially like the color of her hair, though she knew other people liked it. It was not red, though you'd never have called it blonde, either, and in the sun there were glints in it as if you'd mixed copper and gold together.

WHEN she thought of it, which was seldom, Juliet was glad her eyebrows and eyelashes were dark. She might have had white eyelashes with her hair, and she felt death would have been preferable. Her eyes were brown and yet not quite brown, either. They were as indefinite as her hair. You could have called them either topaz or hazel, for they were yellow-brown and the outer rim of the iris was very dark and her lashes made them look deeper. Her nose tilted just a bit and the bridge was well defined. Juliet was a tall girl and, at twenty, very slender—a sort of delicate, "soft-boned" slenderness. Her jaw line had a smooth softness that might have deceived you for a minute, but the bone underneath was firm.

Altogether she was much lovelier than your favorite girl on your favorite magazine cover. She looked the way childless and lonely old women imagine their daughters might have looked or like the girl that a woman with one son picks out, in theory, for her son to marry. It is comfortable to have a really beautiful heroine.

Because she had always lived in or around New York and had been going to business since she was seventeen, Juliet had incased her loveliness in a kind of sophisticated veneer, a smooth lacquer; but if you looked at her sometimes when she didn't know you were looking, your eyes grew moist at the youth and beauty you saw shining through.

She wasn't conceited about her appearance, as a less lovely girl might have been. She took it for granted, very simply. That same beauty looked at her whenever she glanced into mirrors, and she didn't have much time for them.

Juliet's dress was a braided blue serge and had cost fifteen dollars. There's no use saying that her beauty made it look as if it had cost far more, for it didn't at all. You'd have picked it out any place for a fifteen-dollar dress, copied vaguely and not very definitely from a more expensive model. She wore it well because she was so slender and because of the way she carried her shoulders; but the dress lacked cut and distinction, though you didn't pay much attention to the dress and looked at her instead. Her coat was rather worn. It was a dark green and had a nutria collar and this was the end of its second season. Her hat was large and flat and trimmed with a bunch of shining black cherries.

JULIET took the subway to the Long Island Station. The usual crowd milled around, pressing close as she tried to get into her car. The guards yelled, more as if they were escorting mentally defective criminals than pursuing their normal duties of seeing that people got off of and into subway trains. Jostled until her hat was even more aslant than she intended and pressed against an Italian smelling unbelievably not only of garlic and onions and stale whisky but also of an additional leather odor, Juliet reached the station.

In the Long Island Station things were more leisurely. People talked together or bought candy or fruit or magazines and the gates clanged closed always just in time to include a few people out of breath from running and just one second too late for the last passenger.

Juliet had missed the earlier train she always tried to get, so she had a few minutes to spare. She bought the Sun, and waited.

On the train she got a seat near the window. A mouse-like little man sat next to her and read his paper entirely outspread. Juliet folded hers into a narrow and rather inconvenient arrangement, and felt vaguely sorry for the mouse. Maybe the Long Island train was the only place he could assert himself.

Glen Hill was forty-five minutes from New York. Time-tables made it around thirty-nine.

There are two kinds of Long Island suburbs. One is the result of a real-estate man's dream. Neat new houses arranged symmetrically on little squares of lawn, the architecture being prettily of a pattern and copying, rather elastically, one of the historic European periods. Glen Hill was the other and to many the less desirable kind. To be sure, the real-estate men had already swarmed in, for it was too near New York to escape. Glen Hill Gardens was being groomed into shape and was bursting with houses of a faintly Colonial design, and Glen Hill Villa had broken out violently Spanish, with colored stucco houses and little iron balconies and patios, not entirely appropriate to the surroundings, but proving quite an excellent sales idea.

The part of Glen Hill in which Juliet lived had grown up far more naturally. It had been a farm; but the owners, with better brains for real estate than for agriculture, had cut it into city lots, letting the buyers or small contractors put up houses of any design they chose on it. In 1921 many of the lots were still vacant. The houses were decent, uninspired, the kind that has three or four bedrooms and one bath on the second floor. Most of them were frame and needed painting just a little and had open porches and just a few unnecessary ornaments on the porch railing. Some of the newer ones were stucco and boasted sun porches.

The house in which Juliet lived was of shingle and clapboard, the first story of shingle stained brown. The second story was painted white. There was an open porch in front.

It was not an attractive house, but it looked comfortable and decent. Dan Rogers had bought it almost ten years before, because the house they had been living in became too small when Juliet and Thelma started growing up. He had made a substantial down payment, money he had saved carefully through the first years of marriage—and it's pretty hard to save when you're on a small salary and have two little girls—and had paid the rest, monthly, for seven years, just when the girls hadn't been able to help him.

Now there was only a first mortgage on the house and when Juliet and Thelma were both working Dan was able to take things pretty easily.

Juliet came in. She called, " Hello, mama! Where are you? " almost as she opened the door.

Mrs. Rogers was a nervous little woman with bright, inquisitive eyes and a determined, rather aggressive manner. She came, now, through the doorway from the dining room.

" Where would I be but in the kitchen? " she asked, and then, because the question had been purely rhetorical, asked another just as useless:

" You missed the five-eighteen, didn't you? "

" Some dictation came just at the last minute. Thelma home yet? "

" Yes. Steve came out on the train with her, and they walked over to the store for some butter the boy forgot to bring. Those boys would forget their heads if they weren't fastened to their shoulders. Your father's not home yet."

The dinner party was neither as large nor as gay as Murphy had pictured it, nor was there a maiden aunt present. In fact, the only guests were Steve Gill, Thelma's newest boy friend, and Harry Foster, who lived across the street. Harry was a mild, colorless young man whom Juliet dragged into things when she had to produce an escort in a hurry. He was a courteous companion, a dull conversationalist. He had mild blue eyes and light hair and his chin was not his best feature.

Thelma had rather an annoying way of taking it for granted that Juliet liked Harry. She couldn't understand Juliet's indifference to men, anyhow. Thelma always had a current young man with whom she was dreadfully in love.

Steve Gill, Thelma's newest admirer, was a handsome fellow. Anyone would have admitted that. He worked in a garage in Glen Hill, and while Thelma would have preferred a more genteel occupation, it really didn't bother her.

Steve knew the newest slang, could whistle the latest songs, could tell you all about the theatrical performances even if he hadn't seen them himself, and had information about the home life of every actor and actress on the screen or stage. The final authority. He wasn't getting ahead very fast—though he admitted that he was an expert mechanic and that there was nothing he didn't know about Packard cars—because, as he would tell you, there was always some misunderstanding, or the boss didn't like him, or he was being unjustly discriminated against. He always knew someone who had just played at the Palace. Thelma thought he was awfully good company.

JULIET put on her last year's beaded georgette. After all, mama was having guests to dinner for her. She might as well show that she was grateful. Dad came in while Juliet was changing her dress. By the time she got downstairs Thelma and Steve had come back and Harry had come in. Thelma was nearly two years younger than Juliet. A good-looking girl. She wore her crisp brown hair in the new bobbed style and her tricolette dress was elaborately beaded. Her skirt was stylishly short, showing several inches of black silk stocking. Her eyes were large and dark, the lashes rather unnecessarily mascaraed and her full mouth and cheeks reddened.

There were candles on the dining-room table. That was Juliet's idea. Thelma thought it rather silly, but mama added them because this was Juliet's party, though usually mama took Thelma's side. Juliet was dad's girl.

The conversation was not stimulating. Dad worked in the shipping department of a wholesale silk company, so he couldn't bring home many interesting items. Nothing much happened to dad excepting his daily trips to the office. Mama never got out at all, except to do her marketing and visit with a few neighbors, though occasionally she and dad went to see a movie at the Glen Hill Parkway or to one of the big picture houses, like the Strand, in New York. Harry Foster was never very entertaining. His vague remarks were always a little inexact, and though Steve Gill could easily correct him—and did—this didn't add a great deal to the party.

Thelma and Steve could have helped things. Thelma could be jolly and lively enough when she wanted to be. Sometimes Thelma could be too annoying by her cuteness. Ever since she had seen Ruth Gordon as Lola Pratt in Seventeen she had been awfully coy, though this year she was taking Ina Claire, who was playing in The Gold-Diggers, as her model. And Steve could be the life of the party when he was with a crowd he felt was worthy of his talents.

OUTSIDE of an elaborate politeness when he first greeted Thelma's parents, he always ignored them entirely. He treated Juliet with absolute indifference. A good-looking girl, but cold—meaning that Juliet had never tried to attract him.

Thelma and Steve, sitting side by side, talked in undertones and had little jokes of their own.

Juliet did her best to make the dinner lively. If you can get a man to talk about himself, she had always heard as the first rule on how to treat the male, he'll be interested and interesting. It was easy enough to get Harry to talk about himself, but no one wanted to listen. Steve was so used to talking about himself that added encouragement didn't even affect him.

They talked about the movies. Charlie Chaplin was playing at the Strand in The Kid. Steve was the only one who had seen him. Thelma pouted a little because he hadn't taken her. He explained that he had had to go with some of the boys, a business proposition. He told the story; but the story of even the best movie in the world doesn't sound very interesting when it's told at the dinner table.

Thelma and Juliet and Steve had all seen The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. Rudolph Valentino—there was an actor!

Thelma raved over him, while the men looked uncomfortable. Steve thought he was greatly overrated. Harry didn't like the type.

" It's easy to see why," said Thelma, looking at Harry's pale eyes and lashes. Juliet admired Valentino on the screen, but he was far away, unreal. Wasn't there a man for her? Someone she could meet and love—and who would love her, too? That would be living. It wasn't living—spending your twentieth birthday this way.

Dad and mama had seen Lightnin' and they talked about that. A wonderful play!

They spoke about bobbed hair, then. Every girl in Thelma's office had her hair bobbed. Bobbed hair looked so nice sticking out under big hats. Mama thought it was all right for very young girls—but some of these older women who were copying Irene Castle were plain silly. Steve felt it was just a fad and would go out, but did they know that Dorothy Dalton had just bobbed her hair? Those movie actresses will do anything for publicity. Thelma felt it wasn't just publicity. Why, maybe Miss Dalton actually had wanted to bob her hair!

After dinner, which ended with a big chocolate birthday cake, they played the victrola. They had some of the new Caruso records and dad thought they were wonderful.

The top of the upright piano was covered with sheet music, though Thelma played mostly " by ear." Juliet played a little, too. Thelma's playing consisted of faking an accompaniment of bass chords that sometimes did and sometimes did not fit in with the treble. She played the newest tunes, now, and the others joined in: Ain't We Got Fun and Avalon and The Japanese Sandman; Margie, too, and Broadway Rose and You Ought to See My Baby. They sang In My Little Alice Blue Gown, too, though that was getting pretty old.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Cont'd from p. 11

Mama and dad went to bed. Everyone called "Goodnight" politely enough, and nobody missed them. Thelma and Steve, in order to have an excuse to get away for a little while, went for ice cream, though they could have telephoned for it easily enough.

It was even duller after they left. Harry fidgeted. Juliet wondered what was the matter with him. He told her. He had met a girl who interested him and he wanted to talk to Juliet about her.

Juliet listened as enthusiastically as she could. She liked Harry, was glad he had found someone he cared for. Harry's meager description of the young lady, together with his vague idea of his own emotions, didn't give Juliet much chance for encouragement. Even Harry had someone! Funny.

THELMA and Steve came back, then, with the ice cream. Juliet put it into dishes in the kitchen and brought it into the living room.

Thelma and Steve talked together. Finally the boys left. The girls straightened up, put out the lights, talking a little about usual things, went upstairs. The evening was over.

In her room Juliet undressed slowly. Then she bathed. There was never time in the morning. Her birthday was over, and it had been like everything else. Life ought to have more in it than this. Love. Beauty. Here she was, twenty—out of her teens.

Where were her dreams? Sixteen had seemed a romantic time—"Sweet Sixteen and never been kissed." But she had been kissed—by a lad who had lived next door. She never had liked him a great deal. And sixteen had passed and nothing else had happened.

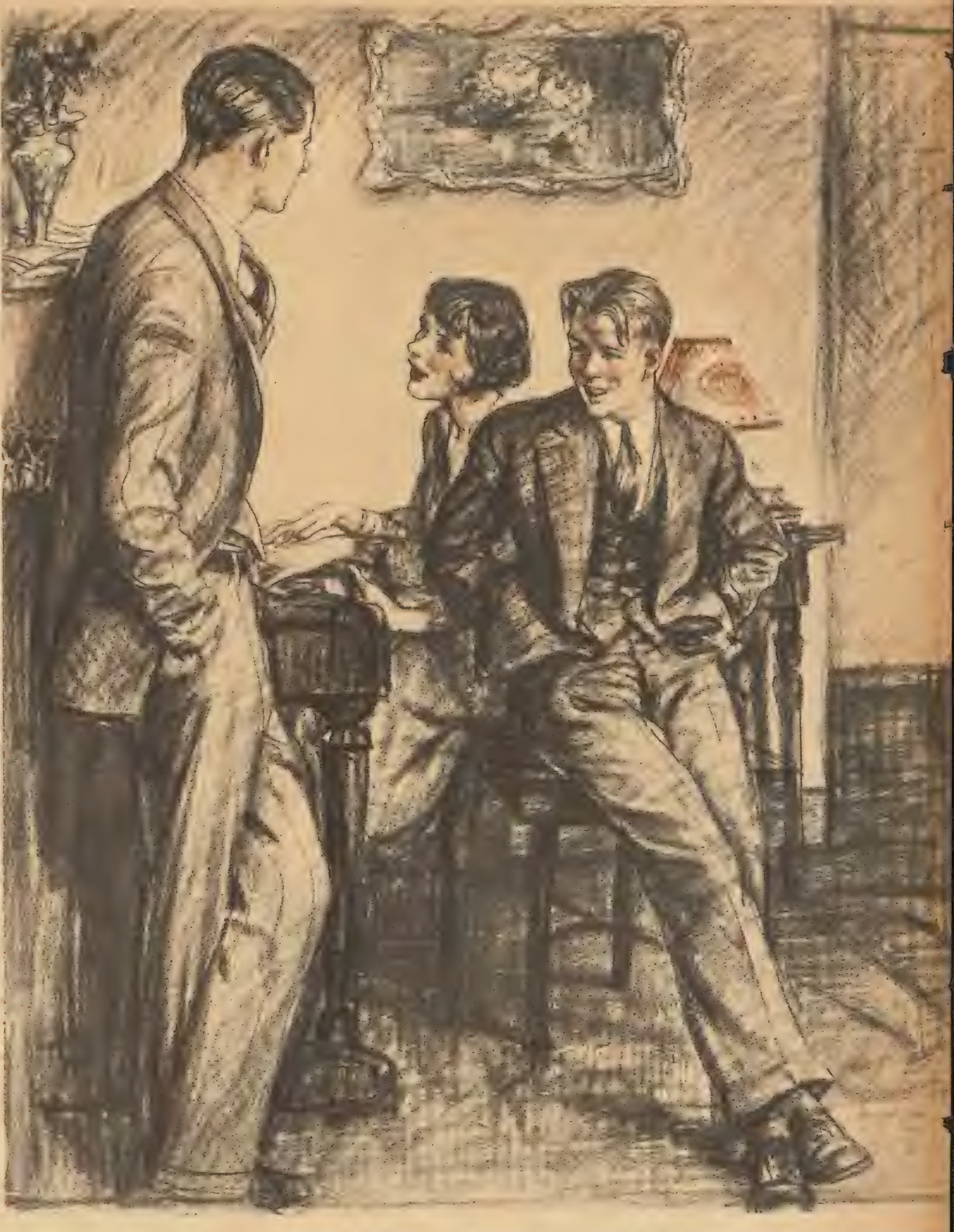
Seventeen and she had been a freckled, long-legged, too thin girl.

A boy at a party had kissed her, and she had dreamed of him—and the next time she saw him he had seemed so awfully silly that she wanted to cry.

Eighteen then. Surely eighteen was the time for romance. And there had been a series of young men, each of whom seemed all right at first and whom you had pretended you liked and who made love to you if you let them. And as their love-making grew more violent Juliet's affection for them cooled and then disappeared.

She felt that love should be beautiful—that she wanted love. Why, just going to the office every day—this wasn't living.

The men she had met had been nice to her. Too nice,



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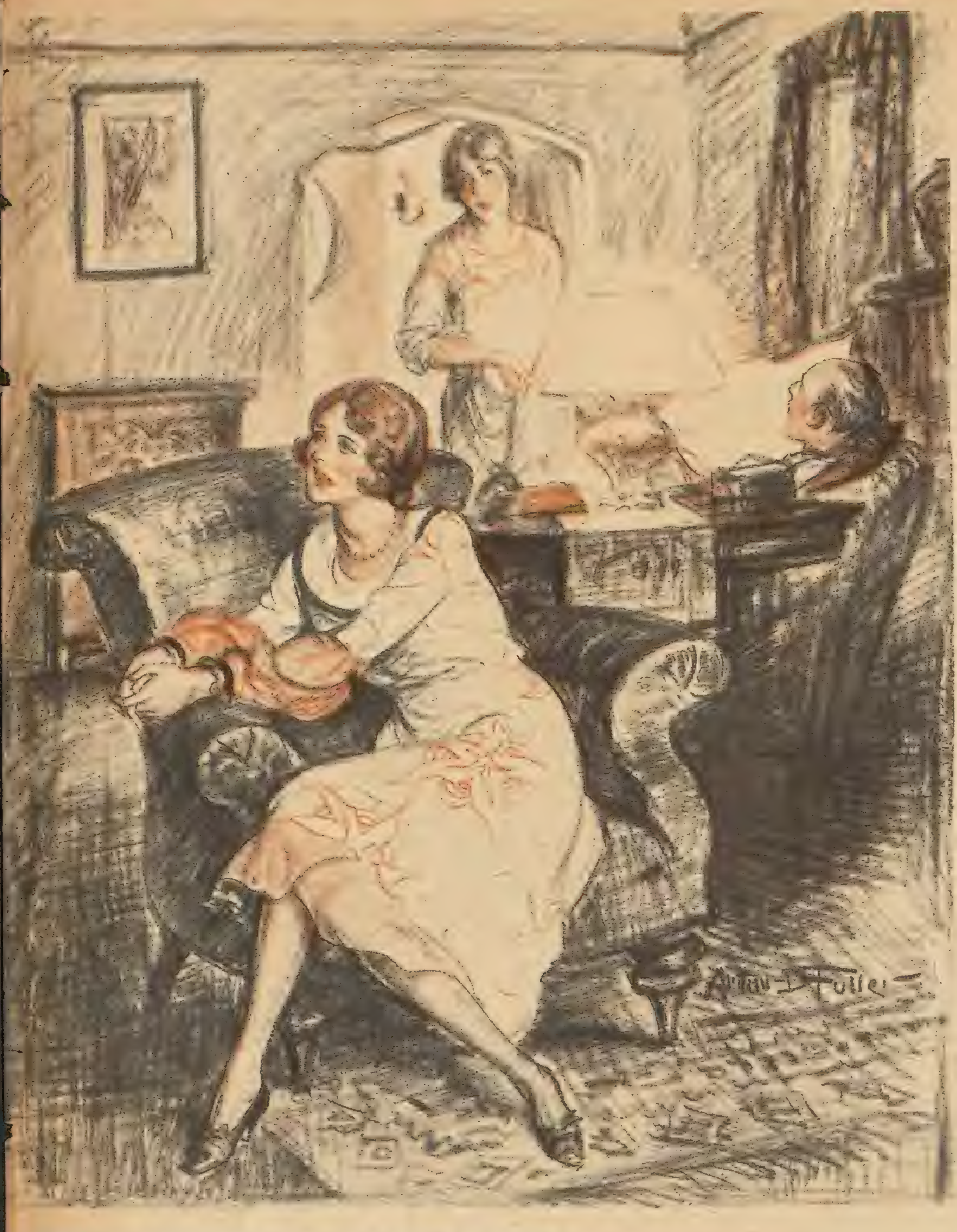

e played the newest tunes, now, and the others joined in.

sometimes, the way Bert Thomas was. Bert Thomas, who put on the annual revue, The Big Show, was one of New York's most important producers. He came into the office, occasionally, to have special advertising done or to see J. D. And each time he came in he made it a point to speak to Juliet, to hint that she was too lovely to work in an office—that if she wanted to go on the stage she had only to say the word. Juliet knew Bert Thomas' reputation. She wasn't an innocent little country girl. She knew well enough Thomas didn't "start something" with every girl he put in his show, but she didn't at all like the way he smiled at her nor the things he said.

There were other men, too. Fred Hill, one of the solicitors, was awfully nice when he was just being friendly; but he was always pawing you when he took you out, or whispering, "My God, girl, I can't stand this. You don't know what you are doing to me!"

She knew what he did to her—he bored her something terribly.

Martin Fronds was all right excepting when he was too solemn, which, alas, was most of the time. He was a rotund, red-faced little copy writer who took himself and his work with a dreadful seriousness. Sometimes he dictated copy to her, and Juliet could hardly keep from laughing aloud at him. He grew absolutely ponderous over Give Me a Chance to Show You How to Make Your Hens Lay More Eggs!

THERE were always married men who were dreadfully misunderstood at home and who were grateful for any crumbs of kindness.

Sometimes these men moved Juliet just a little and she felt that if she had known less about life—hadn't read books and magazines and newspapers—she would have been more touched by them. She didn't want an affair with a married man. Some of the girls in the office went with married men. On the sly. Old, second-hand fellows! She wanted something clean and new and fine out of life.

There was J. D. The girls in the office teased her about him sometimes but that was all nonsense. He was a widower and rich, decidedly eligible, but Juliet knew he had never really paid the slightest attention to her. He moved in one of those mysterious social sets that the office force was not even dimly aware of.

Juliet had tried to get interested in the new young men she met. But somehow, after a first vague flair based on

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STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page thirteen

desire, they did not interest her. There was never anything romantic about any of them.

Mother and dad had had their romance—still were in love, in a way. Love should be even more wonderful than that—and here she had nothing at all! Juliet got into her white cotton Philippine-embroidered nightgown. She shivered a little, and although the March night was chill it wasn't altogether the weather.

She woke up as usual when mama knocked on her door. She dressed as quickly as she could. Dad had gone by the time she got down. Poor old dad! He worked so hard—long hours every day, and never complained. On the contrary, he was always bragging a little—*his* wife, *his* house, *his* daughters. He was such a darling!

She and Thelma took the 7:52. That is, Thelma was supposed to take it, but Thelma's jobs were most uncertain. She was always just starting a new one and the boss was beginning to be fresh, or she had a job and didn't like it, or she had just left a job and was hunting around again. Now Thelma had a job she didn't like and she saw no reason for promptness, so she wasn't ready when Juliet got down.

Her mother had the coffee ready, and in a minute scrambled eggs and toast. Her mother sat down, though she had eaten earlier. Mrs. Rogers had a long story to tell Juliet, a grievance concerning the neighbor who had bought the Falk house next door.

"She's just as rude as she can be," she said. "Yesterday I went out on the back porch, and no sooner had I got out than she started shaking her dust rag right in my direction."

"Why, mama," Juliet said, "maybe she just happened to be shaking her dust rag anyhow. You can't think she'd do a thing like that to annoy you."

"Well, it looked that way to me," said Mrs. Rogers. "And that's not all. She reminds me of Minnie Streeter!"

JULIET sighed into her coffee. There was no possible answer to that. If any woman reminded mama of Minnie Streeter she was done for.

Juliet couldn't believe that any one person could possibly have held all of the vices as neatly as Minnie Streeter appeared to have done. Over thirty years ago, back in Jackson, Missouri, mama and dad had fallen in love—while dad was going with Minnie Streeter. Mama's version was that she had saved dad from the temptations of a siren.

But even before that Minnie Streeter had been pretty bad. As nearly as Juliet could find out, Minnie Streeter had been the girl who was always mama's rival and who happened to live on the wrong side of town.

Mama was convinced that Minnie Streeter had been much worse than that. Her people had been—well, no one you'd want to associate with. And Minnie had flirted with traveling men in front of the Gillespie House. And she had let boys kiss her—and in mama's youth to let a boy kiss you was going pretty far.

Mama never knew just what had become of her girlhood enemy. Mama and dad had married and come to New York—dad had had curious ambitions until family obligations tied him down—and Minnie Streeter had been lost track of. Mama knew she had married—some good-for-nothing without a doubt—and had moved from Jackson. Old acquaintances had lost track of her. Well, mama felt that anyone even resembling Minnie Streeter could have little good in her.

Juliet finished her breakfast and put on the cherry-trimmed hat, looking in the hall mirror. She thought it was rather a nice hat; looked as if she'd paid a lot more for it—which is the idea to be conveyed by any successful hat.

Juliet read the Tribune on the train. A gin-crazed Negro killed an organist and got a watch and ring. That was awful! Armour offers workers a voice in running his plant as the result of a strike. Well, that seemed nice. Nothing would probably ever come of it. The Conning Tower, then. F. P. A. was certainly good about the income tax and daylight saving. He was the best thing in the paper.

In the subway the same crowd jostled her. In the office everyone was going through the first pretense of work that comes before you actually do anything. Juliet rearranged the papers in her desk.

Why, this could keep on for years and years! Nothing ever happened. And she was twenty. What could she do to make something happen? A girl in New York can't go out searching for adventure. There were girls who did, and they told about the things that happened to them, and they all sounded dreadfully unpleasant.

Juliet felt someone stop next to her. She looked up. Ross, head of the copy department, stood there. A man was with him. A tall stranger who looked more as if he belonged in an athletes' training camp than in a business office. Young. Big. Broad-shouldered. He had rather a blunt nose, and his eyes were very blue, though his hair was dark. Juliet knew all that even before anyone spoke.

"MISS ROGERS," Ross said, "this is Mr. Morris, who has joined our agency. He will have the Rutledge account and some of the mail-order business. I told him that you knew more about detail than anyone in the office and wouldn't mind looking out for him until he got acclimated."

Juliet knew that she was rising and saying the usual inconsequential, impersonal things:

"How do you do, Mr. Morris? I shall be very glad to tell you about the accounts—"

She felt the blood rising in her face, wondered if it showed. She had to hold tight to her desk. Why, she'd never felt like this before! Even as she spoke and heard the answers, her mind was in a whir of excitement. This new man had come to work in the Fredrickson Agency. He would be here every day! She would see him every day! She could look at his hands, and the way his hair grew on his forehead, and find out all over again every minute how blue his eyes were!

Their eyes met, and the new man smiled as if Juliet were a person—an understanding, warm person, not just a stenographer. It was as if the meeting of their eyes was something real, important. Or did she imagine that?

The men went away, and Juliet sat at her desk, still slightly stunned.

She had wanted something to happen, and something had happened. The whole world was changed. Nothing was commonplace or usual or dull any more. The office was transformed suddenly into a magical place. These commonplace desks, these commonplace little people—why, they were all a part of a drama, of life. Irene Little and Lou Ray Tellis and even Murphy—why, he might fall in love with any of these girls. He might even be in love with someone else now. He might even be married! Anything could have happened to him. Could he possibly be this wonderful-looking—and free?

She was twenty and the world was a wonderful place. And in the room in which the junior copy writers were writing routine copy on stove polish and automobile accessories there was a new man. And he was different from every other man in the world.

She looked around the office. Did the other girls realize what had happened? They seemed just the way they had been before. Still, you couldn't tell by looking at her that anything had happened, either. At least, she hoped you couldn't tell.

Lou Ray Tellis came to her desk.

"You're to go into the copy department and tell that new man about the Beauty Overnight account," she said, and added: "Awfully good-looking, isn't he?"

"I didn't notice," said Juliet.

She got up, went into the copy department.

She was looking into his eyes again. They were even bluer than she had remembered.

"About Beauty Overnight," she began. Her words were a little uneven.

So this was what it meant to be in love!

Juliet is deep in love's young dream. But an awakening, of a kind she least expects, is before her—as you'll learn in next week's surprising installment of this story.

An airplane view of the plants of the Procter & Gamble Company at Ivorydale, Ohio, near Cincinnati.

Workers *that* CAN'T LOSE THEIR JOBS

How a Great Firm Makes Money by Never Cutting the Payroll

By

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

a reporter for more than twenty years, whose experiences have taken him almost everywhere from Alaska to Central America, and whose assignments have included everything from White House interviews to underworld murders. He was born in Mexico, where his father was an American missionary.

IN a general unemployment that is more widespread and distressing than many persons realize, I discovered recently in Cincinnati the nation's most sensible and most successful remedy for the problem of the jobless.

Properly to comprehend the method whereby one nationally known corporation has solved its unemployment troubles, you ought to have a close-up of the head of that corporation, the man responsible for the idea that poor laborers can be guaranteed work the year round and that the company can profit immensely thereby.

The man is Colonel William Cooper Procter, president of the Procter & Gamble Company. His is the only firm in the world which actually guarantees steady jobs to its workers. To be exact, he guarantees forty-eight weeks of work per annum or forty-eight weeks of pay to every employee earning less than $2,000 a year—the vast helpless crowd of men and women which seldom profits when sales are at their peak and invariably suffers when there is a slack in national or local prosperity.

How Colonel Procter can do this, and still make immense gains as a direct result of the guaranty itself, constitutes an interesting and instructive and hope-laden narrative.

In the first decades of the nineteenth century two young men arrived in Cincinnati, a lively frontier town in which the country's meat-packing industry was centered. One of them, James Gamble, came from Ireland; the other, William Procter, from England.

They married sisters. Young Gamble, helped by his father-in-law, went into the soap- and candle-making business; and young Procter, lately employed by a draper in London, became his partner. They rented a little shack at Sixth and Main streets, near the stockyards, and in 1837 built the first fire under a kettle of tallow.

For exactly ninety-three years Procter & Gamble have grown and flourished and prospered as the country has. Today the mammoth corporation's head offices are in the Gwynne Building, standing on the site of the first kettle

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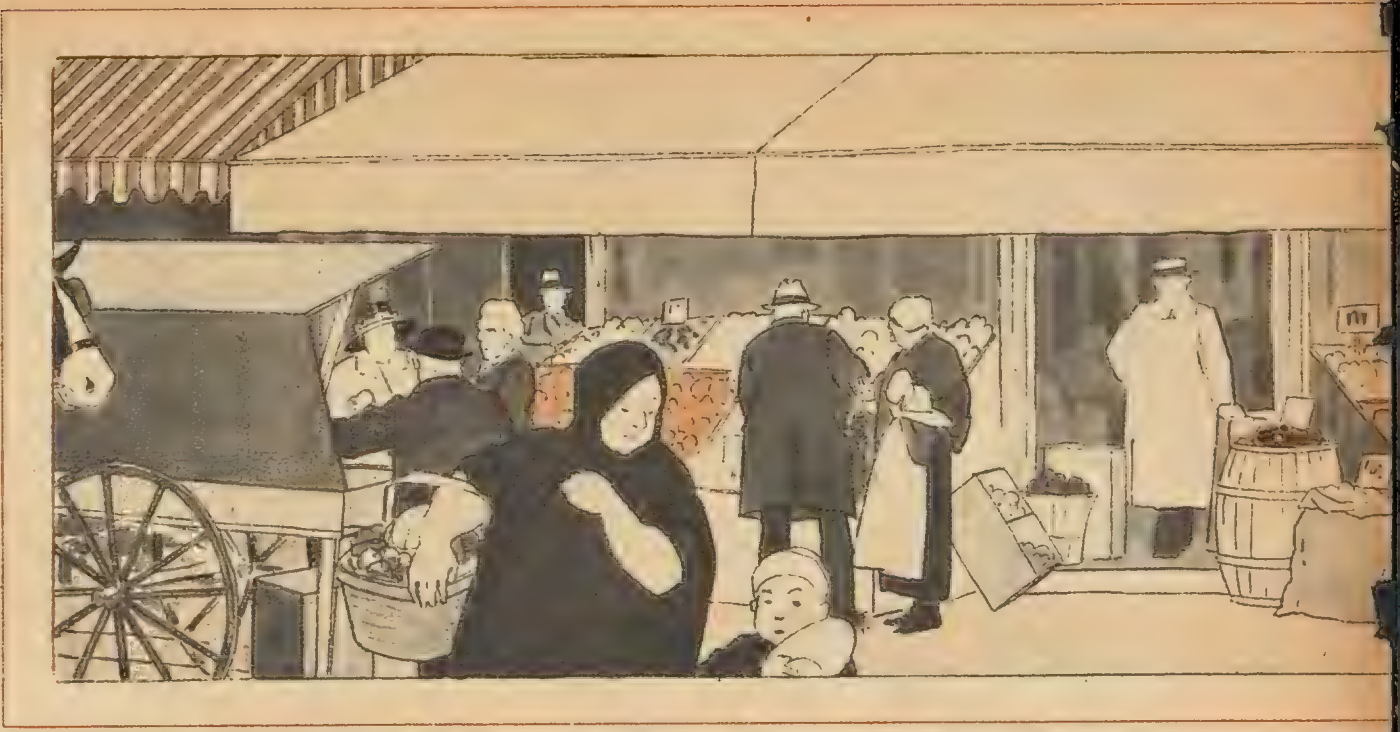
WORKERS THAT CAN'T LOSE THEIR JOBS
Continued from page fifteen



The housewives have been using just as much of the company's produc

hut. Control of the company has remained in the hands of descendants of the youths who founded it. Colonel Procter is a grandson of the draper's apprentice, and James N. Gamble, aged ninety-two, a son of the Irish immigrant, still sits in at directors' meetings.

Ivory Soap was first made in 1879. Following a series of experiments to produce a soap better than any then on the market, a white soap was made. It was sold simply as White Soap. One of the early Procters was sitting in church one Sabbath morning when the pastor read the eighth verse of the Forty-fifth Psalm: "All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad."

"There's the name for our new soap!" exclaimed the worshiping Procter: "Ivory Soap!"

William Cooper Procter was born in Glendale, a suburb of Cincinnati, on August 25, 1862. Public schooling was followed by four years at Princeton, where he was graduated in 1883. He went to work in his father's plant as a laborer. On January 1, 1889, he married Miss Jane Eliza Johnston, and their home today is a magnificent estate in Glendale. In 1890 he was made general manager, and when his father died in 1907 he was made president.

From the time he first appeared on the payroll, his own company and other Middle-West firms were perplexed and worried by his radical ideas about company management. He held that something ought to be done to improve the lot of the common workers, and this, of course, was deemed an outrageous and dangerous industrial heresy.

But he persevered; and Colonel Procter is now given credit for being the first American to give his hired hands a half-holiday on Saturday. He soon introduced a profit-sharing plan, a pension scheme, a health and accident benefit policy, an insurance provision, an employees' intraplant conference, and eventually active representation on the board of directors by three workers annually elected by the rank and file of the eight plants.

Because of early trouble with workers organized at the time under the name of the Knights of Labor, and because the Cincinnati tendency is against unionism, the company is an open shop. Union labor in Cincinnati, while resisting this situation in theory, is complaisant about the matter so far as Procter & Gamble are concerned because the firm does far more for its workers than any union dare expect or even ask.

IT was the business liquidation and panic of 1920-21 that persuaded Colonel Procter it was imperative that some step be taken to correct the lamentable condition America's workers were in as a result of the shutdowns of factories and the layoffs of men. The company had an inventory loss of $14,507,000 in 1921; and although he was genuinely distressed by the necessity of laying off so many of his workers, the colonel was reluctant to make any remedial move if it was going to cost the company anything. Humanitarianism becomes paternalism if it doesn't make the beneficiary help himself, or if it cuts into the employer's profits.

Colonel Procter lay awake nights trying to figure out a scheme to eliminate from the lives of his workers that dreadful specter—the loss of their jobs. Of what benefit are pensions and profit-sharing and free hospitals and disability insurance and all the rest of it, if the laboring man is harassed endlessly by insecurity?

Presently the guaranteed employment plan was born in the colonel's mind. It would be easy enough merely to say to the workers: "We will guarantee you work for so many weeks a year." But that would mean worse than nothing unless the sales department could maintain such a flow of orders that products could be shipped, not simply stored. There must be no costly guessing about it.

This led to long and close analysis of the company's market. The president looked back down the years and across his books and found that although there were peaks and valleys in production and sales, there really was remarkably little variation in the public's total annual consumption. Only the country's normal growth in population and the result of advertising campaigns seemed to change the gross yearly sales, and those things always had meant an increase that could be gauged in advance.

COLONEL PROCTER communed within himself for a couple of years and then suddenly announced that Procter & Gamble would guarantee its workers forty-eight weeks of work a year or forty-eight weeks of wages.

To do this, it had been necessary to reorganize completely the sales policy, to determine a year in advance what the shipments would be. Prior to 1920 the company had dealt with about 5,000 jobbers, and these concerns watched world prices of raw materials and put in huge orders to forestall an advance in price of Procter & Gamble products. This helped to cause the peaks and valleys in production.

Today there are more than 250,000 accounts on the company's books, including most of the old jobbers'. This meant the installation throughout the country of district sales offices and organizations; and the firm spent more than $2,000,000 on the necessary modifications of its distribution system.

There is, approximately, one salesman for every 200,000 inhabitants. These report to their district offices what they expect to sell during the ensuing year. Some of their quotas are increased and some diminished. The offices report to Cincinnati headquarters, and there the reports are analyzed in conjunction with the normal increase in population and the advertising drives planned for the coming year. After a gross total expectation is decided on, the schedules for the next twelve months are laid out. And once they are laid out, there is permitted no slightest deviation on the part of anybody.

The next year's sales agreed on, the factories are then notified what is expected of them. Each factory then divides its total yearly output into forty-nine weeks of five and one-half days each. This gives the firm one week's leeway for emergencies, and permits it to guarantee

Colonel Willi

if there had been no stock-market collapse and business panic.

Picture by George Oneill

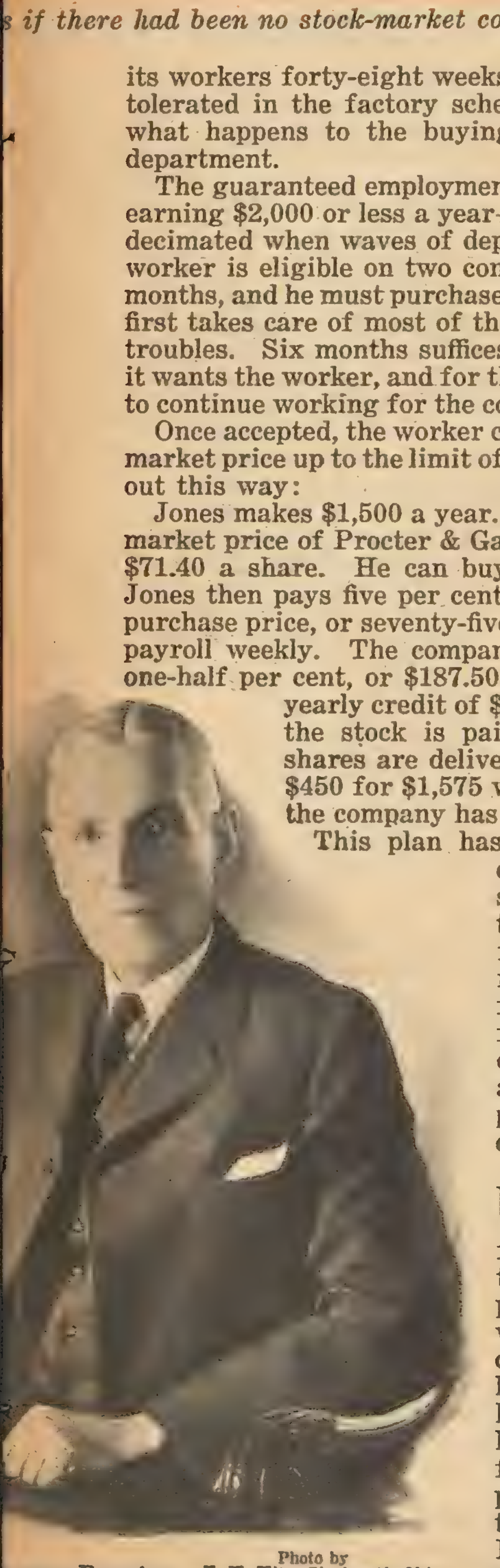
its workers forty-eight weeks of work. No variation is tolerated in the factory schedules either, regardless of what happens to the buying public and the shipping department.

The guaranteed employment plan is limited to workers earning $2,000 or less a year—the ranks that always are decimated when waves of depression sweep the land. A worker is eligible on two conditions: he must work six months, and he must purchase stock in the company. The first takes care of most of the company's labor turnover troubles. Six months suffices for the company to see if it wants the worker, and for the worker to see if he wants to continue working for the company.

Once accepted, the worker can buy common stock at the market price up to the limit of his year's wages. It works out this way:

Jones makes $1,500 a year. The day he is eligible, the market price of Procter & Gamble common stock is, say, $71.40 a share. He can buy about twenty-one shares. Jones then pays five per cent of his yearly wage on the purchase price, or seventy-five dollars, deducted from his payroll weekly. The company adds to this twelve and one-half per cent, or $187.50. This gives Jones a total yearly credit of $262.50. In about six years the stock is paid for and the twenty-one shares are delivered to Jones. He has paid $450 for $1,575 worth of common stock, and the company has paid $1,125.

This plan has been substituted for the company's former profit-sharing practice of giving the men a check twice a year for their share of the annual profits, for it was found, as it always has been found, that the workers come to accept these bonuses as part of their salaries and promptly proceed to squander the money.



oper Procter. Photo by T. H. Hite, Cincinnati, Ohio

UNDER the present scheme Jones is charged four per cent annually on the unpaid balance of his purchase, and is credited with the dividends. The company guarantees that his stock never will be worth less than $71.40, at which he bought it six years before; and Jones, of course, profits to the extent that the stock increases in price. If Jones decides to quit at any time during the six years, the company refunds what he has paid in, plus six per cent.

That's all there is to it. Simple, isn't it? If Jones is about twenty-five years old when he starts to buy stock under this plan and sticks to it till he is sixty-five, the age at which he may retire on pension, he not only will have had his job guaranteed to him for all those years, but he will have enough stock to give him for life an income equal annually to the sum he was earning when he retired. And he will, moreover, be given a pension of sixty dollars a month.

There is no trick in it, no catch, no deadfall. The company simply wants to help the great mass of men and women making less than $2,000 a year; and it wants them to help themselves by becoming thrifty and responsible and independent and happy. It consents to the pension plan because some workers simply have to be helped.

From insuring a constant flow of production, immense and tangible profits accrue to the company. Procter & Gamble can budget their purchases of raw materials for years in advance, and they are the world's largest users of copra and cottonseed oil and tallow and other domestic and exotic products.

THEY have skilled and contented workers on the job at all times, men and women willing to be transferred to another task, however menial, if their own departments must slow down because of any change in production plans.

In the last five years the company's pre-estimate of its annual sales has varied less than two per cent, or two-thirds of one per cent per annum! Instead of the workers getting forty-eight weeks of work, they have averaged fifty and one-half weeks a year, and the plants have been closed that other week and a half for major repairs and necessary overhauling and installation of new devices.

Since the stock-market collapse of last autumn, the company has found for the first time a terrific test of the new plan. For example, Brown & Company had been buying twenty cases of Crisco a month. In the depression that followed the stock-market panic, Brown decided to take five cases on January 1 instead of twenty. He simply couldn't afford to tie up his money. He, too, was liquidating.

That made it necessary, and startlingly sudden it was, for Procter & Gamble to take care of that extra fifteen cases it had expected to deliver to Brown. That meant warehousing, and lots of it, and all over the country; for there are, you will remember, more than 250,000 Browns on the company's books. For a while it looked as if Procter & Gamble faced a costly outcome of its effort to help its workers.

But the company merely ordered the plants to continue the production schedules and to pile the overflow into warehouses. I was told that it cost about $250,000 to do this—but that there were $700,000 in actual, tangible profits made by declining to interrupt its steady output, to say nothing about contented workers and unbroken ranks of company morale.

Meantime, you will realize, of course, the housewives have been using just as much of the company's products as if there had been no stock-market collapse and business panic. It simply meant that Procter & Gamble had to deliver five cases every week to Brown & Company to meet the daily orders of Brown's customers instead of delivering twenty cases on January 1. The net result is that the ultimate consumers will consume this year precisely what Procter & Gamble expected a year ago!

For, after all, the secret of the scheme is this: Ameri-

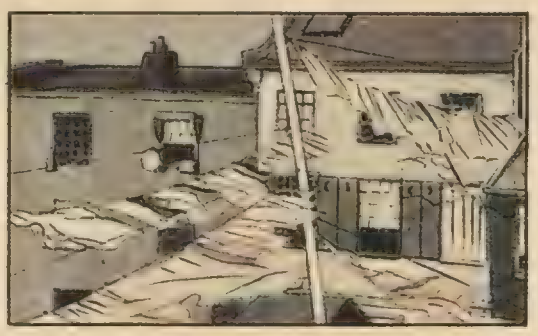
[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

WORKERS THAT CAN'T LOSE THEIR JOBS
Continued from page seventeen

cans and Canadians and others throughout the world will use this year, and each year to come, exactly what the remarkable executives of the company intend them to use! And, in the long run, what difference does it make if the 250,000 jobbers and retailers occasionally find themselves in difficulty and Procter & Gamble have to stock warehouses to tide them over a bit?

After I had had all the foregoing explained to me by different executives, I went out to the gigantic plant at Ivorydale, near Cincinnati. I found its workings of much interest; of more interest I found the men and women who are affected by the guaranteed jobs.

Ben Minkovcky, a die maker, is an exception, but a case in point. He is sixty-five years old and began work when he was twenty. He was retiring on a pension in May, and in his safety deposit box are 6,000 shares of common stock of the company. These give him $12,000 a year in dividends. He seemed to approve of the Procter & Gamble system. The company employs about 10,000, not all of them eligible to guaranteed jobs; but those that are eligible own some 45,000 shares with a market value of about $16,000,000.



Many of the eligible workers own their homes, being able to count on meeting payments and being the object of special attention by local bankers and installment house salesmen who realize that such workers are a particularly desirable clientele. It is superfluous to dilate here on the cheerfulness, efficiency, loyalty, and prosperity of the workers as a mass, as I saw them.

The company owns seven plants, at Ivorydale, Port Ivory on Staten Island, New York—where an Americanization school is conducted by the firm—Kansas City, St. Louis, Macon, Georgia, Dallas, Texas, and Hamilton, Ontario. A $5,000,000 plant is nearly completed in Baltimore, and one costing the same amount is under construction at Long Beach, California.

My visit to the company ended with a conversation with Colonel Procter. I found him in his office on the eleventh floor of the Gwynne Building, in Cincinnati.

In his sixty-eighth year Colonel Procter is a tall, slender, lithe business man. His snow-white hair emphasizes his patrician features, ruddy with health and animated. His eyes are steel blue and very sharp, and his lips are thin, and his chin amazingly powerful and square. His hands are large and gnarled and expressive of a powerful purpose.

As we sat there I reflected that he is quite an unusual character in a nation populated by extraordinary business giants. Childless, he has given millions to children's hospitals and to the research needed to learn about their ailments. He is always interested in and often at the head of civic, philanthropic, artistic, religious, patriotic, and political movements in his community.

Prior to the World War, among his many other activities, he reorganized the old original First Regiment of the Ohio National Guard, so that it served distinctively in France; and for this he was given the title of colonel.

YET he is not so busy with his multitudinous and varied tasks as to forget his health; he is an indefatigable huntsman and a great traveler, and he wields a notable set of golf clubs. He has played eighteen holes of golf in one hour, and he smiled over his low score—even though he didn't tell me what it was. His endurance equals his speed, for he once played ninety-nine holes of golf in one day—five and a half rounds. They sav his companions and guides in the Canadian woods drag themselves wearily to camp after he stalks the big game of those regions.

When a man at the head of a corporation capitalized at $40,000,000 and doing more than $200,000,000 gross sales a year discusses anything in connection with himself and his work it is of interest.

" Our guaranteed employment plan is no panacea, no Utopia, no solution of mankind's industrial ills," he said. " It does work, though, and we have found it highly profitable. For instance, at Ivorydale our 1920 employment fluctuation was from 2,848 to 1,832 workers. In 1929, it moved between 2,652 and 2,484, and most of that occurred in the first six months of a man's employment, when we were sizing him up and he was sizing us up. Incidentally, all our employees making more than two thousand dollars a year are eligible to stock-buying and profit-sharing on another basis.

" But it is the hordes of poor workers who make less than that amount who are most gravely affected by the rise and fall of our prosperity arc, and consequently it was to them that I felt the company owed a duty. We have made it our solemn obligation to protect them in their jobs; and if I should die the plan would continue, because it has become a principle of management.

" Whether the plan will work elsewhere is something that would have to be studied carefully. Personally, I believe the principle is applicable in whole or in part to other industries. In one it might be applicable to ninety per cent of the employees; in another it might not be possible to apply it to more than fifty per cent.

" But if it should be applied to any percentage, it certainly would ease the grievous burden carried by those workers, and make money for the company applying it.

" I hold that any executive, able and on the job, can retrace his business over a period of five or ten years, say, and find that while there are peaks and valleys to his production, the general annual consumption has varied little. He then needs only the will to find a way to level out this arc, and with intelligence he can do it.

" IT is good business and good economics to regulate your plant production so that it has continuous operation. And, of course, it is good citizenship, because everybody in the community profits when the terror of unemployment is removed or dissipated to any degree.

" Many concerns have enjoyed continuous operation over a period of years and have planned their business on that basis, and yet have never thought of the idea of guaranteed employment for their workers, or have hesitated to try it. " I repeat: the only difficulty lies in the will of management to study the problem and then apply the remedy we have found so successful.

" For example, we have fifteen cottonseed crushing plants in the South. Until a year or so ago it was our practice to run the mills four months and shut down for eight. This struck me as absolutely outrageous from every standpoint. So we studied the thing, and now we build tanks to store the cottonseed, and we have found a way to protect it against molding and overheating, the greatest dangers to that material. Consequently our mills now run on much longer schedules.

" When demand requires the temporary closing of one of our departments we can absorb the workers in other departments, and we have yet to find anybody surly or stubborn about the temporary transfer. They get their old wages until their own department reopens.

" For instance, when we decided to use fiber containers instead of wooden soap boxes, we had to close the box factory. But we didn't lose a single worker: increased production took care of them somewhere else.

" And by getting rid of the soap box is it not possible—to deal lightly with it for a moment—that we have removed some of the foundation for radical orators and malcontents? If the so-called red peril is to be met in America and discontent and restlessness and actual trouble are to be allayed and averted, it certainly is up to management. The poor worker cannot fight the menace of bolshevism; it can only be met by management; and management can do a lot to keep the working class happy and prosperous by devising some scheme to make the workers secure in their work.

" And in our scheme there is no mystery or secrecy or sorcery—it simply works to everybody's advantage."

THE END

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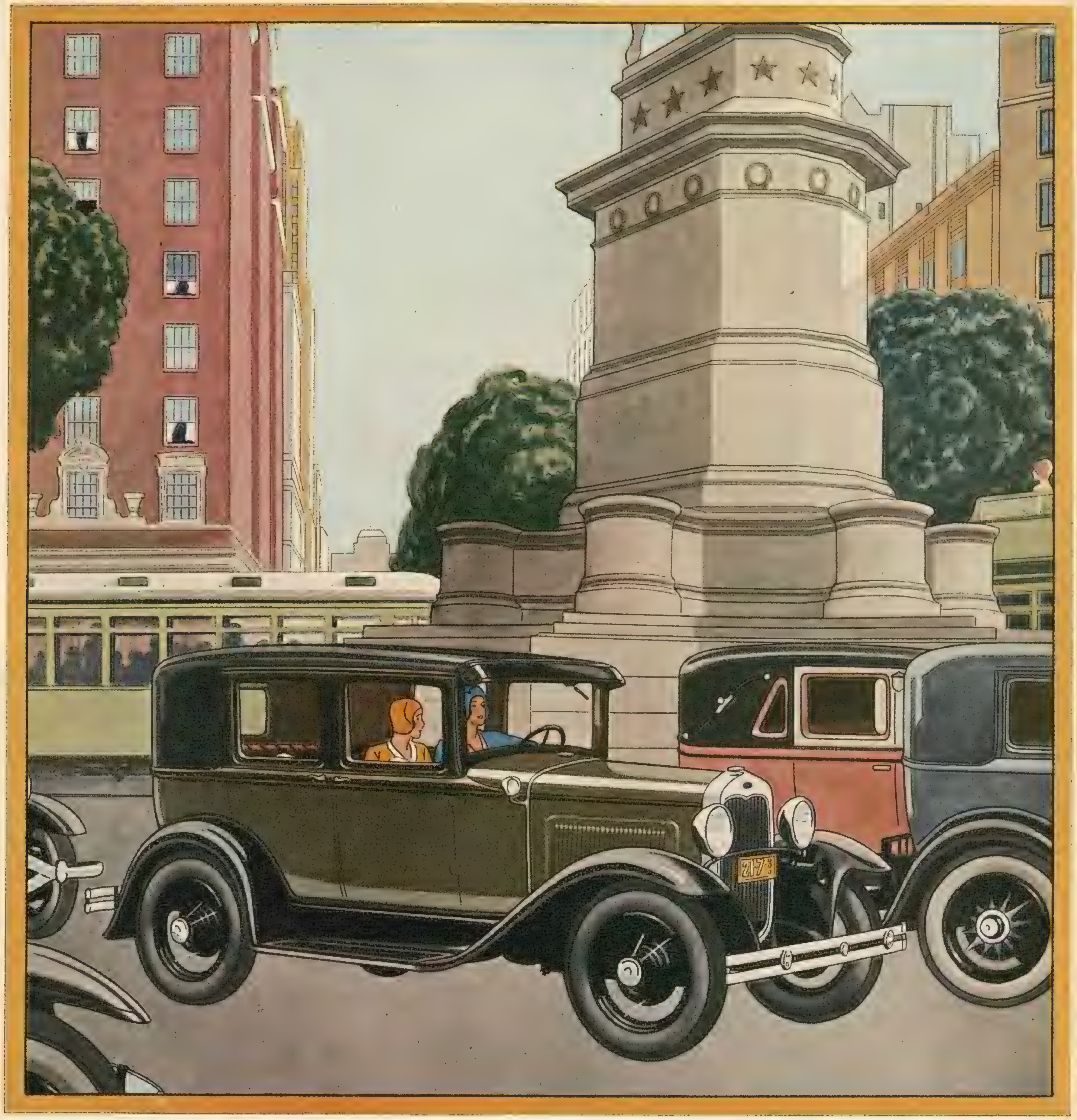

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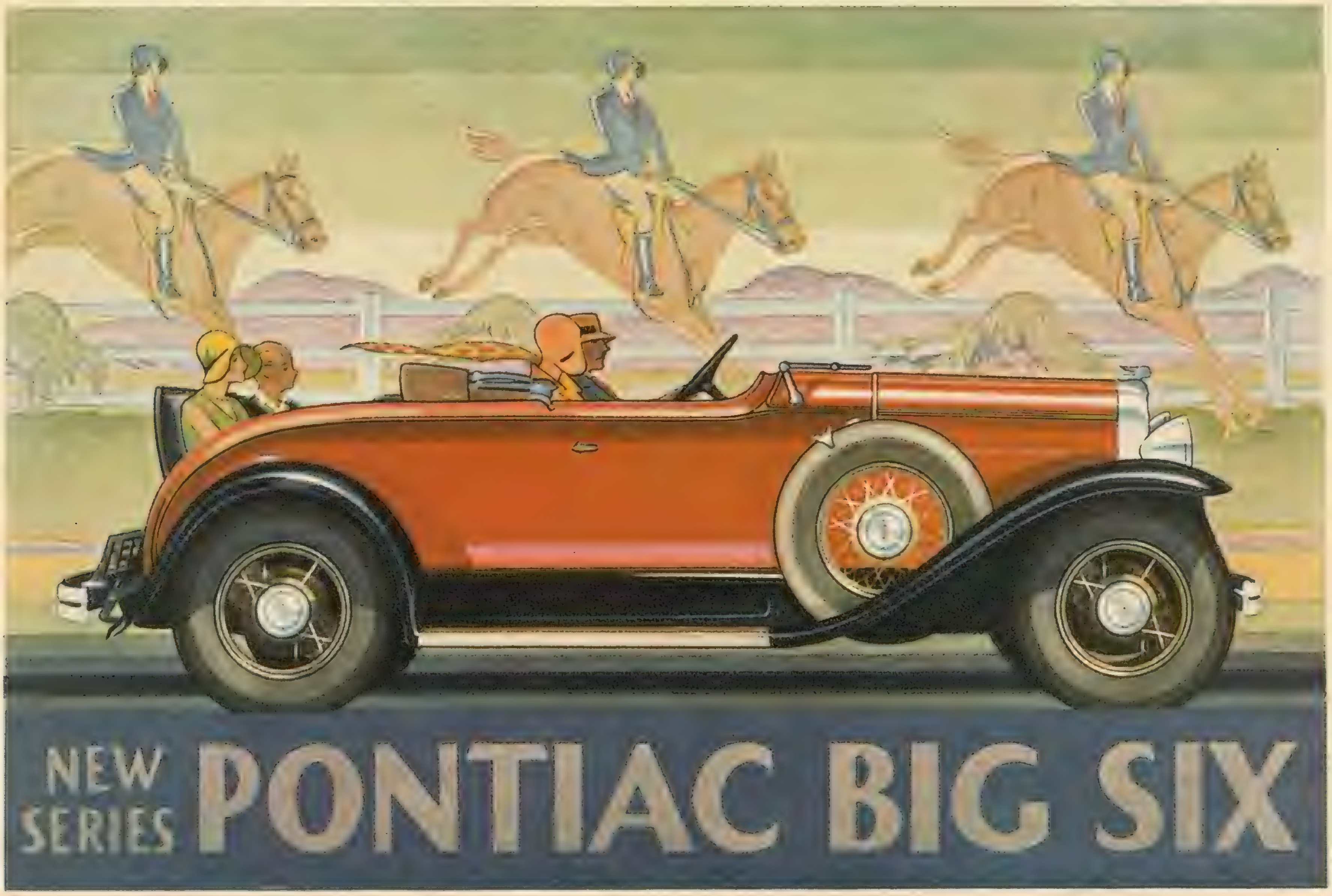

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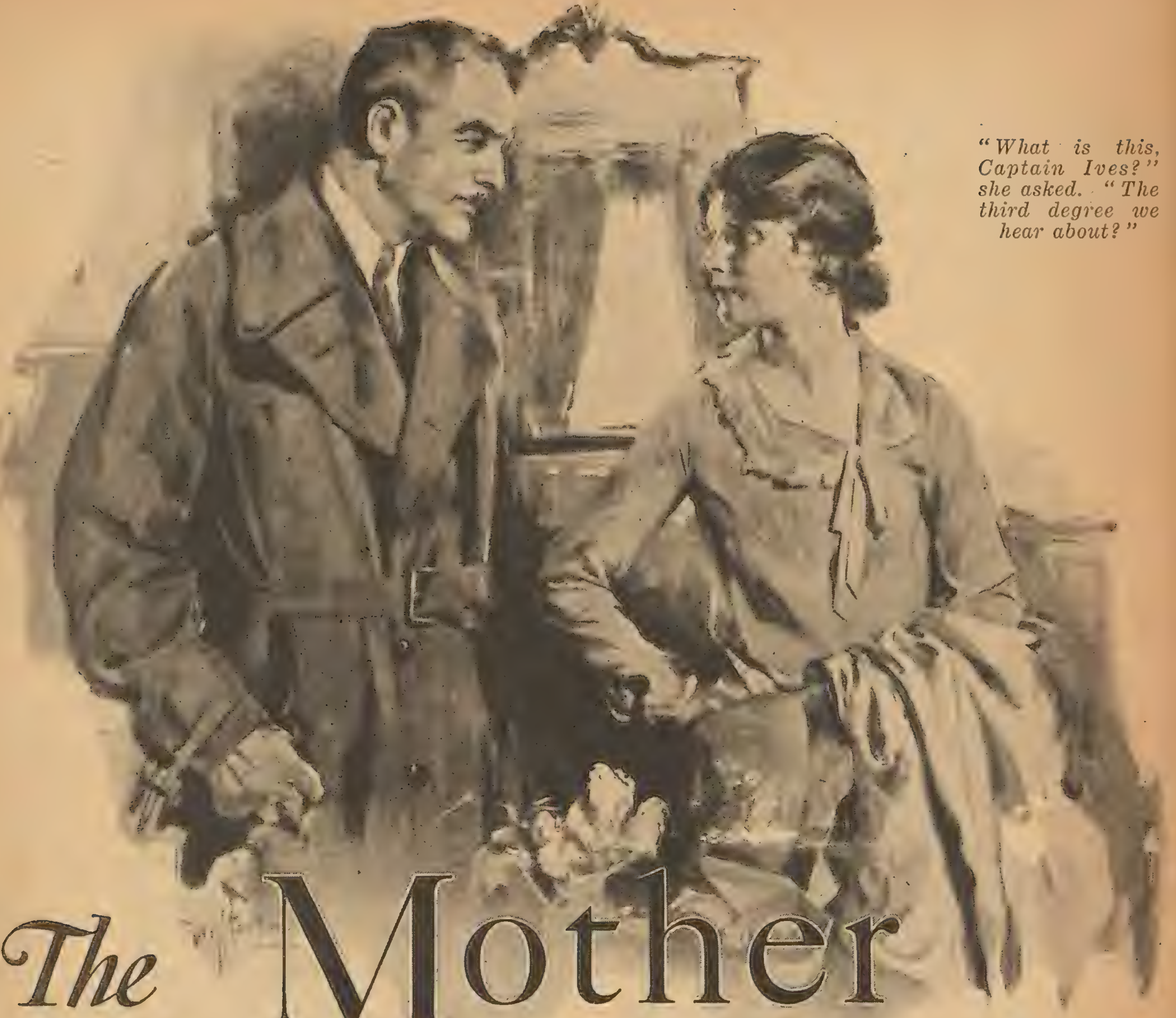

"What is this, Captain Ives?" she asked. "The third degree we hear about?"

The Mother who stepped aside

A Story of Wills and a Way

By

ERNEST POOLE

who wrote His Family, the first novel awarded the Pulitzer Prize; also The Harbor and other novels, and plays, short fiction, and articles. During the World War he went as correspondent to Germany, France, and Russia. Chicago is his birthplace and New York his present home.

Pictures by WILL FOSTER

"CAPTAIN IVES," said Dorothy, "my mother disappeared five days ago, here in New York, and I haven't had a trace of her since!"

Seeing how excited she was, I smiled at her across my desk and glanced again at the name on her card. For I had never seen her till then.

"Won't you sit down, Miss Brush?" I suggested. And she did—as though on springs. She was a girl about twenty-one, slender and dark and rather small, and a striking beauty of her type, with vivid natural color and big impetuous black eyes. In her smart little hat and street suit of extremely good cut and style, she did not seem to belong to that room; and she was excited and badly scared; she had never been down at Headquarters before. But though it happens to be my job to find people who disappear, I don't look much like a policeman—not unless I want to. I wear civilian clothes, of course, and I have a mouth and eyes that are not very frightening. I caught her little look of relief as she quickly sized me up; and to strengthen the impression, I put on my quietest smile.

"Now tell me more about it," I said, "and let's see what we can do. Is your home in New York, Miss Brush?"

"Yes, sir."

"Father living?"

"No."

"Any brothers or sisters?"

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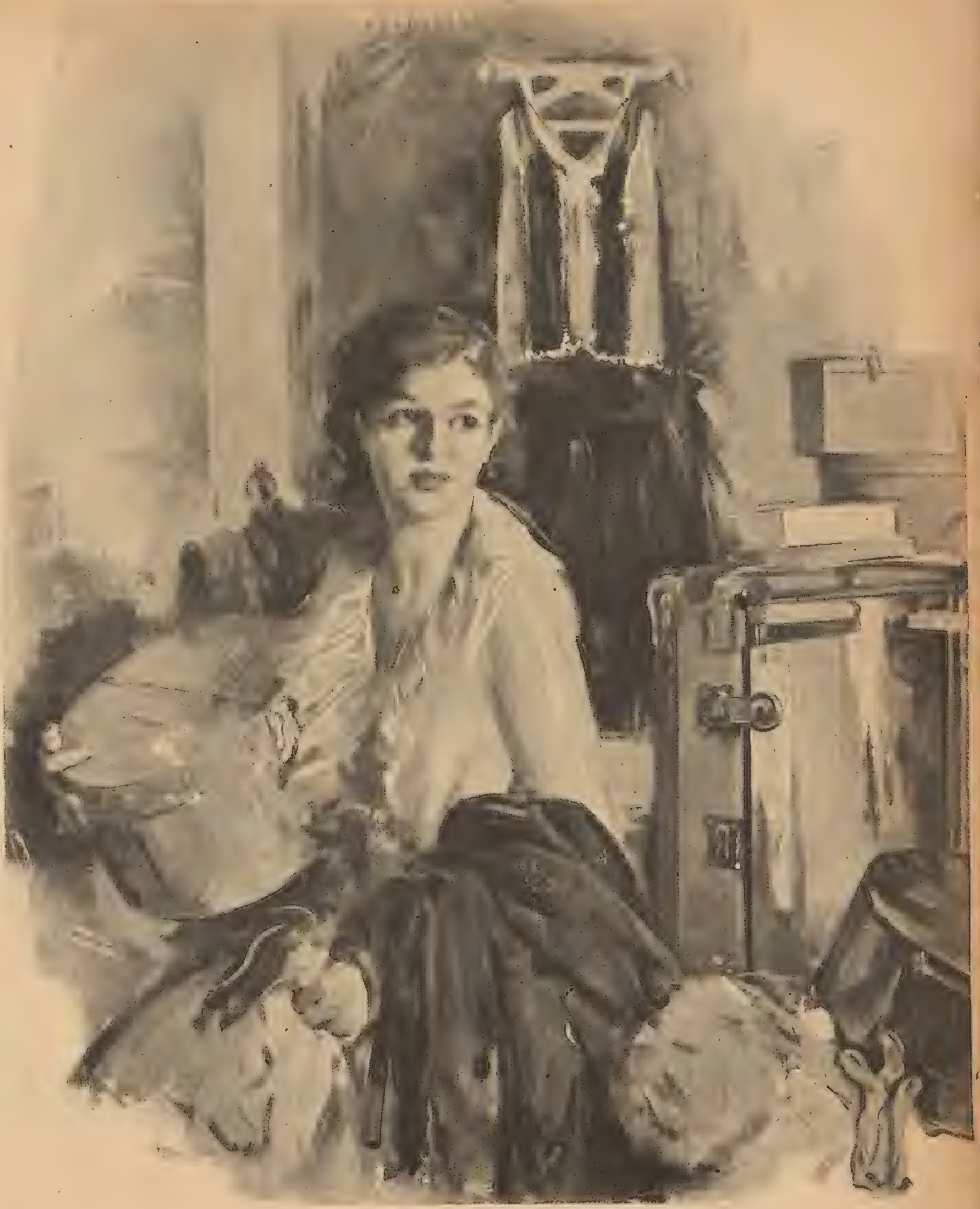
THE MOTHER WHO STEPPED ASIDE
Cont'd from page 21



"Only my brother Phil," she said, "and he's in Paris at the Beaux Arts. He's to be an architect. I cabled him yesterday and he replied that I should come to you at once. I've heard him speak of you before. Though of course he's a lot younger, at Amherst you were in the same frat, and you often go back, I think he said."

"I do," I answered promptly, "and now that you speak of him, I remember your brother Phil quite well. I'm mighty glad he sent you here. Let's try to work this out together. And don't be frightened, my dear girl. We're going to find your mother—and quietly, without any fuss. But you must help me. You must trust me—even with quite intimate things. You must tell me all you know."

"I'll tell you all I can!" she replied.

"You live alone with your mother, you say. Do you know her outside interests well?"

"She hasn't any! That's just it! And scarcely any very close friends! She has centered all on me!"

"YOU'VE had trouble with her?"

"Yes!" she said. "When my brother was at college and I was at boarding school, we got on splendidly, all three; but ever since Phil went abroad and I came home to be a deb, the troubles have been piling up!" She stopped short and seemed to hesitate.

"As, for instance?"

"Mother means well, but she worries so!" said Dorothy. Her voice was low. "I want my freedom, Captain Ives. I want to manage my own life! But that's what she can't understand! All that first year when I came out she kept interfering—in the most trivial little things—if I took a cocktail now and then, or even smoked a cigarette!

"Every time I went to a dance she either came along herself or sent a maid to bring me home. She had to hire one for that—and we can't afford such things! But when I insisted on coming home in a taxi with some boy I knew, I'd find mother sitting up, and she would be furious! In all kinds of little things, perfectly harmless in themselves, she kept interfering till I got simply desperate! Then last spring we went abroad and joined my brother over there."

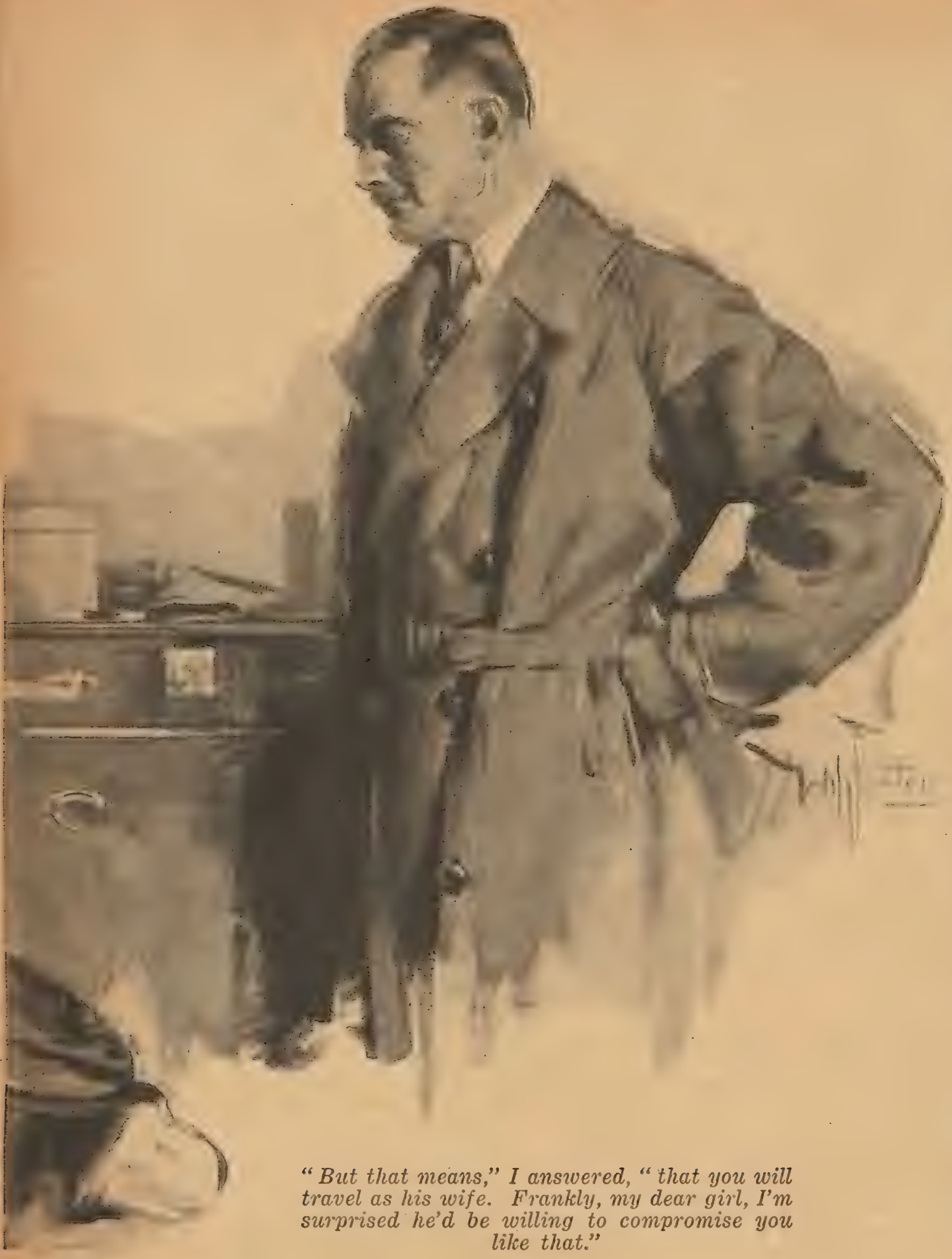
"How did he feel about it?" I asked.

"Oh, Phil is so fond of both of us that he tried to smooth things over," she said. "We had a wonderful summer together and he got mother quieted down. He could, because she simply adores him. He had some good long talks with me and said I ought to take a job. I jumped at that, for I knew if I could earn my living I could get more independence. But my mother saw that too, and though she did agree at first, when we came back here last fall I could see she hated it. I went into a magazine office uptown. I happened to know the art editor there. I have quite a flair for make-up. I loved the work and made a fine start. But I went at it pretty hard; and when I tried to combine it with some dancing now and then, and overdid and caught a cold and nearly had pneumonia, then mother made me quit the job. When I got back to the social game she was even worse than before! We had scenes till I was sick of them! Little quarrels led to big ones, until I began to feel I couldn't stand it any more and would have to break away!"

She stopped and her big black eyes grew bright.

"And did you?" I asked.

"I couldn't!" she said. "For just as I was planning for that, five days ago, she disappeared! Oh, it's been



"But that means," I answered, "that you will travel as his wife. Frankly, my dear girl, I'm surprised he'd be willing to compromise you like that."

awful, this last week! I love my mother, Captain Ives; I've suddenly found I care for her more than anything else in life! And if anything's happened to her now—oh, I'll never forgive myself!"

"Has your mother had any illness?" I asked.

"No."

"And she's in her right mind, of course."

"Oh, yes; just terribly keyed up!"

"ANY friends or relatives out of town to whom she might have gone for a while?"

"None at all," said Dorothy.

"Has she ever gone away without telling you before?"

"Never."

"Is there any hotel you use?" I asked. "When coming back to town, I mean, while getting ready your apartment?"

"Yes. Last fall we stayed at the Ritz! I'll go and ask for her there!" she replied.

"Please don't. Leave this to me," I said. "I'd like a little photograph of your mother if you have one."

"I have. It's at our apartment," she said.

We took a taxi, then, uptown; and at their small apartment, a bit off Park Avenue, I got her mother's photograph.

"Now wait here for me," I said. "If I get any news, I'll let you know."

"You're awfully good to me, Captain Ives!" she exclaimed.

"My dear girl, I like you," I answered, "and I like your brother, too. By the way, will you give me Phil's cable address? I may want to get in touch with him."

"Why?"

"Because it is just possible your mother has gone over to join him."

"Of course! I'd never thought of that!" And she gave me the address.

I WENT to the Ritz and, as I expected, found nobody with her mother's name. But when I showed the photograph to the desk clerk, he told me she was there and had registered as Mrs. Brown. Then I scribbled on my card: "I'm a friend of your son's. May I see you at once?" And she sent down word to have me come up. A dark little woman of middle age, still slender, tense and pale with strain, she greeted me with an anxious smile.

"Why have you come to me?" she asked.

I briefly explained about her daughter and the cable from her son, and I told her how frightened the girl had been.

"She deserves to be!" she said. "I'm frightened, too! How much did she tell you, Captain Ives?" And when I had given her the gist of what Dorothy had said, the little woman answered: "She hasn't told the serious part!"

"Then will you tell me now?" I asked.

"I don't like to!" she replied.

"Don't you think you had better, though? I haven't come as a policeman, but as a friend of your son," I said.

"Oh, if he were only here!"

"Why don't you send for him?"

"I haven't time!"

"Then why not follow his cabled advice to your daughter and consult with me? I don't want to interfere, Mrs. Brush, but you seem to be in serious trouble. I'd be so glad to help, if I could."

"You'll use nothing against her?"

"Nothing."

"There must be no scandal here!"

"No publicity," I agreed. She waited a moment.

"It's this," she said. "Three months ago my daughter made friends with a man named Corbin here in New York. He's rich, still young—about thirty-two—and he's married. His wife is a nervous wreck in a sanitarium and he's trying to divorce her, I'm told. Naturally I begged and implored my daughter to stop seeing him;

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE MOTHER WHO STEPPED ASIDE
Continued from page twenty-three

but, in spite of all that I could do, they went alone to night clubs and upon long motor rides. And then, when I was nearly crazy with anxiety, I found, by chance, through a note he had written, that she was planning to sail with him this week Saturday for France! It was a shock! What should I do? I couldn't stop her, for she was of age! Suddenly I realized that my daughter was grown up and that no more talking would do any good! Alone in our apartment, I knew that she would soon be back, and I simply couldn't face her in the state that I was in! So, on a blind impulse, I packed my bag and came down here and have been here ever since!"

"Trying to think it out," I said.

"Yes, racking my brains for what to do! And some things have grown clear to me. I've seen that in the last two years I have often been at fault in interfering as I did, for she never did anything really wrong. And I can't believe that she will now. This man's wife is a nervous wreck; and I've learned from her aunt, a friend of mine, that she is likely to kill herself if her husband forces a Paris divorce! I can't believe Dorothy will be part of anything so cruelly wrong, for beneath all her modern ideas about sex and independence, certain instincts, bred in her ever since the day she was born, will keep her from going through with this—that is, they will if she's left alone! I've tried interfering and it has failed! There is left to me just one other course—to do what my daughter has always asked!

"Time and again she has said to me: 'Oh, mother, if only you'd leave me alone!' All right, I decided, I'll do it now! I'll throw her right back upon herself and trust to her better instincts to keep her from ruining her life! So I've sat here and waited! It has been hard—so hard that often I've been on the point of going back and begging my daughter on my knees to come to her senses before it's too late! But each time I've realized that my talking would only drive her on! For it isn't that she's in love with this man, it's simply this passion for independence, simply her wish to be free from me! So my absence is my only chance!" Suddenly she locked both hands tight together on her knees. "Now tell me what you think of it!" she said.

"I THINK it's pretty radical treatment, Mrs. Brush," I answered. "Your disappearance has scared her so that she'll be angry when she learns that you've been right here all this time without letting her know you were safe. But, nevertheless, I believe you are right. This whole affair can be managed much better by keeping you two good people apart. Do you want me to help you?"

"Please!" she replied. "It's all in strict confidence, of course! No police action!"

"None at all. This is quite out of our province," I said. "I'm simply here as a friend of your son. Now, if you will allow me, I'll go and see your daughter again and try to learn if she means to go through."

I went back to the apartment and found Dorothy waiting there. She sprang up as I entered.

"Well?" she asked.

"I've found her—at the Ritz," I said. And after the girl's first rush of relief came the anger I had expected, bringing high color again to her cheeks and a blazing light in her big black eyes. I couldn't help admiring that. "What a young beauty she is!" I thought. "Like a race horse almost ready to run." And I wondered if we could hold her in. The chance just then looked mighty slim, for I heard the girl exclaim:

"She could take that means of scaring me so? I was never so furious in my life!"

"My dear girl, you've a right to be," I said. "But your mother has been frightened, too. You see, you didn't tell me of the one serious trouble here."

She gave a violent little start.

"What?" she demanded. And when I had explained, she asked: "How did she ever find that out?"

"From a letter," I answered. "And it was a shock. But in spite of that she has left you alone. She has done just what you've always asked."

"She has not! She has interfered again!" was Dorothy's furious reply. "In the first big crisis of my life, she has scared me so, on her account, that I've been nearly mad with worry!"

"But that's over now," I replied. "So let's try to leave it behind and think about your brother instead—your brother who asked you to come to me. Please let me hear your side of this." I could see that she did not want to reply. "It's all in strict confidence," I said.

"I just drifted into it, Captain Ives," she answered in a low, tense voice. "I didn't care much for him at first, and I might have dropped the whole affair if mother hadn't interfered. But she did—in that as in everything else—until I got so desperate I took this chance to break away! He means to get a Paris divorce and then marry me over there! He's crazy about me! It may not last, but at least it will make the break I need and leave me free for my own life! I didn't tell her in advance, because I knew how she would act and I couldn't endure another scene! I tell you, I won't have one now!"

"All right. Your mother agrees to that."

"She does?" cried the girl, with a lift of her head that reminded me of a race horse again.

"Exactly so," I answered. "She wants me to act for her in this."

"I see—to hold me back, you mean! First she tries to frighten me, and when that fails she calls the police!"

"Oh, no, it was you who called the police," I reminded Dorothy, with a smile.

"Because I thought she'd killed herself!"

"NO, you came at your brother Phil's request, because he felt I would act as a friend. So why not trust your brother and me? Are you really going through with this?"

"You mean, if I do, you won't try to stop me?"

"I can't. You're of legal age—quite free."

"You'll promise to keep my mother away, in case, as she's sure to, she changes her mind?" Although the words were defiant still, I caught the uneasiness of her tone at the prospect of being left to herself.

"I will. You'll be quite alone," I replied, "quite free to decide for yourself what is right—both to yourself, your mother, your brother, and this other man's sick wife."

"Don't preach to me on her account!" was Dorothy's quick, hot reply. "She's been a fool—in so many ways! She ought never to have married him! And, with or without me, he'll get that divorce!"

"Well, that's his affair," I said. "The only thing that interests me is whether, if this drove his wife to one of those many suicides we know so well at my bureau, my dear, you could be happy in your new life?"

"But I told you before that it may not last! It's simply that I want to be free!"

"You are already," I answered.

She gave a bitter little laugh.

"Do you really believe that, Captain Ives? Do you honestly think my mother could change?"

"Possibly—after the lesson you've given her," I answered. "She needed it, I haven't a doubt. Don't think I see only her side of this; I see yours, too. But at least she means this time to keep away; and I've cabled your brother that she's all right, so he won't bother you either this week. You're to decide this all by yourself."

Again I caught the uneasiness that came creeping into her eyes, a look of loneliness, almost dismay. And so, as I rose to go, I added, with a friendly smile: "I'm sorry you're facing it alone, but that's what freedom means, you know. Good-by and good luck. If there's anything else I can do, please don't fail to call on me."

I went back to her mother at the hotel.

"Well, I've talked with your daughter," I said, "and I'm pretty sure you're on the right track. I don't believe she'll go through with this if she's thrown back on herself. But I'm not certain that's enough. I think you ought to help her, too."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

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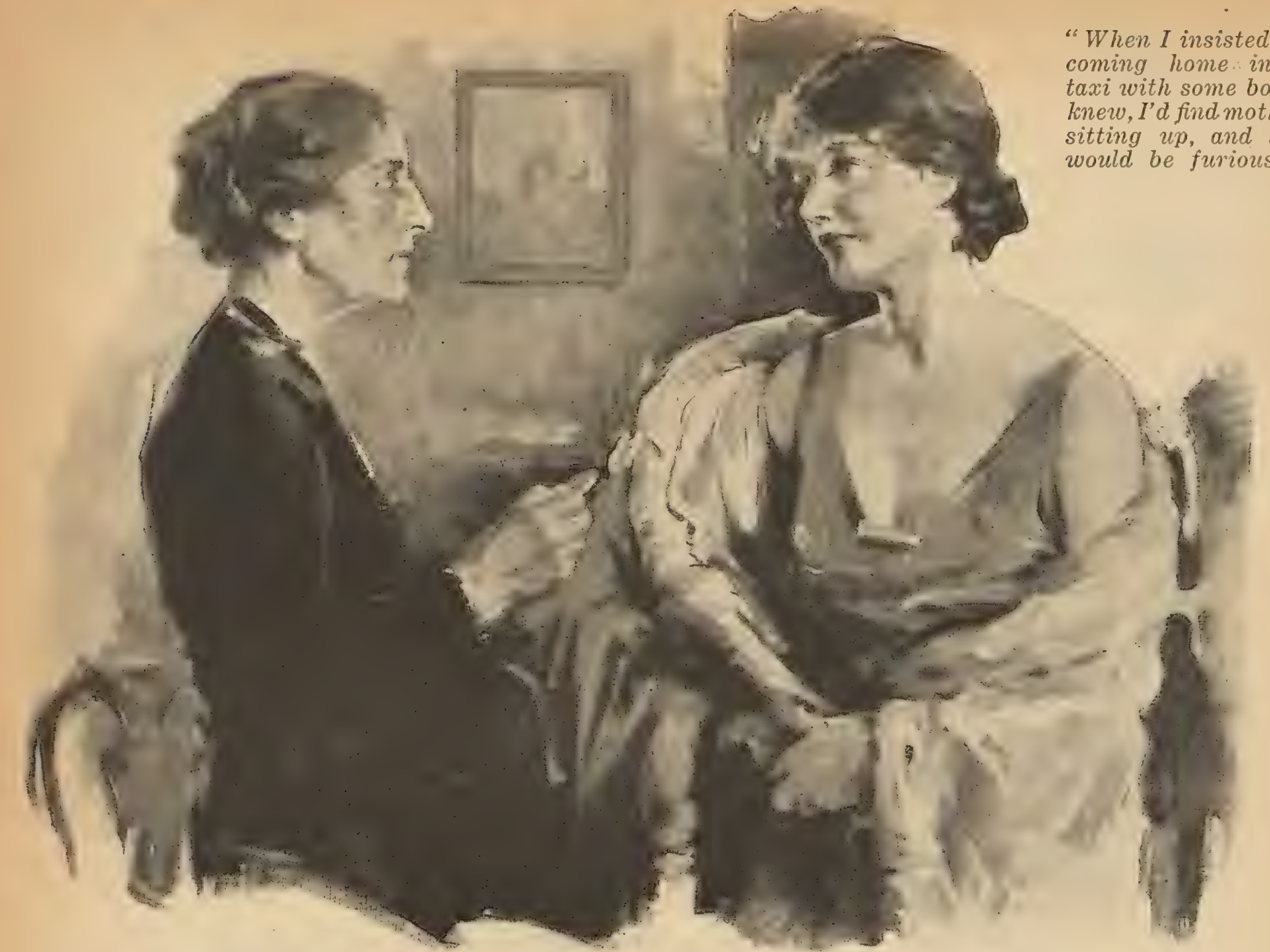

"When I insisted on coming home in a taxi with some boy I knew, I'd find mother sitting up, and she would be furious!"

[THE MOTHER WHO STEPPED ASIDE
Continued from page twenty-four]

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Brush.

"Has she money for this trip?" I asked.

"No."

"Then she must be meaning to go abroad at Corbin's expense. That would be bad, wouldn't it?"

"Awful!" the little lady cried.

"Then why don't you send her the needed funds? I believe it would have a wholesome effect." And as she looked staggered by the idea, I went on to explain: "You see, Mrs. Brush, I feel that your daughter has drifted blindly into this, as simply a part of her revolt. Let's take the wind out of the sails of her great ship of liberty. Let's remove all obstacles to her plan and make her face it squarely now—and perhaps show up her lover, too."

Talking on for some time in this vein, I at last obtained the mother's consent. Then I went back to my office downtown and sent a long cable to the son. The next day, with funds from Mrs. Brush, I went to Dorothy once more. I found her starting to pack her trunk, for she had but two days till she sailed. She greeted me with a little laugh of mingled defiance and relief.

"You here again? I thought you'd come, for I knew she couldn't leave me alone! It was too good to be true!" she exclaimed.

"But it is true, my dear," I said. "And she is not only leaving you free, she has sent me with money for your trip."

The girl looked at me blankly. "Why?"

"Because, if you do decide to go, she naturally wants you to be independent of your friend Corbin," I replied. "You'd have been in a poor position, letting him pay for everything. Perhaps you hadn't thought of that. But we've got it all fixed nicely now. Here's currency and traveler's checks. So you can drop it off your mind."

"Thank you, Captain Ives!" she said. "I *have* been worried about that part!" Her voice was tense and very low.

"No thanks to me—it's your mother," I answered. "Now is there nothing else I can do? Your ticket and passport, are they all arranged for?" She hesitated.

"Yes," she said. "But I'd like to ask you about that. I hadn't thought much about it till now."

"What's the trouble?"

"He has tickets for us both—with adjoining cabins," she replied. "And as for a passport, he said that I hadn't time for a new one, so he is using one from last year, made out for himself and his wife. Her picture is still on it, of course, but these tiny passport pictures are such awful likenesses, and I look so like his wife, that he feels sure it will get me to France."

"BUT that means," I answered, "that you will travel as his wife. Frankly, my dear girl, I'm surprised he'd be willing to compromise you like that. Would your brother have treated a girl that way?"

"No, I don't suppose he would."

"You like and trust your brother, don't you?"

"Yes—I wish he were here!" she exclaimed.

"If he were, I think he would ask you now, so long as your mother is keeping away, that you keep away from Corbin, too—in these next two days, I mean. You owe that much to your mother and brother. Decide this question all alone."

"All right, I will! But I'm going!" she said.

"On his passport and ticket?"

"I've nothing else!"

"You've money to get them."

"I haven't time!"

"Oh, I can get you a cabin," I said, "in your own name and not next to his. And as for a passport, where is the one you used last summer?"

"I hadn't any! True to form, my mother insisted on getting one for both of us!"

"Has she kept it still?"

"Perhaps—but she'll never give it to me!"

"Let me try to get it," I said, "and a cabin for you, too."

I did not find it easy at first. My next interview with her mother was hard, for Mrs. Brush was weakening fast. She was almost ready to give up her plan, go back to her daughter, and beg and implore; and, although I did succeed in holding her to the new course, she insisted on a compromise.

"You may reserve a stateroom," she said, "and I'll get you the passport—it's at the bank—but I want you to keep them both in your hands."

"Very well," I answered, "I'll keep them till I meet her at the pier tomorrow night."

"Great heavens! Is it as soon as that?"

"I don't believe she'll go," I said.

I telephoned to her that afternoon.

"Well, I've taken a cabin," I told her, "and I have your mother's passport. I'll bring them with me to the boat."

"You're coming down to see me off?"

"I am unless you object," I said, "for if you're really going I'd like to talk to you once more. I'll be there an hour before the boat sails and will meet you in your cabin. The number is one eight three."

"Is my mother coming too?" she asked.

"You don't want her, do you?"

"No!"

I PROMISED to keep her away if I could, but on the next evening Mrs. Brush insisted on going with me to the pier. And not only that—she packed a heavy suitcase and took it along with us that night.

"I've held off as long as I can!" she said. "If Dorothy sails, I'm going, too!" I was not at all troubled by that idea, for it fitted in exactly with a little plan I had in mind. I had just had a cable from her son. But I wasn't ready to tell her yet.

"You won't sail with your daughter tonight, Mrs. Brush—not if I can help it," I said.

"What do you mean by that?" she demanded.

"That I don't believe she will go," I replied.

When we came in a taxi down to the pier, I begged her to wait upon the dock while I went up to Dorothy's stateroom. I found her alone. She had begun unpacking her bags, but then had stopped and was sitting there as though on springs, her color high, her big eyes bright.

"Well, you see I'm here!" she began.

"Has Corbin been here yet?" I asked.

"I don't believe so," she replied. "I called him up this afternoon and said I wouldn't come down myself until just before we sailed."

"Why?"

"You've been good to me, Captain Ives, and you said you wanted to talk to me first!" I could see in her tense face and eyes how strained she was—and lonely. She looked very young and I found her decidedly appealing

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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YOU may have your own private likes and dislikes about tomato juice cocktails, clam juice cocktails, orange juice and sauerkraut cocktails.

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THE MOTHER WHO STEPPED ASIDE
Continued from page twenty-seven

then. But I didn't show it in my tone.

"I'm glad of that, my dear," I said, "for if you're really going, there's one thing left to be decided."

"What is it?"

"About your brother," I answered.

She shot a quick look straight into my eyes.

"You've cabled him, of course," she said.

"Oh, yes, a number of times," I replied.

Her features tightened suddenly.

"Has mother told him to meet me on the other side?" she asked.

"Not unless you wish it," I said. "That's what I wanted to ask you about. I've cabled Phil about your plans, but I didn't give him the name of your boat, for I felt that I should ask you first and put it entirely up to you whether your brother meets you or not."

NEXT WEEK—

A glamorous love story of the new Germany

The Secret Friend

by SIR PHILIP GIBBS

and a remarkable human document

Heist Guy

The Autobiography of a Crook

"Oh, I see!" said Dorothy. Her lips were dry; her eyes were bright; she seemed on the point of breaking down. But in spite of my growing sympathy, I put the screws on harder still.

"If you're so sure of Corbin," I said, "that you trust him absolutely, then, since your family disagrees, you may want to break all family ties. But are you so sure? It's for you to decide. You love your brother; you feel he's been fair and has seen your side of all this from the start. Are you sure you don't want him to meet your boat?"

Nervously she twisted her hands.

"What is this, Captain Ives?" she asked with a sharp, bitter little smile. "The third degree we hear about?"

"No, I'm not a policeman now. I'm asking, as your brother's friend, do you want him to meet you in France?"

"I don't know!" she answered. But I kept her to it still.

"I'M afraid you'll have to decide," I said. "It's only fair to Phil. Shall I cable him the name of your boat or will you break with your family and go it alone with Corbin now?"

She sat for a moment still twisting her hands, and then she burst out:

"You think he's pretty yellow, don't you!"

"Yes, I think he is," I answered, "both to his sick wife and to you, in the way he planned you should take this trip. And now that you have had a chance, rid of your mother's interference, to face this squarely all alone, I think that you agree with me."

"But what do you want me to do?" she cried. "Give up and be a quitter now?"

"Oh, no, I don't," I answered. "Not when it comes to getting the freedom you have wanted so. But can't you still get it in some other way?"

"What way?"

"The one your brother proposed. Go back to that magazine job you liked."

"I'd love to!" Dorothy answered. "But I've already told you I tried and that mother made it impossible!"

"SUPPOSE she now agrees?" I asked.

"If she does, she'll never stick to it!"

"But perhaps your brother Phil," I said, "might be able to hold her to that."

"How could he?" she asked.

I smiled at her.

"Phil and I between us," I said, "cabling back and forth this week, have hit on a little plan which may give you just the freedom you need, a chance to stay right on in New York and try living alone for a while."

"With my mother still here?"

"Oh, no," I said. And I handed her a cablegram. She read it and broke into hysterical laughter.

"Oh, Phil!" she gasped. "You darling!"

She then proceeded to burst into tears, but they came out of radiant eyes, and in a few moments after that I left her quickly repacking her bags. I took her ticket and passport to the purser's office, and after a brief interview there, I rejoined her mother on the dock.

"It's just as I expected," I said. "Your daughter isn't sailing tonight."

"Oh, captain! Wonderful!" she cried. But we had no time for emotions then, so I went on:

"I've just ordered her trunk taken out of her cabin and she's up there repacking her bags. She'll be down here almost any minute now. And I want you to think very quickly first, while I explain a plan of your son's."

"What is it?" she asked me.

"Simply this. You may feel you have learned such a lesson that you'll never interfere again, but will let your daughter manage her life about as she likes," I answered. "But old habits are pretty deep, Mrs. Brush, and you can never be sure you've changed. Your son has a way to make it sure, to avoid any danger of your slipping back and to smooth over the next few months, which at best are likely to be awkward, both for Dorothy and yourself. Your son's idea is simply a development of your own. You left her alone and it worked fine. Now try it just a few months more! Here are ticket and passport!" I cried. "I've seen the purser and arranged that the ticket be put in your name. And here's your bag, all packed for the trip! Go to Paris and stay a few months with your son! He wants you! Here's his cablegram!" I handed it to her and she read:

HOLD DOROTHY AND SHIP MOTHER INSTEAD.

Her eyes seemed popping out of her head!

"Come, Mrs. Brush! Why not?" I cried. "You adore this son of yours and he wants you with him! Why not go?" She blinked at me excitedly.

"I almost think I will!" she said.

"That's fine! That settles it!" I replied. And picking up her heavy bag and taking her firmly by the arm, I hurried her up on to the boat and down to Cabin 183. Her daughter had gone, and a roar from the liner was ordering visitors ashore. But the little lady seized my arm.

"How about Corbin?" she asked in alarm. "I'd forgotten him! Is he staying with Dorothy in New York?"

"Oh, no," I answered. "Corbin is sailing with you for France."

A savage gleam came into her eyes. "If he so much as speaks to me, he'll never do it twice!" she cried.

AND so, a minute later, in the passageway just outside, when I met a slender dark young man whose face was all expectant bliss, I felt a little that way, too.

"Are you looking for a lady by the name of Brush?" I asked.

"I am," he replied. And I proceeded to give him my most affable smile.

"You'll find her right in there," I said.

He entered the cabin—and came out at a speed that almost knocked me down! Instantly I became a cop!

"What the hell are you doing," I growled, "bumping the New York police?"

"Who are you?" he asked with a start.

"Captain Ives, from Headquarters!" I snarled.

"Let go of me, please! I'm going ashore!"

"Oh, no, you're not," I answered. "It might be kind of dangerous. We know too much about you, young man. We prefer that you sail with this lady for France."

"But good God! She's the mother!" he shouted.

"That's where the joke comes in!" I said.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—Whose portrait is on the half-cent United States stamp?
2—What is a sobriquet?
3—What is the largest island in the Japanese group?
4—Who recently was made Poet Laureate of England?
5—What does polychrome mean?
6—What is a second cutting of hay called?
7—Who wrote the Leatherstocking Tales?
8—What does aqueous mean?
9—What is the impetus of a moving body called?
10—What is the capital of the Union of South Africa?
11—What is the trachea?
12—What is a mandamus?
13—What English nobleman of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is remembered for his elegant manners?
14—Which is nearer the equator, Miami, Florida, or Cairo, Egypt?
15—What is the family name of "Oom Paul" of Boer War fame?
16—What is the Pentateuch?
17—What is patois?
18—What does quintuple mean?
19—What is hinterland?
20—What city was the capital of the Confederate States of America?

(Answers will be found on page thirty-six)

Photo by Elmer Fryer, Hollywood

LEATRICE JOY, *beautiful First National star: "My skin is like satin after using Lux Toilet Soap."*

"Lovely Skin always wins hearts," say 45 Hollywood Directors

9 out of 10 screen stars keep their skin petal-smooth this way . . .

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Lux Toilet Soap

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The lady being talked to by Lawrence Gray, the serious, fur-trimmed gentleman, is Marion Davies. They're in The Floradora Girl.

GIRLS *and* *Gun-Play*

And a Bull's-Eye for Marion Davies

Fay Wray, Emma Dunn, and Gary Cooper in the romantic talkie, The Texan.

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

1 star means fairly good.	3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good.	4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ THE FLORADORA GIRL

THE Floradora Girl, besides being one long laugh, establishes Marion Davies as one of the foremost comediennes on either stage or screen. The picture was made from an original story by Gene Markey and with the clever direction of Harry Beaumont, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer added another success to their list for this year.

Beaumont made the most of the situation, the period, and the talent of his players. And when you add the talent up it amounts to something very funny. The time is the day when Tell Me, Pretty Maiden, was being whistled and sung all over the country and when the famous Sextette from Floradora was the toast of New York.

Daisy, enacted by Marion Davies, is the only one of the sextette who is not engaged to or being courted by a wealthy man about town, and the efforts of her two pals in the chorus, Maudie and Fanny, to get her a millionaire are highly entertaining.

Ilka Chase, as Fanny, is a close runner-up to Marion Davies in the race for laughs.

The entire cast was an inspiration. Besides Marion Davies and Ilka Chase, there is Lawrence Gray, who plays opposite the star and is a gay devil of his day; Walter Catlett and Louis John Bartels, who are good for a number of laughs; Jed Prouty, who fits into the picture perfectly as Daisy's father; Claude Allister as a silly-ass type of English lord; George Chandler, who squires Daisy about on his tandem; and Sam Hardy, who gives a very comic impersonation of Fontaine, the gambler.

Nance O'Neil, as the hero's mother, adds a touch of dignity to an otherwise hilarious picture.

★ ★ ★ THE TEXAN

What the stage lost when John Cromwell forsook it last year for Hollywood, the movies gained. He is an asset to the cinema colony either as an actor or as a director.

We are interested in him now because of his intelligent direction of Gary Cooper in The Texan. While the picture is reminiscent of The Virginian, in which Gary Cooper did the best work of his career, the story really isn't like it.

The Llano Kid, as this long-legged young Texan is called, has no parents of his own—" they went over the divide about the time the Kid gave his first bleat "—but a smart and unscrupulous agent for a South American family talks the Llano Kid into masquerading as the long-lost son of a noble Castilian lady—purpose robbery. He is introduced to his " artificial " mother and beautiful young cousin, Consuelo, the latter charmingly represented by Fay Wray.

After a few weeks on the rancho the Kid warns the agent that he cannot go through with the deal, and the latter attacks the house at night. There is a thrilling scene where the men stalk each other with drawn guns.

A scene from Wedding Rings. The card-players are Kathleen Williams, Aileen Manning, Lois Wilson, and Olive Borden.

The dashing Warner Baxter in The Arizona Kid.

David Newell, Mary Astor, and Natalie Moorhead in The Runaway Bride.

★ ★ Wedding Rings

Ernest Pascal's novel, The Dark Star, furnished the material with which William Beaudine fashioned Wedding Rings for First National. The story will hold your interest, and the acting and direction are fair, but there is nothing out of the ordinary in this production. It is the struggle of two sisters for the love of one man.

Lois Wilson and Olive Borden play Cornelia and Eve Quinn respectively, and H. B. Warner, as Lewis Dike, is the bone of contention between them.

★ ★ The Runaway Bride

Under the supervision of William Sistrom, Donald Crisp directed The Runaway Bride and made it into a fairly amusing picture.

It is taken from the play called Cooking Her Goose, by Lolita Westman and H. H. Van Loan, and features Mary Astor in the title rôle. Lloyd Hughes ably assists her. This is a Radio picture.

★ The Arizona Kid

When Warner Baxter was honored for the most distinguished performance given on the screen last year for his interpretation of the Cisco Kid in In Old Arizona, I cheered with the rest of his admirers.

He was good. But here he is playing the same kind of part and he is not so good.

The Arizona Kid is a poor imitation of In Old Arizona and even though Director Alfred Santell did his best to repeat the success of the first film by casting Theodore Von Eltz, who looks and talks like Edmund Lowe, for the part of the Easterner, he has failed to make this Fox Movietone click.

Do you know that—

" Red " Grange, not so long ago football and moving-picture star, is now master of ceremonies at a night club in Hollywood?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—The Silent Enemy, All Quiet on the Western Front, Paramount on Parade.

★★★—King of Jazz, Free and Easy, High Society Blues, Hold Everything.

The Man takes

In Which Some Peeved Males Insist that Women Drivers Are Punk

By

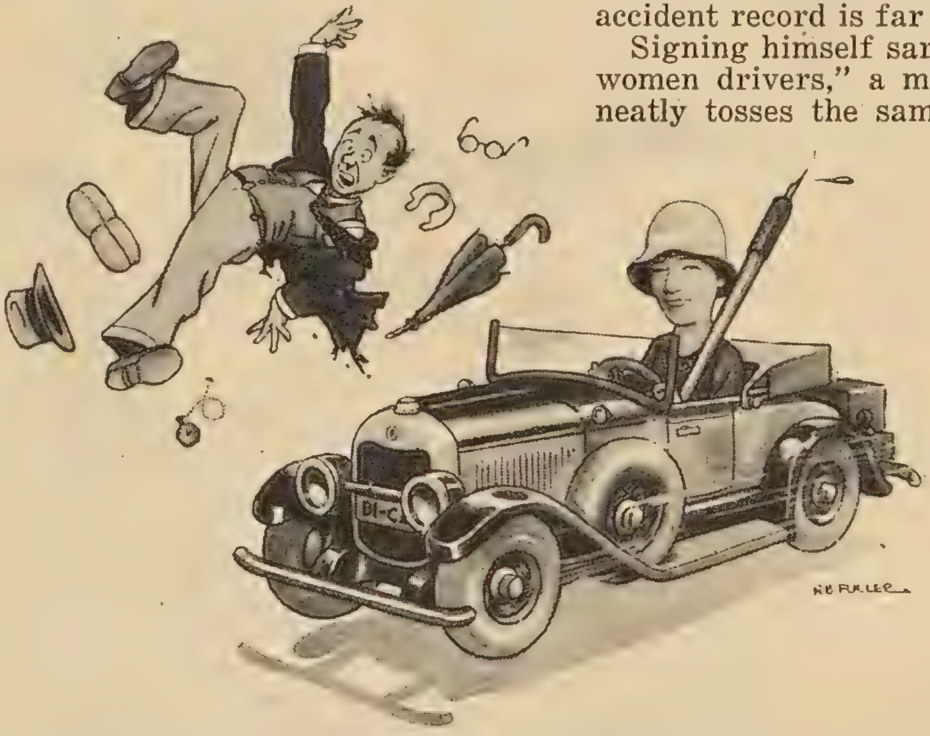
GRACE ROBINSON

Pictures by R. B. FULLER

A RECENT issue of Liberty carried a story of mine entitled The Woman Driver. This article cited some figures, obtained at great effort and expense by a New York advertising concern, which showed that women were five times as safe at the steering wheel as men drivers.

This conclusion, and the facts which support it, have irritated a great many men. The editor of Liberty has received a flood of indignant letters and very, very few of them had anything nice to say about one Grace Robinson. Most of them insisted she was an obnoxious person whose reasoning was all wet, and who championed the woman driver merely because she herself happened to be a woman.

These last implied that if a man had written the article its conclusion about the comparative safety of men and women drivers would have been reversed. This is most flattering indeed. Accustomed as I am to hearing that women are a menace in an orderly, logical world of males, this is the first time I ever heard it charged that a woman's influence actually altered the immutable workings of mathematics. The truth is that the figures in question were obtained by soliciting more than a thousand sources for information. These included all state motor vehicle inspectors, all insurance companies handling any type of automotive insurance, the magistrates' courts of the hundred largest cities in the country, automobile manufacturers, automotive trade publications, the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, the National Safety Council, leading newspapers which inspected police records in their cities, and many other sources.



The author at the wheel, as some of her male critics evidently see her in their minds' eyes.

The resulting figures were carefully compiled, and the whole was audited by an expert accountant. Women were discovered to constitute 24.3 per cent of all drivers in this country, but to be involved in only about 6 per cent of all accidents. A system of weighted percentages was used in arriving at these averages. That is, towns of large population and a large number of women drivers were given their proportionate value in the total, so that the ultimate sweeping percentage would really reflect the proportion of women drivers.

Says G. A. P. of Detroit: “ Your article by Grace Robinson on The Woman Driver is sure all wet. You can easily see that it was written by a woman. Her statistical averages are nation-wide. She does not take into consideration that in large cities where accidents are more frequent there are a great deal less than 24.3 per cent of the drivers women, while in smaller communities there are more women.

“ Women drivers should be condemned on two counts at least. (1) In a close corner a woman will start to do one thing, then exercise her privilege and change her mind. (2) The woman driver will drive slowly, no matter how much faster the traffic is moving at that point. These two things cause accidents and the driver that is to blame may not be involved in the accident at all.”

As to G. A. P.'s criticism of my figures—nearly all the large cities that provided material for the survey showed women constituted more than 24.3 per cent of their drivers. In New Orleans 35 per cent were women; in San Francisco 33.6 per cent; in Washington, D. C., 25.8 per cent; in Chicago 28.9 per cent; in Pittsburgh 40.2 per cent; and in Detroit 43.4 per cent. Yet woman's accident record is far lower than man's.

Signing himself sarcastically “ Yours for more women drivers,” a man in Virginia, Minnesota, neatly tosses the same charge of sex prejudice. He writes: “ That side order, The Woman Driver, is a lotta hooey, which reminds me of a fable old Æsop once wrote. It was about a man and a lion debating as to strength. The man claimed that Hercules once tore a lion apart and took the lion into the park to view a statue to prove it. ‘ O. K.,’ says the lion, ‘ but it was a man that made the statue.’ A woman made your story. Ho, ho! ”

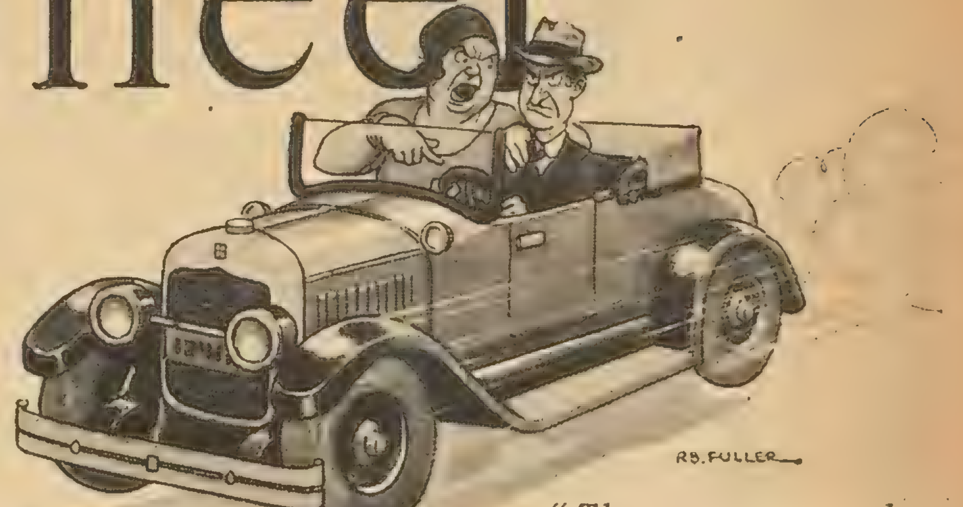
“MALE DODGER” of Shreveport, Louisiana, roared: “ Your article about the safety of women drivers is a dim wit's article and ought to appeal to about two millions of Liberty's dumb readers. It is written by a dumb woman to glorify female dumbies.

“ All men, and the intelligent minority of Liberty's readers, know that a woman with a car is like a woman with a gun—dangerous. They avoid her carefully. They give her more than half the road or street; they let her have her way. That is why the dumb sisters who drive recklessly and half-wittedly all over America show up in the statistics as careful, when as a matter of fact they are the more dangerous half of the automobile population.

“ Anybody but the dumb woman who wrote the dumb article for dumb editors would know this; the dumbies are not supposed to know anything—hence Liberty.”

I nearly dropped dead from shock when the Vox Pop editor handed me this one from “ Not a Man-Hater ” of Holland, Michigan. She approves my criticism of the male petter's inattention at the wheel. “ Three cheers to Grace Robinson for expressing her sentiments in The Woman Driver. She explains perfectly the male driver and especially when he is with a girl, and I know because I experience this practically every time I go out. I suppose, however, we will never be able to convince the

the Wheel



"The reason we men have so many accidents is because we're nagged to death."

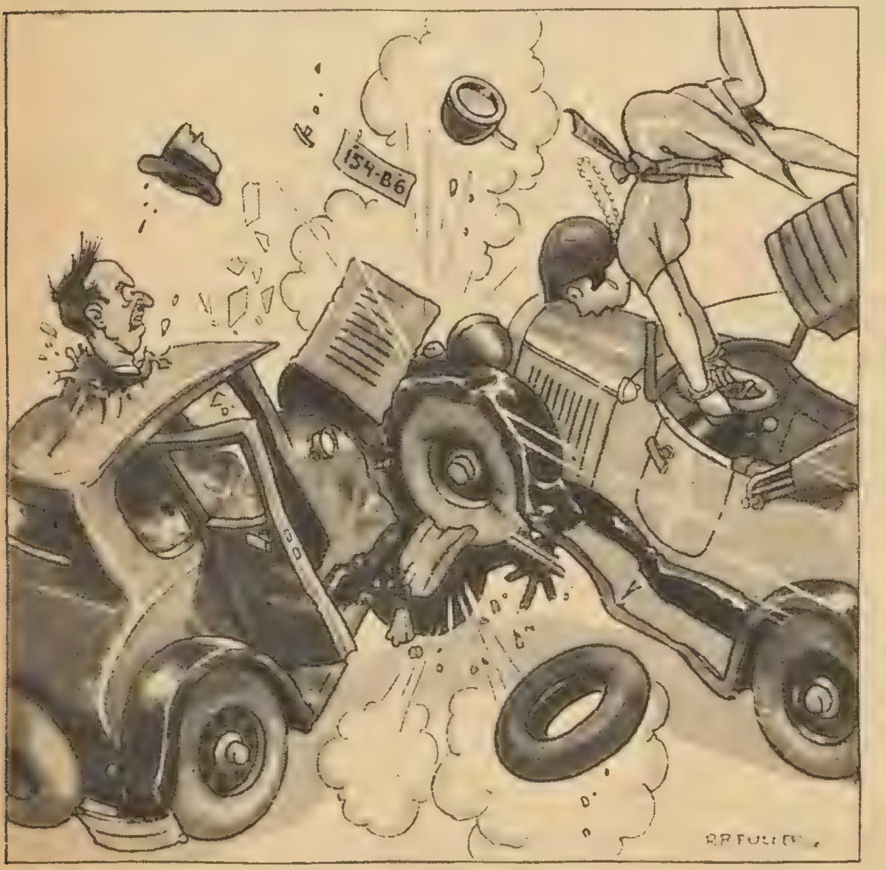
conceited male driver that the female motorist is five times as safe as the male. And I suppose the majority of the male readers of her article said with disgust, 'A woman wrote it, of course!'

"Here's one that's strong for you, Gracie, although not of the male sex."

I TRIED to be—oh, so fair. I pointed out that men pile up more mileage than women, that men drive under greater accident hazards, but that these factors could not be included in the totals because there were no figures available. Subsequently Fletcher Johnson of Seattle, Washington, wrote: "After reading several pages of concentrated hokum, in which the author endeavored to illustrate how much superior the driving of a woman is to that of the average man, she reached a great climax in the following: 'Men drive the taxicabs, the trucks, and the busses, and men often drive during the hazardous hours of 5 to 6 P. M. while women do most of their driving during the comparatively safe daylight hours. . . . Women, however, may argue that all this driving gives a man infinitely greater practice at the wheel, so that he is more competent to meet the greater dangers to which he is exposed.'

"After reading this, I started to wonder what she was trying to prove. My final decision was that, in spite of the fact that some phony figures pointed to the contrary, she was just repeating the already proven fact that the average woman driver is a road hazard. The next time Liberty prints another funny story by the above author, I, for one, will cut loose with another nickel. Yours for more phony baloney."

From E. F. Murray of Lakeland, Florida: "Is it one, two, three—well, anyway, several years since I missed a copy of Liberty and so far I've withstood the temptation, but I've finally 'popped.' Along with uncountable others, if I'm any judge, this sad breakdown was caused by the rodeo (I think that's what a gathering of the bull is called) in this week's issue entitled The Woman Driver, by Her Highness Grace Robinson. Of all the terrible doses she has given us, this takes the cake!



"All men know that a woman with a car is like a woman with a gun—dangerous."

"There is still a red haze before my eyes as I write, and thoughts of the atrocity bring on further urges towards mayhem or hari-kari on her doorstep, if I knew where it was. But possibly another visit to White Springs will cure me, and cause a retraction of my vows never to buy another copy of your magazine."

"B. R." of Folsom, Pennsylvania, submits: "I sure did get all het up under the collar when I read The Woman Driver. I have never seen a woman yet that could drive. Grace Robinson says that women are twenty-four and three-tenths per cent of the drivers of this country, which may be true, but does she consider the mileage that they drive? For every mile that a man drives, a woman drives such a small part of a mile that I can't 'figger' that small.

"But let's say it's about a ten-to-one ratio, which makes the woman a much greater risk.

"G. R. also says a woman's mind is on driving when she is doing it (trying to). All that I've ever seen have been looking at the styles that are walking along the street, or the nice lace window curtains on that big house, or, 'There is So-and-So out with someone else's husband.' If Liberty is going to be a woman's magazine in the future I will just have one nickel a week to spend more foolishly."

FROM Weston, Massachusetts, we have this by Harry Davis: "I can hardly get my pen filled quickly enough to let you know what I think of Grace Robinson's The Woman Driver.

"Women safe drivers? Holy Gee! And why shouldn't they be, Grace? They crawl along at ten miles per and take the middle of the road. When they feel like turning around they look around and see if there is anyone coming, and if there is they start their semicircle, and if there isn't they wait until they are sure there is someone coming before they turn.

"Sometimes they stick their cute little hannies out of the window, and sometimes they don't. And when they do, it would take seven mind readers and a cartload of stargazers to tell what their next move is going to be.

"Believe me, when I see a woman driving a car ahead of me I start praying that she won't throw a fit until I get by. You say they don't have many accidents, Grace, but did you ever realize how many accidents they cause other people to have by their so-called careful driving? Some day this country will wake up and pass a law that everybody travel at thirty miles an hour minimum speed. Then the dear little ladies will have to fold up and hire a real he-man, step-on-it chauffeur. And what a blessed day that will be for the man behind the wheel!"

An Ohio man who didn't want his name revealed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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EVERY BLADE
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2 more good shaves

THOUSANDS of men didn't believe me. They asked for a free trial tube to check me up. But they made the test, *and they believe me now!*

Of course, 2 more shaves per blade aren't so important in themselves. But they're proof of Mennen superiority. Mennen soaks all the toughness out of whiskers, leaves less work for the razor. Result: no yanking, scraping or irritation. And longer blade life and less wear and tear on the skin. *That's* why I can make my sweeping guarantee.

Mennen lather relaxes taut skin, too, penetrates the pores, floats out oil and dirt, preventing pimples, blackheads and muddy-looking skin. Mennen lather is antiseptic. Leaves the skin healthy, good-to-look-at.

2 Kinds: Bigger Tubes

We make two kinds of Mennen Shaving Cream (1) Menthol-iced for skin that likes arctic coolness in lather . . . (2) Mennen Without Menthol, smooth, bland, without the icy feature. Great shaves, both! Bigger tubes, too . . . Get a tube today, and test my money-back guarantee. Or shoot in the coupon. Jim Henry
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To complete the skin treatment, apply Mennen Skin Balm, after you shave. Protects against dirt, dust and weather. Non-greasy. Skin absorbs it. Styptic, healing and bracing as a cool sea breeze.

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Jim Henry: I haven't made the test yet, Jim. Send me free trial tube.
Name....................
Address.................... City....................
☐ *Send me Mennen Menthol-Iced*
☐ *Send me Mennen Without Menthol*

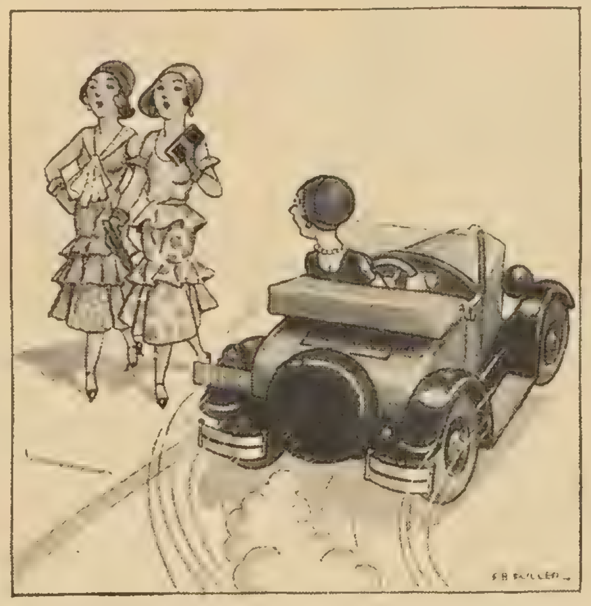
THE MAN TAKES THE WHEEL
Continued from page thirty-three

gnashed the keys of his typewriter in this wise: "Of all the idiotic, moronic, inane, half-witted, nutty, cuckoo, loony, dizzy, doltish, numbskulled, silly, crazy, fatuous drivel it has been my misfortune to read, that alleged article on The Woman Driver was the most foolish, imbecilic, asinine, feeble-minded, nit-witted, loco, buggy, sappy, slip-coggish, harebrained, light-headed, insane, and vacuous.

"I'm surprised that even Liberty would publish such garbage as that. If it hadn't been so pathetic, I would have laughed at it. And concerning the so-called writer of the excuse for an article, I can only arrive at one of two conclusions. She is either the sap of her family tree or one of its rotten limbs.

"As automobile drivers women make good cake bakers—they fall flat at either job. Women are getting to be almost as deadly with the automobile as they are with the sash weight and hammer.

"Riding with a woman at the wheel is about as safe as doing a tap dance on a barrel of nitroglycerin."



"A woman's mind is on driving? All I've ever seen have been looking at the styles that are walking along the street."

From Ralph S. Fralick, "a woman-hater" of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, comes this orgy of condemnation: "Must all of us able-bodied men stand fast and let our friend, Grace Robinson, take a slam at us in her article called The Woman Driver? I'm too polite to mention what I think of women drivers! They obstruct traffic by slow driving, stalling, and other damn-fool operations.

"Hooking fenders, bumpers, and smashing tail-lights is their greatest pastime. Women are like black cats; they always bring us hard luck or get in our way. Men drivers have twice as much to do and think about as women drivers. We don't take time to powder our nose, paint our lips, or 'crack' mirrors. What of it if we do have a few more accidents? We'd have less if women minded their own damn business and left automobiles to us.

"The reason we men have so many accidents is because we're nagged to death by back-seat women drivers. Women should be pushing baby carriages instead of stepping on the gas."

WELL, well, well! Even a slow-witted woman would deduce from these letters that men resent a female at the steering wheel. Psychologically these letters, and others like them, reveal the operation of a crowd mechanism. Men have a deep-seated resentment against any encroachment on their class. They wish to preserve their self-esteem by preserving themselves in a group with certain privileges and certain abilities.

THIS hot and bothered feeling about women drivers is a survival of the old days when men wanted to reserve for themselves *all* the opportunities and privileges which once were theirs exclusively. They didn't want women in their colleges; they didn't want them to hold jobs in competition with men, although many women had to work in order to live. This clannishness was the basis (although they didn't realize it) of male opposition to woman suffrage. In those days men were more inhibited, however. They didn't proclaim their opposition openly. They tried to rationalize it. That is, unconsciously they tried to make their feelings square with the accepted order of society. Consequently there was much propaganda about "woman on a pedestal," "our sainted women," "the sanctity of motherhood," etc.

Personally, the most irritating drivers I have ever met on the road have not been women. They have been the middle-aged family men who learned to drive late in life and who go out on Sunday, nervous because they are responsible for the lives of Mama and several excitable youngsters. They are the people who make Sunday driving a nerve-racking task instead of a delightful pastime. But do our men critics mention this well known type of Sunday pest? They do not.

Why? Because men—the crowd, psychologically speaking—have subconscious fixed ideas, any modification of which is regarded as disloyalty to the group. The subconscious masculine solidarity bars raillery at one of their own group. This closed system of ideas is one of the striking symptoms of paranoia.

Now, how is it with women? They are notoriously sensitive about their driving. That is one reason undoubtedly why there are so many poor women drivers.

Most women can learn to drive from a strange man more easily than from their own husbands. They have a natural desire for approval from the man they love, and this renders them keenly self-conscious in that man's presence when engaged in something for which they feel unfitted.

But why do they feel themselves unfitted for driving? And if unfitted why do they insist on doing it? Adler, one of the most advanced psychologists, and others of the same school, explain it clearly.

Woman since earliest civilization has been placed in a subordinate position. A feeling of inferiority unconsciously burdens the whole sex. A girl-child realizes this disadvantage as soon as she hears her brothers say "girls are no good" and observes condescension on the part of her boy playmates. Naturally she develops a strong wish to outshine boys. This is what Adler terms the "masculine protest," because all struggle for power and advancement represents qualities which we ordinarily think of as masculine.

In extreme cases, Adler maintains, this becomes a protest of woman against herself, instead of its being against man's fallacious low estimate of her. This battle waged toward an absurd and hopeless aim, instead of toward something tangible and possible of accomplishment, often characterizes the neurotic.

Thus we see that woman's desire to drive and drive well is part of her hidden, subconscious desire to escape the position of woman.

When this inferiority complex of women collides with the superiority complex of men, we have, in this instance, a batch of indignant letters like those quoted above.

LET us now return to our beloved figures. New York City driving is probably as severe a test as can be found. Records of the city magistrates' courts for 1928 show that 46,062 men were convicted of violating the speed ordinance, as against 1,355 women. Speed ordinance violations include the serious offenses of speeding, reckless driving, overtaking street cars, and turning corners at speed.

In the same year 129,875 males were convicted of disobeying traffic regulations, which include infractions in one-way streets and play streets, passing red lights, and wrong parking. Women guilty in these respects numbered 2,441.

In viewing these figures one must remember that in New York state as a whole (there are no separate figures for New York City) women constitute only 16 per cent of the drivers. Figure that out for yourself.

Of the total auto accidents in New York state in 1928, women were involved in less than 4 per cent. Even allowing for the large number of taxicabs, busses, and trucks operated in New York City, this would still seem to reflect favorably on women's trustworthiness as drivers.

Although men declare the slow woman driver is more of a menace than the speedy male, Charles A. Harnett, commissioner of motor vehicles for New York state, doesn't share their view. Lamenting the enormous increase in automobile fatalities which

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Pennsylvania
These white sidewalls . . . stay white!

Of course you want tires with smart white sidewalls for your car . . . they mark you *modern!*

None finer than the new Pennsylvania 4.75-19 . . . a "super white" . . . so called, because the dazzling, snow-whiteness endures . . . endures to beautify . . . doesn't quickly age to a dirty, dingy yellow. Use of a whiter rubber and an advanced Pennsylvania scientific process to keep it white explain the tire's sustained smartness.

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May we send you a free trial bottle of Hires Extract—sufficient to make 8 pint bottles of Hires Root Beer?

This trial will show you how easy it is to make delicious, refreshing Hires Root Beer at home—how to save money on beverages.

You and your family will like the distinctive, appealing flavor of Hires Root Beer—its refreshing, invigorating results.

If the trial delights you and your family, then for 30c at all dealers you can buy a full-size bottle of Hires Extract—it makes 40 bottles of Hires Root Beer, costing about 1½c per bottle, compared to what you usually pay.

Millions of families all over the Nation are enjoying this famous, thirst-quenching beverage, containing the juices of 16 roots, barks, berries and herbs—Nature's invigorating and appetizing ingredients, including Vitamin B and Mineral Salts. Utterly free from artificial color and flavor.

Mail the coupon at once for free trial bottle of Hires Extract—or order a full-size 30c bottle from your dealer today. 35c in Canada.

At fountains ask for Hires or buy it in bottles.

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Please send me free sample of Hires Root Beer Extract
Name
Address
City State
Please print name and address plainly

Canadians may mail coupon to The Charles E. Hires Co., Ltd., Toronto

[THE MAN TAKES THE WHEEL
Continued from page thirty-five]

the records showed for 1928, he said: “Practically all of the accidents could have been avoided, or minimized, if the motorist had not been driving his car at a high rate of speed.”

It is unfortunate that mileage statistics for the sexes are not available. If they were, it might alter my “five times as dangerous” contention about men, as I have pointed out before. The safety of auto travel from a mileage point of view is evident from the Interstate Commerce Commission's report that last year only one person was killed for every 6,222,412 miles traveled.

ALL men have doubtless seen many poor individual women drivers. But one might believe Alibi Adam, father of the race, wrote the following, except that it is signed “A Cabby, Albuquerque, N. M.”:

“The Woman Driver by Grace Robinson burned me up. I do not discredit her statistics, but I write from experience obtained in years of cab-driving in this small city. I have had seven accidents during the period of twelve years I have been driving. Five were caused indirectly by women drivers, when some silly action on their part caused me to swerve and crash into the curb or a parked car to avoid hitting them. One accident was caused by a woman fare's back-seat driving.”

S. M. Powers of Detroit has women and accidents figured out in a way that is a terrible shock to my statistics: “Miss Robinson's statistics show that women drivers constitute approximately twenty-four per cent of all drivers and have only six per cent of all accidents. What she left out is that women drivers accumulate less than one hundredth of one per cent of all car mileage in North America. With this in mind we have the following proportions: While twenty-four per cent of women are driving twenty-four miles for six accidents, we have seventy-six per cent men driving two hundred and forty thousand miles for ninety-four accidents. Now we have a proportion of one accident in four miles for women, and one in three thousand six hundred miles for men. In other words, if women were driving a mile for each mile with men, they would have a record of nine hundred times as many accidents.”

IF you take the best man driver in the world and pit him against the best woman driver, it is highly probable that the man would surpass the woman. After all, the great speed drivers have all been men.

Finally, I reiterate that I never said, in my preceding article, that women were *better* drivers than men. I only said that the available statistics proved women to have a lower accident percentage, which makes them, as a class, to be *safer* than men.

THE END

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Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 29

1—Nathan Hale's.
2—An assumed name; a nickname.
3—Hondo.
4—John Masefield.
5—Many-colored.
6—Rowen.
7—James Fenimore Cooper.
8—Watery.
9—Momentum.
10—Pretoria.
11—The windpipe.
12—A writ issued to enforce the performance of some public duty.
13—The Earl of Chesterfield.
14—Miami.
15—Kruger.
16—The first five books of the Old Testament.
17—Illiterate or provincial speech.
18—Fivefold.
19—Inland region.
20—Richmond, Virginia.

The Two-Fifty Hat

A Short Short Story

By

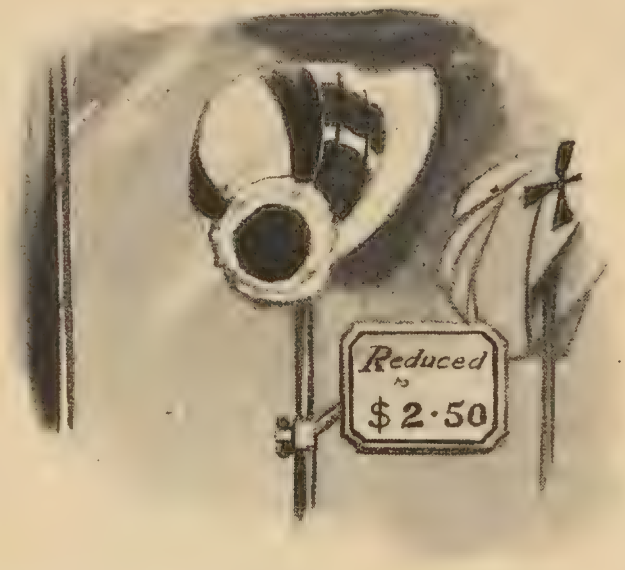
ERIC M. KNIGHT

who moved here from England at fifteen, worked in a carpet mill outside Philadelphia, dishwashed through Cambridge Latin School, studied portrait painting, served overseas with the Princess Pats, and then followed a devious newspaper trail that has led into the editorial offices of the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

PERHAPS, if we consider cause and effect, we'll come to the conclusion that the South Philadelphia milliner was to blame. For if she hadn't put the hat in her window where Mrs. Czernowsky had to look at it day after day as she passed, then, of course, Mrs. Czernowsky never could have coveted it.

Or perhaps we should go still further back. Perhaps we must blame the high-cheek-boned men and women who lived in Europe many years ago, and whose passion for barbaric reds and yellows they had handed down to Mrs. Czernowsky to make her forget duty and thrift every time she passed that window.

But, whoever is to blame, Mrs. Czernowsky stands before us now, holding tight to the smallest Czernowsky. Hush, baby, for Justice is speaking. Justice wants to know how it all happened. Well, how did it happen? Mrs. Czernowsky peers at it all through the fog of an alien tongue. She rocks a little on her feet.



"Mister, please—he burn up my hat!"

The court waits. We wait. Is that all? We want to know. The court wants to know, too. In fact, the court is asking if that is all. And Mrs. Czernowsky holds the smallest Czernowsky and rocks on her feet. How is she going to explain it all—to make the gentleman understand?

"Reduced to $2.50," the sign had read. And the money was hers. She had earned it herself—fifty cents here, twenty-five cents there, odd jobs scrubbing, bed-making, sweeping, ironing. The money was her own—and every time she had passed the shop it had gleamed at her. For one day she had fought it off; for a second, a third, a fourth. But it was always the same. In the dim evenings, when the children screamed outside in the street, she had tried to forget it. But it was no use. Perhaps someone else would buy it. Then it would be gone! She felt sick in her stomach.

The fifth day had come. She had gone to see it again. Past the hardware store, the meat market, the fruit store—and there it was: "Reduced to $2.50."

AND there was a hat for you! Not a plain affair of tan or dove gray, such as you see on Chestnut Street heads, or on Rittenhouse Square heads. A hat that, by Saint Stephen, had color and life to it. Red and yellow, it blazed out triumphantly. It seemed as if it sent out beams through the window, rays that thrilled you every time you passed. You could go past it a dozen times and it was always the same. It glowed at you and no longer did you hear the clacking of Yiddish and Russian and Italian, or smell the billowing odors of wet fish and live chickens and partly decaying vegetable matter in the near-by gutter. Always it struck at your heart as if you were seeing it for the first time. "Reduced to $2.50."

Then Mrs. Czernowsky had gone home. Stolidly she had tilted the money from the blue glass vase that stood beside the alarm clock. She had counted it; she had gone down the street; she had bought that hat! Bought it, mind you. Say it like that and it means nothing. You must say it tremendously—chant it to organ music. She had bought it!

Going home she had felt weak—just like going to church the day she got married—walking along on legs that moved but felt no motion. She had never had a hat like that before.

Even at home the spell had not broken. Sitting down weakly she had kept the hat on. She hadn't looked in the mirror—she hadn't thought about hats and life; she hadn't thought about anything much—just sat, that was all. And the afternoon had waned. The children had come home from school, had stared, and had gone out to race and scream on the street below. The afternoon had darkened; the children had played on the landing; Mrs. Vradislaw's baby had cried weakly in the room above; and the hat had winked wickedly in the dusky room—red and yellow.

And then Mike had come home. Why was she sitting there? Where was the supper? Where had she got that hat? Where had she got the money? Mike was so mad, so very mad.

JUST because of a hat, then, his supper wasn't ready. And a man in the foundry needed supper in his belly to keep strong and to work. He would show her not to have supper ready—all because of a hat.

He had snatched the hat and gone to the stove. He had whipped off the lid. She tried to stop him, but he had been too strong. He had popped the hat into the fire. Red and yellow, it gleamed, and then blazed echoes of itself.

She had tried to snatch it from the stove, but Mike was stronger than she. He had held her back. She had picked up the bread knife from the table. Mike's back was broad. There! Now he would understand about that hat!

And that was how it all happened. Yet, how is Mrs. Czernowsky going to tell all that to the gentleman in the big chair? She rocks and Justice waits. Oh, well, if she won't talk it's a pity. But, after all, it's just another of these Hunyak knifings.

"How many children have you?"

Mrs. Czernowsky understands that. She lifts up a hand—fingers stretched. She pats herself. "Soon, another," she adds.

Justice looks tired; Justice frowns; Justice pulls its lower lip.

"Oh, held without bail pending outcome of injuries," he says and waves his hand.

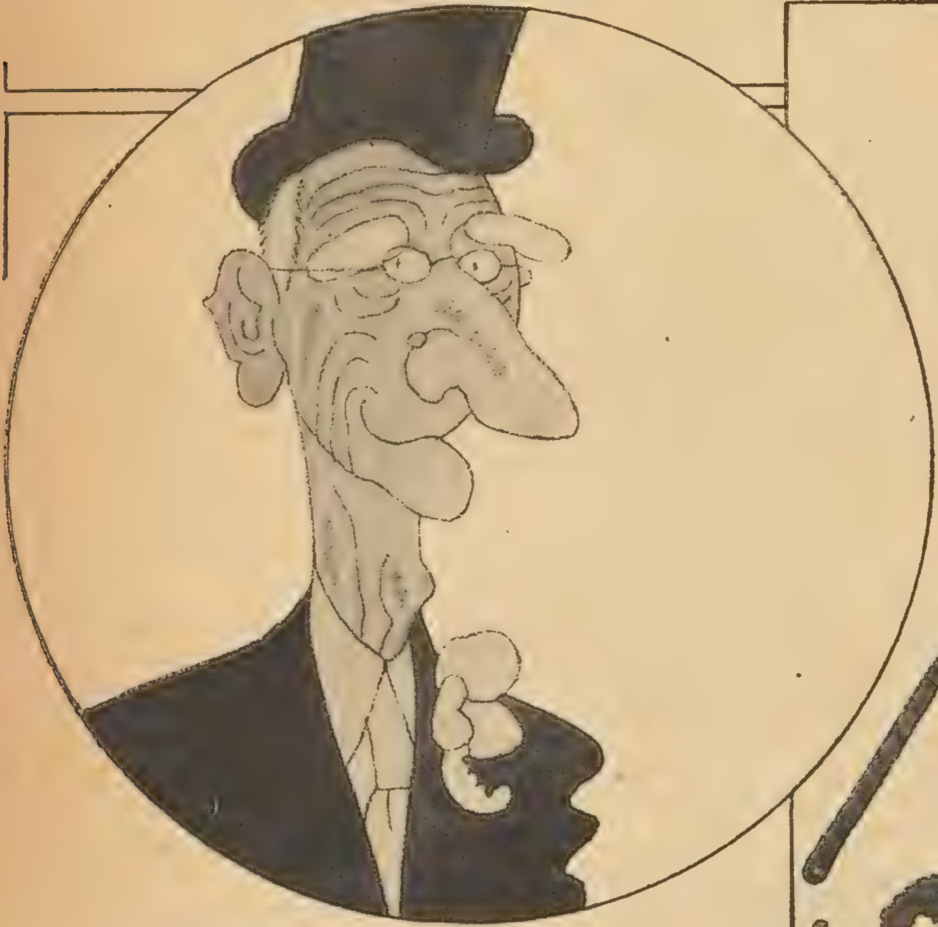
A woman in a black dress and white apron comes forward and taps Mrs. Czernowsky on the shoulder. Mrs. Czernowsky is being taken away somewhere. And she hadn't made them understand about that hat. She hadn't wanted to hurt Mike—a woman should do what her man tells her to—but Mike hadn't understood. Probably nobody ever would understand about that hat.

THE END

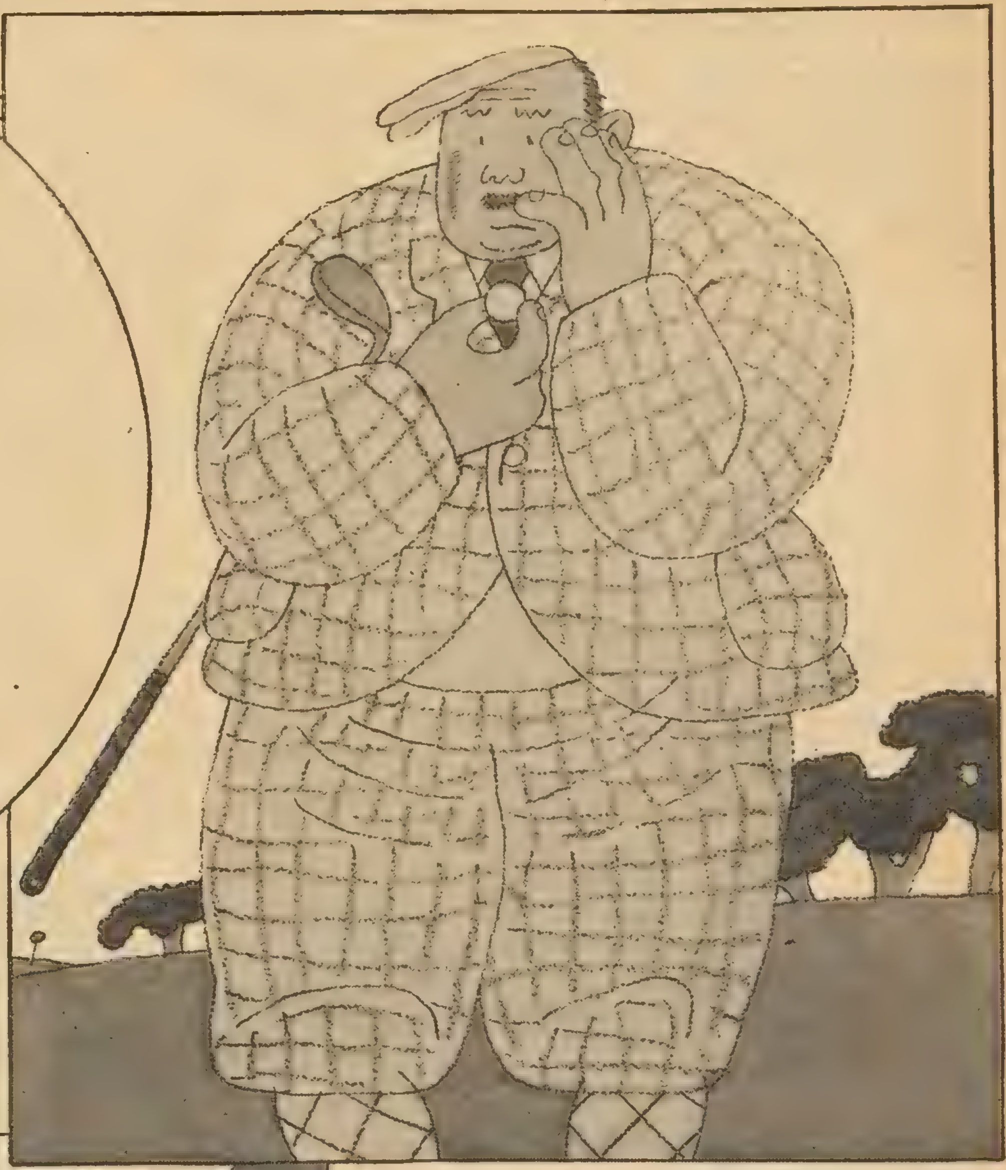
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

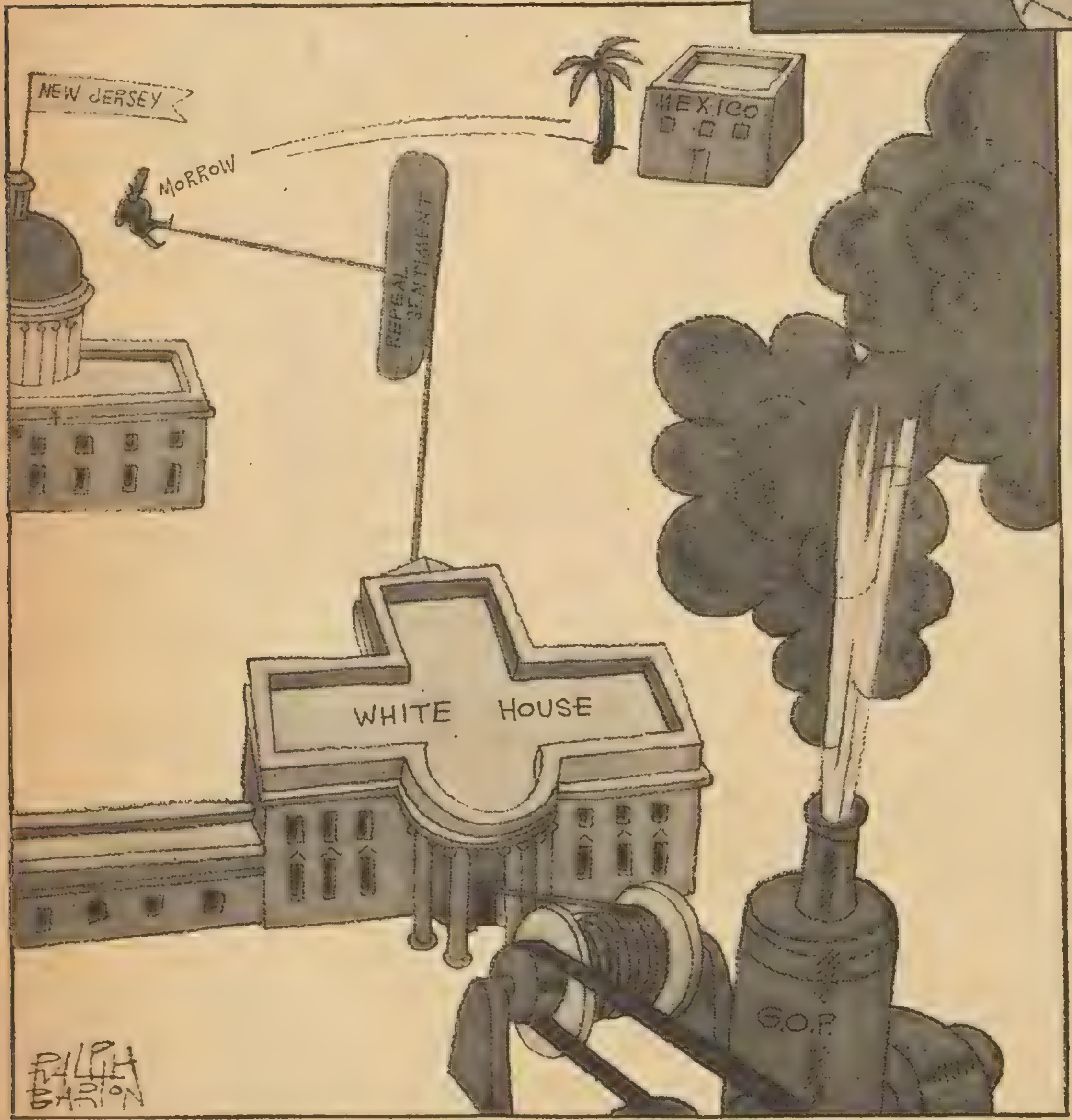
By RALPH BARTON



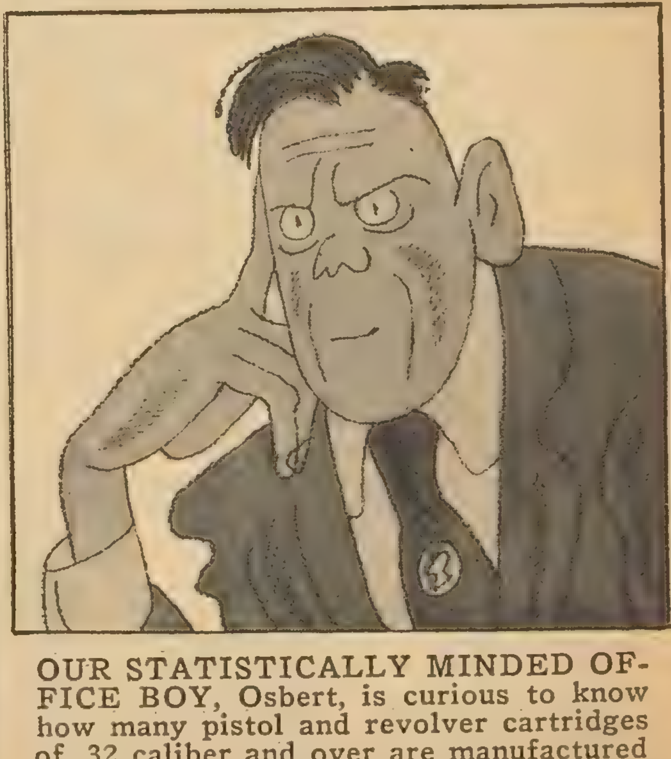
THE OLDEST INHABITANT IN OUR TOWN swears that he can remember when the Prohibition Problem had something to do with whether or not people were to be allowed to drink alcoholic beverages.



IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE that business conditions are as bad as all that in a country that has time to worry as much as this one does over the news that golf balls are to be seven-hundredths of an ounce lighter and six-hundredths of an inch bigger around.



THE MACHINE AT WORK.



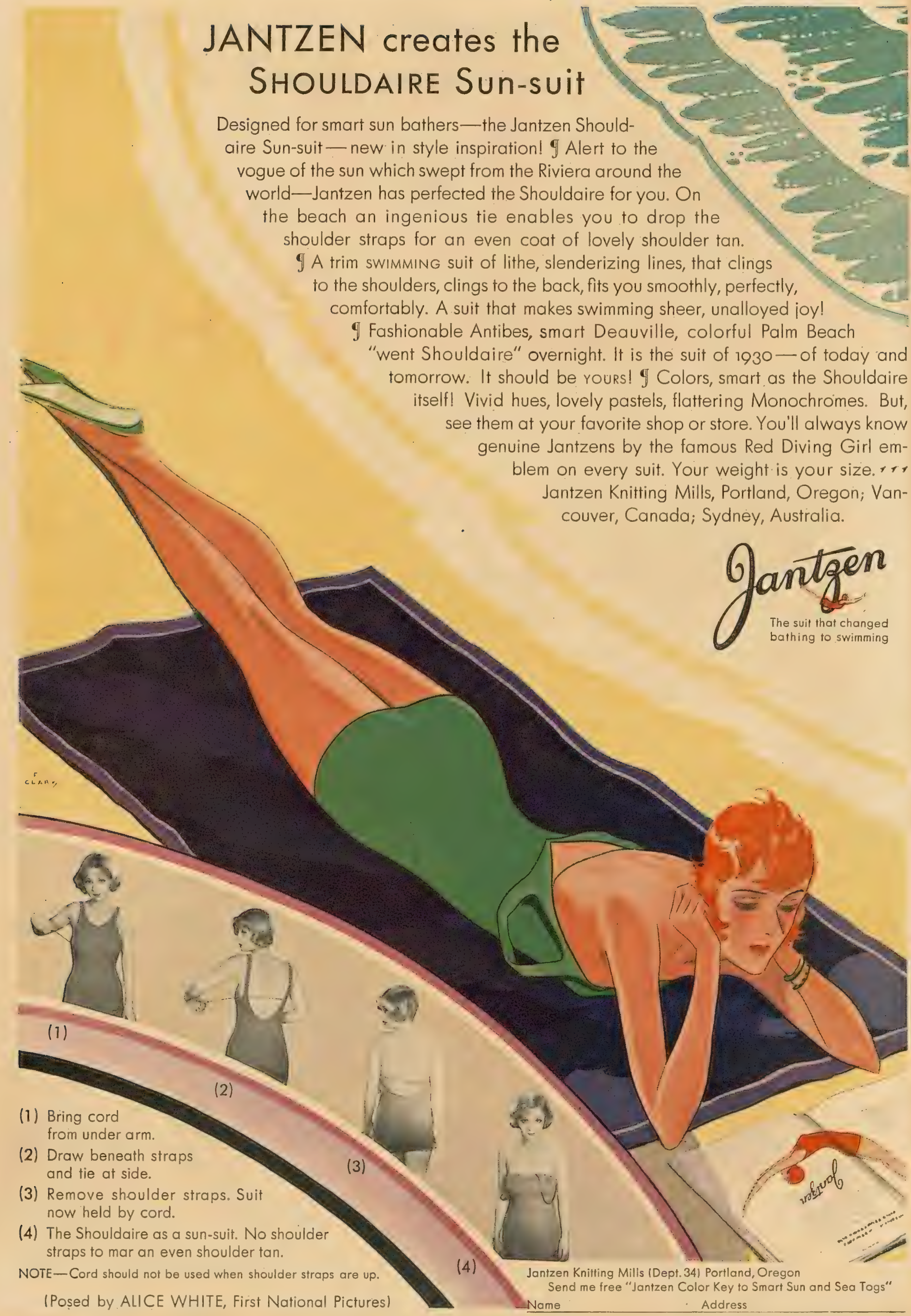
OUR STATISTICALLY MINDED OFFICE BOY, Osbert, is curious to know how many pistol and revolver cartridges of .32 caliber and over are manufactured and sold in the United States each year and why.

JANTZEN creates the SHOULDAIRE Sun-suit

Designed for smart sun bathers—the Jantzen Shouldaire Sun-suit—new in style inspiration! ¶ Alert to the vogue of the sun which swept from the Riviera around the world—Jantzen has perfected the Shouldaire for you. On the beach an ingenious tie enables you to drop the shoulder straps for an even coat of lovely shoulder tan. ¶ A trim SWIMMING suit of lithe, slenderizing lines, that clings to the shoulders, clings to the back, fits you smoothly, perfectly, comfortably. A suit that makes swimming sheer, unalloyed joy! ¶ Fashionable Antibes, smart Deauville, colorful Palm Beach "went Shouldaire" overnight. It is the suit of 1930—of today and tomorrow. It should be YOURS! ¶ Colors, smart as the Shouldaire itself! Vivid hues, lovely pastels, flattering Monochromes. But, see them at your favorite shop or store. You'll always know genuine Jantzens by the famous Red Diving Girl emblem on every suit. Your weight is your size. ⸱⸱⸱ Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada; Sydney, Australia.

Jantzen

The suit that changed bathing to swimming



(1) Bring cord from under arm.
(2) Draw beneath straps and tie at side.
(3) Remove shoulder straps. Suit now held by cord.
(4) The Shouldaire as a sun-suit. No shoulder straps to mar an even shoulder tan.

NOTE—Cord should not be used when shoulder straps are up.

(Posed by ALICE WHITE, First National Pictures)

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The word is going 'round that here is something new in gasolines—something better. Car owners everywhere are trying it and finding that Texaco-Ethyl is really different.

This difference is accounted for by the fact that Texaco, the driest of "dry" gases, permits complete and uniform diffusion of Ethyl through the manifold into the cylinders. It means that now you can have the quick starts, extra speed, pick-up and mileage so characteristic of the *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline—*plus* the famous anti-knock qualities of Ethyl.

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Look at it this way—It's the gasoline base that makes the difference in Ethyls. The better the fuel you begin with, the better the resulting Ethyl Gasoline. Only Texaco, the original "dry" gas, can give you Texaco-Ethyl. This new anti-knock gasoline is creating higher standards of speed and power, for all types of cars.

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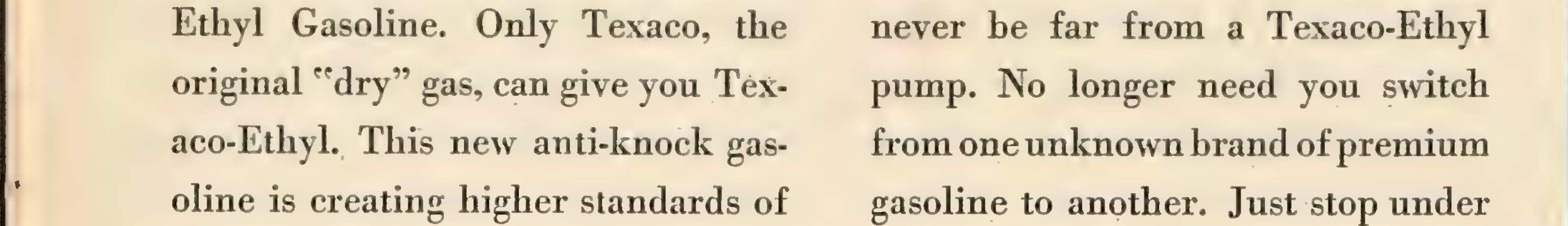

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THE "DRY" ANTI-KNOCK GASOLINE

Aunt Jeanne with the daughters of her sister Edna—a snapshot taken about 1924.

Jeanne Eagels

Al Woods Sees a Rising Star—Touring with Eltinge—Jeanne Tries the Movies, and Meets Belasco—On Broadway at Last

By

EDWARD DOHERTY

IN previous installments Mr. Doherty has told of the origin, old-home background and early experience of the stormy Jeanne Eagels, who throughout her career was convinced that she was the world's greatest actress. She was born in 1890, in Kansas City, to a Pennsylvania-Dutch father and the adored Irish mother who was always " Julie " to her. She got little formal schooling and was impish in school, but from her early childhood it was plain that she was an actress by nature. Having made a stage appearance at eleven, she picked up a few pointers at the door of a school of drama and a few scraps of experience in " stock," and then became a chorus girl with the Dubinsky brothers' tent show, playing the towns of five states of the Middle West. For six years she was the outfit's leading lady, meanwhile marrying Maurice Dubinsky and bearing him a son. When she tired of tent-show trouping, a chance in the chorus of Jumping Jupiter, Richard Carle's show, came to her.

How she reached New York and got stranded there; how she and another girl out of " the sticks " hunted millionaire husbands in vain; how she crashed a Ziegfeld chorus, went to Europe with an actress friend, acquired an English accent and (at second hand) some coaching from Sarah Bernhardt; and how Julian Eltinge engaged her for The Crinoline Girl—these things Mr. Doherty related last week.

PART FIVE

AL WOODS came to see the rehearsals for The Crinoline Girl, and stared at the girl his star had picked.

" Where did you find her? " he demanded. " She's not the type at all. She can't act. Her voice is awful. And she doesn't do a thing she's told."

Eltinge laughed.

" She can't rehearse. She has to have an audience watching her. Wait until you see her first real performance before you judge her. If you don't like her then, get rid of her. And Belasco will take her."

Then Woods laughed too.

" Fine! 'And Belasco will take her'! Well, have it your own way, but she looks like a dish of raspberries to me."

Woods changed his mind, as other producers did, when he saw Jeanne on the opening night.

"I must be getting old," he wailed. "Why, she's great! She's wonderful! When you're through with her, I want her."

Eltinge was fond of Jeanne, and took her everywhere. He treated her as though he were her father, and took pains to make her popular. He knew everybody Jeanne wanted to meet, knew their failings and their hobbies, their virtues and their vices. He not only saw that she met them, but he told her exactly how to treat them.

"You'll have to humor Him. You've got to tell Her she's clever. Talk to that man about clothes. He's a bug on crêpe de Chine. Ask this fellow about his hunting lodge. And talk to that chap about his second act. He's having trouble with it again."

And Jeanne did much for Eltinge, in the way of establishing him as a virile, rough-and-tumble sort of man who poked other virile men in the eye when they made remarks about him. Everybody knew Eltinge as the world's finest female impersonator, but few had any idea that he hated the work, and that he'd much rather be Bill Dalton than Julian Eltinge. Jeanne was ever his champion.

A scene in the depot of a little town in Indiana is typical.

The company had got off the train and were walking toward the exit when a tall, thin man approached and stopped and looked solemnly at Eltinge.

He leered. Tobacco juice drooled from the corners of his mouth.

"I want to see the man who puts on women's skirts and cavorts around like a gal," he said.

Eltinge stepped forward, his right fist ready. But Jeanne stepped in front of him.

"Oh, that brute," she said. "He came to town ahead of us, and I don't doubt that he's in some corner saloon now, getting drunk and beating somebody up, or raising hell with women."

Jeanne roomed with Jane Marbury while she played with The Crinoline Girl; she kept away from Johns, stayed sober all the time—she had drunk nothing at all in Europe, and little in New York—and sent money home every week.

Jeanne in The Crinoline Girl, in 1914-15.

SHE was happy now, independent, free forever from the aged financier, earing good money, responsible to no one but Eltinge, and she felt she was fast becoming recognized as "the greatest actress in the world."

The financier had pursued her for a time. He had learned that she was rehearsing with Eltinge. He had come again and again to the theater. She would not see him. She would not receive his notes. She would make no explanations. He sent her jewels back to her. She returned them. She went by him with her little nose in the air, and wouldn't speak to him.

He followed her on the road. He was in the audience every night for months. Every night he sent back his card. It was always ignored.

Many men and women have referred to Jeanne Eagels as a wanton golddigger. Many men gave her jewels, and limousines, and other costly presents. Sometimes she took them. Sometimes she didn't. Jewels meant little to her. She gave them away, or she lost them, or she left them lying around where thieves were sure to see them. It was her proud boast in her latter days that all the jewelry and all the clothes she had she had bought with money she had earned.

She went to Eltinge the night the financier's cards stopped coming.

"I guess he's gone," she said. "I'm glad. I hope I never see him again. A girl can live and be self-respecting on seventy-five dollars a week. That's all I want. If I hadn't been damn' near starving when I met that old pirate I wouldn't have taken a cent from him."

THE happiest days of Jeanne's life were spent with The Crinoline Girl company. It was a big cast, and, like the Jumping Jupiter troupe, "one big happy family."

The stay in Chicago was especially happy, for the city welcomes stage people and makes much of them. There are get-together dinners and parties after the show, receptions at some club in the Loop or the North Shore; and now and then all the actors and actresses playing in Chicago theaters hold a masquerade ball, or perhaps only a masquerade party.

There is a picture of Jeanne and other players now hanging on the wall of Eltinge's home in Los Angeles. It was taken at a masquerade party in the Rose Room of the Hotel Sherman, and in the group are Eltinge, David Warfield, Tommy Meighan, Mabel Taliaferro, Rapley Holmes—who later played with Jeanne in Rain—Fannie Brice, Harry Ridings, Irene Franklin, Lulu Glaser, Frances Ring, Donald Brian, La Petite Adelaide, Tommy Ross, Adele Ritchie, William Camp, and others you might recognize.

Jeanne met Ina Claire at one of these parties. Ina was then the star of Lady Luxury, and she had things to say about Jeanne's bleached hair and broadened accent.

"You're making a fool of yourself," was one of these things. "Your own hair was much more beautiful and much more becoming; and your new accent is more or less silly. That kind of stuff won't get you anywhere."

"Wait and see, darling," was all Jeanne answered.

It was in Chicago that Jeanne saw Elsie Ferguson playing Miriam in Outcast. She was carried away

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"In plain blunt words, Bill, your pipe smells like a 'Hot-Box'!"

ONLY an old and trusted friend would venture to speak so frankly.

A new pipe, or an old one carefully broken in with Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite smoking mixture, changes everything. And why shouldn't it? Sir Walter is milder and more fragrant. And it has the body and flavor found only in the finest of Burley, skillfully seasoned and blended. What more could we offer any pipe smoker? What more could he ask?

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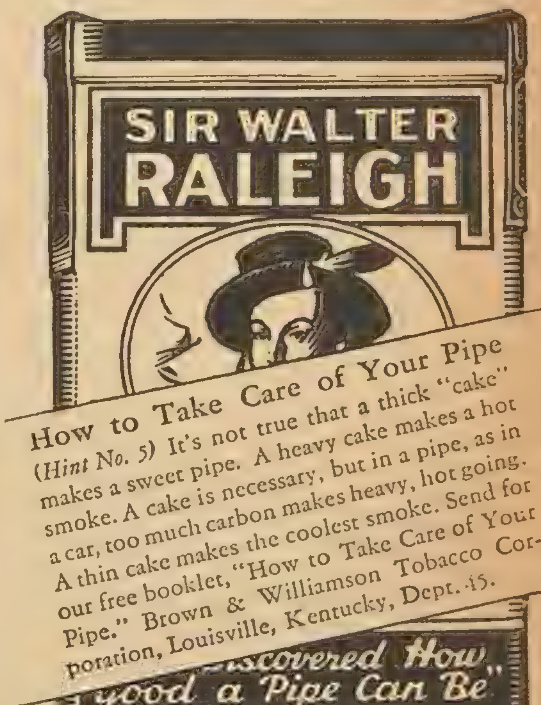
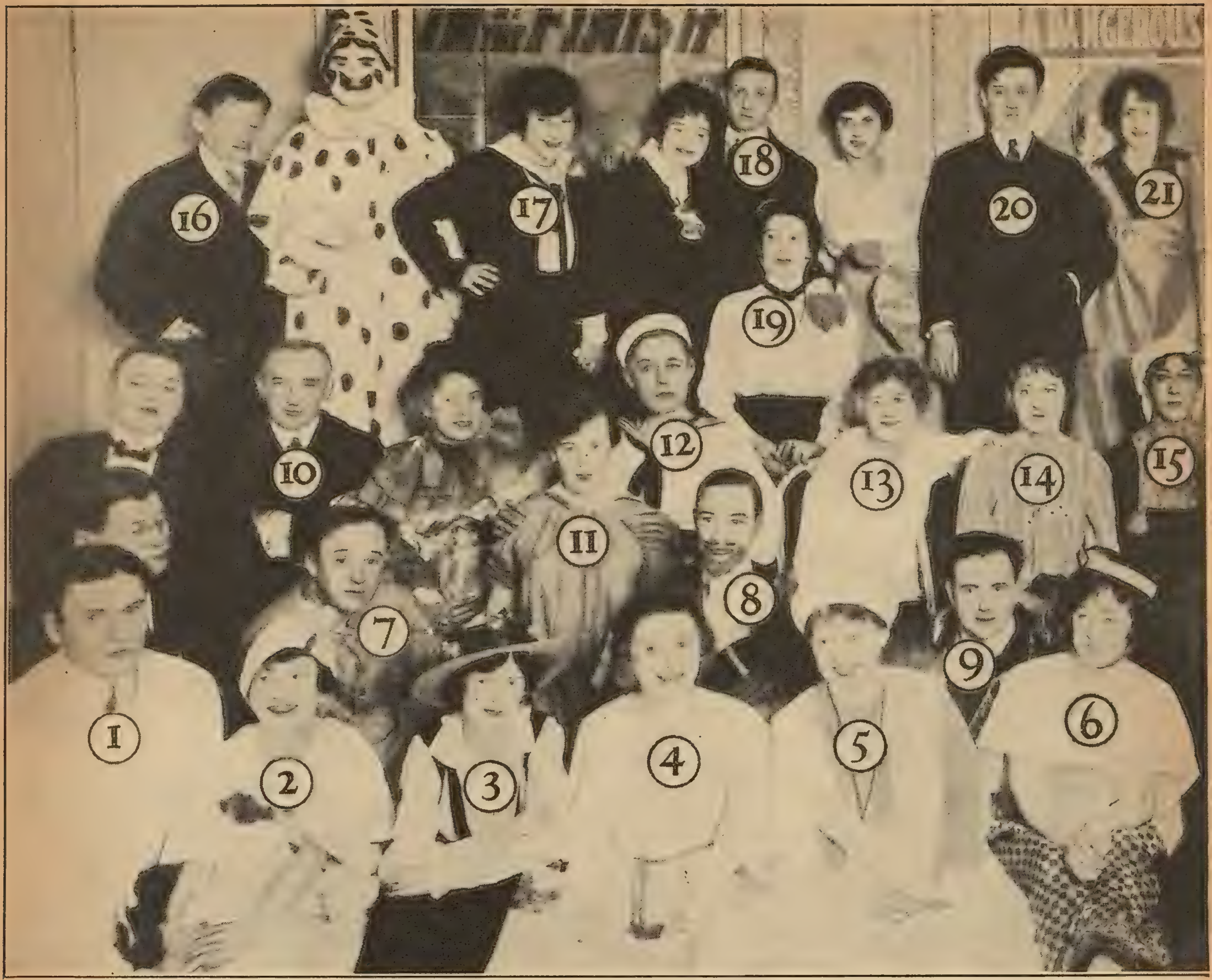


How to Take Care of Your Pipe

(*Hint No. 5*) It's not true that a thick "cake" makes a sweet pipe. A heavy cake makes a hot smoke. A cake is necessary, but in a pipe, as in a car, too much carbon makes heavy, hot going. A thin cake makes the coolest smoke. Send for our free booklet, "How to Take Care of Your Pipe." Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. 15.

IT'S 15¢—*and milder*



Jeanne Eagels and other stage folk at a masquerade in the Rose Room of the Hotel Sherman, Chicago, in 1915. On this page are (1) Thomas Meighan, (2) La Petite Adelaide, (3) Mabel Taliaferro, (4) Irene Franklin, (5) Lulu Glaser, (6) Frances Ring, (7) Thomas Ross, (8) John Hughes, (9) Julian Eltinge, (10) Bill Phillips, (11) Mrs. Thomas Ross, (12) Sidney Ainsworth, (13) Pearl Sirdlar, (14) Fannie Brice, (15) Willie Weston, (16) Cleve Kinclave, (17) Anna Wheaton, (18) Ernest Lambert, (19) Mabel Hite, (20) Tom Carrigan, and (21) Lillian Danzinger.

[JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page forty-three]

with the rôle. She saw herself in the part, a fine emotional rôle, and felt she would be much more effective than Elsie.

When the curtain came down on the first act she turned impulsively to Eltinge. " That's what I want to do," she said. " That's what I ought to do. I'm a dramatic actress. I'm better than Elsie Ferguson. I'm better than anybody. Oh, I must have that part! And some day I will have it."

" Sure you will," Eltinge answered, not believing a word of it. Jeanne was all right in the little part she had in The Crinoline Girl—but to do this sort of stuff? She wasn't the type. She was just a little scatterbrain who made a joke of everything—even her own illnesses.

" I have played better parts than that," Jeanne said. " Oh, no, I haven't. This is beautiful. But I've played everything."

Eltinge thought it was all a joke until Jeanne's trunk was delivered to his room by mistake. It was the most hopeless-looking trunk Eltinge had ever seen. It was made of cane and tin. It was dented. It was soiled. It was old and unhinged. It's old-fashioned oval top was held on to its shapeless bottom with stout pieces of rope, and there was a gash in its side out of which a number of pictures had fallen. It had come from Kansas City.

Jeanne was striding up and down her room when Eltinge's Japanese valet brought the trunk to her. She had believed it lost, and was furious about it.

" I could have kissed that Jap," she told Eltinge half an hour later. " You can't imagine how I love that impossible old thing. I carried it for nearly seven years all over the sticks."

Eltinge handed her the pictures that had fallen out of the trunk and she told him of the Dubinskys and her life in the tents and the tanks.

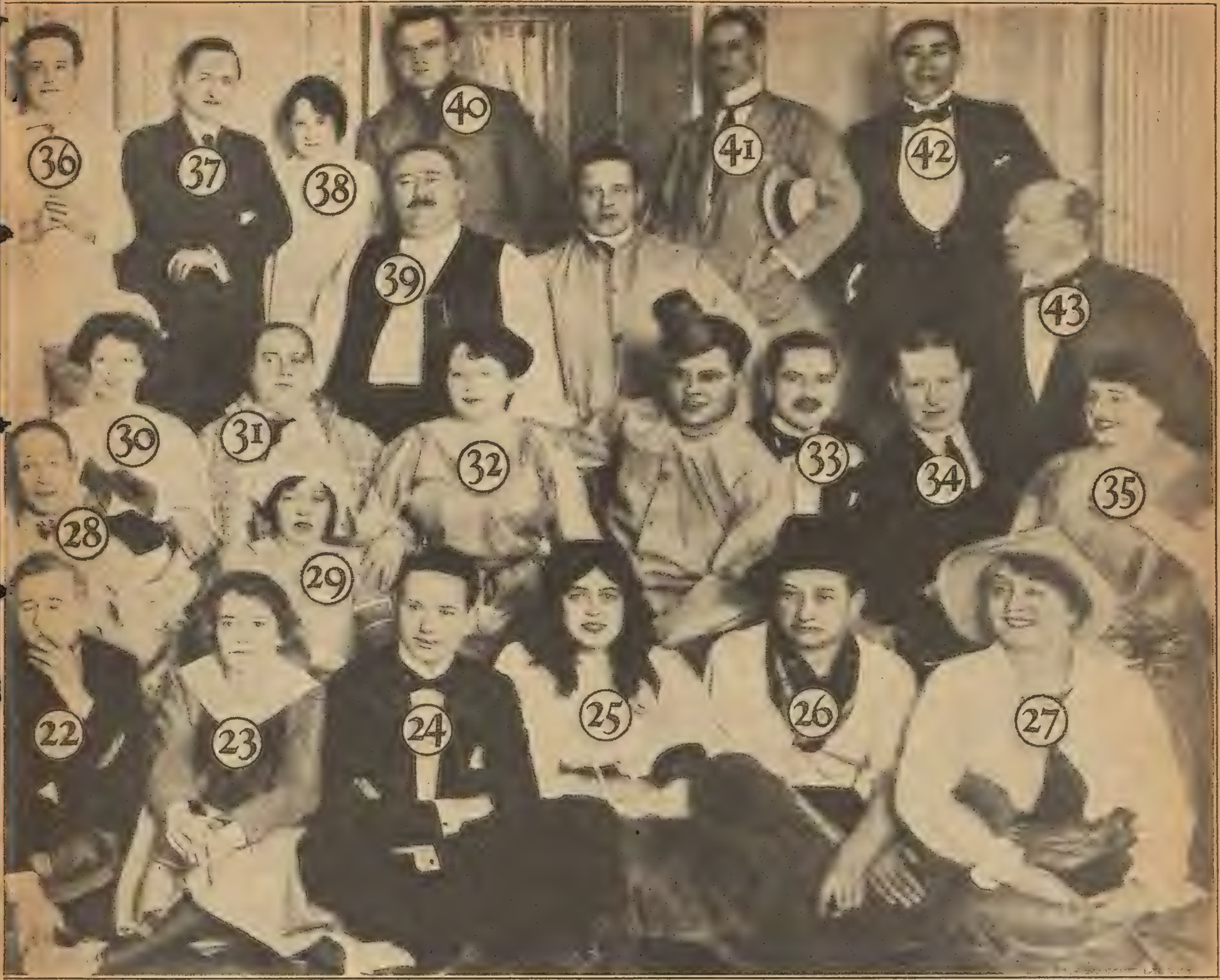
II

BEFORE the year was out Jeanne Eagels was playing Miriam, but she was playing it for the moving pictures.

When The Crinoline Girl died and went to the heaven of all successful shows, Jeanne went back to New York, and, after some few weeks of hunting a job, discovered that the Thanhouser people were making films in New Rochelle—" forty-five minutes from Broadway."

She went to them with the story of Outcast, and made the picture. But it was not Elsie Ferguson's Outcast, and it was not called by that name.

Jeanne found the work fascinating, because it was different. She had to learn to act without an audience—always a difficult thing for her—and she had to learn to act without rehearsals.



Courtesy of Julian Eltinge

In this part of the picture are (22) David Warfield, (23) Jeanne Eagels, (24) Donald Brian, (25) Gerda Holmes, (26) Harry Ridings, (27) Helen Lackaye, (28) Lee Harrison, (29) Florence Moore, (30) Adele Ritchie, (31) William Camp, (32) Estelle Christie, (33) Gilbert Miller, (34) William A. Brady, (35) Queenie Vassar, (36) Burton Green, (37) Wallace Worsley, (38) Helen MacKellar, (39) Rapley Holmes, (40) George MacQuarrie, (41) Bob Janney, (42) Lew Morris, and (43) Joseph Cawthorn. The few masqueraders who are not numbered could not be identified.

She had to learn, too, to conform to the judgment of the director, even in "registering emotion." Pantomime, she found, was a great art. But she didn't believe in rubbing her hand on her stomach to indicate she was hungry, or in putting her hands together and placing them under her inclined head to show that she was sleepy.

She believed the directors were stupid and without imagination, and that what they were doing to the story of Miriam was a shame; and she said so. But they didn't listen to her.

"Now cry, Miss Eagels. Your heart is broken. You've found your idol has feet of clay. You are disgusted with him. You know—well, you're broken-hearted. You're—"

"But I wouldn't cry. Look! I'd stand and look at him like this. See? And my hands would be clenched. And I wouldn't show him my heart was broken. I'd—"

"Yes, Miss Eagels. Will you cry, please? Bend your head. That's it. You're broken-hearted, and disgusted, and— No! No! Don't clench your hands—let them droop. All right. Hold it. Cry! Camera! Lights! Let's go!"

They did queer things in the movies even then. And while it was a joke and a battle for Jeanne, she would not quit. She needed the money, she was making new contacts, creating new opportunities. And she was actually learning something of the art of pantomime.

She was glad to take advantage of Helen Broderick's kind offer now, and she went to live with Helen and Lester. There were only the three of them in the little flat, night after night, but they managed to make each night a glorious occasion. There would be beer and chile con carne or ginger ale and chow mein when Helen and "Steve" came home after the show.

And there would be talk of shows and show people, and bits of business, and ambitions, and desires.

JEANNE would put on a kimono and hang chrysanthemums over her ears, and while the phonograph played Madam Butterfly she would play the part of the deserted Japanese girl, and tears would stream down her cheeks as she called in vain for her white lover.

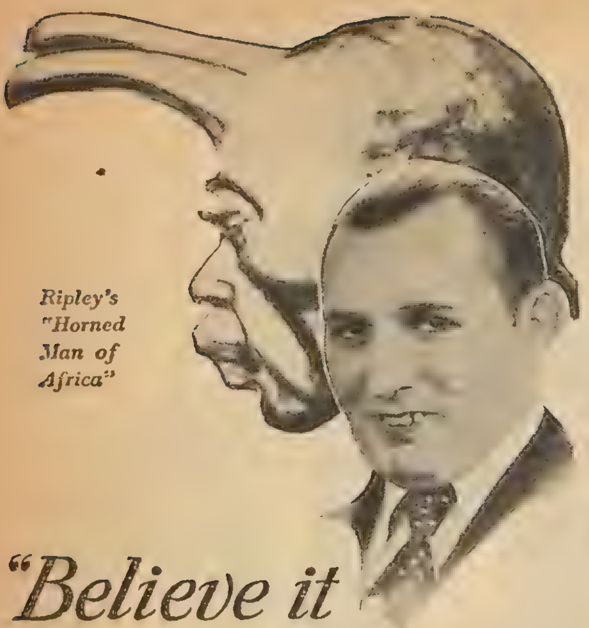
This was done to show Helen how easily she could cry, how easily any really great actress could cry.

Helen couldn't cry, and can't now. But then she doesn't have to. Jeanne could tap a well of tears on demand, and Helen, in those dead days, resented the fact.

Jeanne was apt to console her with something like this:

"Hell! You want to be an actress. I *am* an actress. You have something, though, that I haven't, Helen. You can pull the dead pan and wise crack better than anyone I know. People will roar at you some day. You are going to be a marvelous comedienne. But be yourself."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



Ripley's "Horned Man of Africa"

"Believe it or not"— you can see and hear Ripley

RIPLEY'S been captured for *Vitaphone Varieties* . . . his amazing "BELIEVE IT OR NOT" series, sensationally popular newspaper feature, brought to the talking screen.

Now you can actually see him draw — hear him describe — his astounding "queeriosities" — facts far stranger than fiction . . .

The horned man of Africa — the fish that climb trees—the barking bird—the forked-tongued fraulein — take shape before you on Ripley's drawing-board just as though you were sitting in his studio!

Distinctive novelties like this lift *Vitaphone Varieties* out of the common run of talking picture "shorts".

When you go to a theatre that shows *Vitaphone Varieties* in addition to the feature picture, you can be sure the WHOLE SHOW is good.

Insure full value for your movie money by asking your theatre manager to show *Vitaphone Varieties.*

½ the fun OF ANY EVENING AT THE THEATRE

VITAPHONE VARIETIES

WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE VARIETIES

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation

[JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page forty-five]

Helen and "Steve" were playing in vaudeville at this time and Jeanne would go see them whenever she could. Every time she came she brought a huge bouquet of flowers to be handed over the footlights.

They were doing the four-a-day on the Loew circuit. They weren't looking to Broadway then, but were saving for a home on Long Island, like all the rest of their kind. Their act wasn't burning up the North River, and they knew it. But when Jeanne sent the usher down the aisle with American Beauty roses for Helen they'd be all hyped up for another week of the grind.

There came a time when "Steve" and Helen believed that Jeanne was avoiding them. It hurt, terribly. They had heard that Jeanne had become very grand, very distant, that she was ritzing all her old friends. They could not understand, but they could not have Jeanne up-stage them. It was better not to see her any more, to remember her for the girl she used to be.

AND the years rolled by, and Jeanne acquired fame, and wore it blatantly. And Lester and Helen left the four-a-day for the two-a-day. They bought their home on Long Island. Jeanne was gone out of their lives, and it was a dreary routine of rehearsing and showing, and making up new patter and getting up new bits of business. And gradually Helen's dead-pan wise cracks and "Steve's" wholesome comedy raised them above the level. One day a wise man saw them and booked them for a great show. And they were of the élite on Broadway. Oh, they weren't in the electric lights; but they were in the money, and critics praised them.

And one night the two met by accident—Helen and Jeanne, two women in ermine coats—in the lobby of a theater.

Helen saw Jeanne across the foyer, and didn't know whether to say "Hello," or to pretend she hadn't seen. It would be cruel to say "Hello" and to be snubbed. It would be unbearable to go by and never say a word. Jeanne was with a number of men, but she saw Helen and started toward her, leaving her friends behind.

"Helen!" she cried, and took her hands.

"Jeanne, dear! It's so good to see you!"

They stood there for a moment, holding hands, trying to wing through the long years that stretched from this bright foyer to the tiny flat in Sixty-seventh Street, to recapture, if only for a second, something of the happiness, the laughter, the tears, and the dreams they had shared.

Jeanne had made the greatest sensation on Broadway in the ten years that had passed, and Helen had worked her way almost to the pinnacle. But they had lost each other, and they had lost youth, and they met now almost as strangers.

"How well you're looking, dear!"

"And you! You're lovely!"

Jeanne was lovely, but there was something wistful in her great eyes; and her hands toyed nervously with the pearls that hung from her throat.

One of her escorts called to her, and she laughed and made a face. "Don't mind my friends," she whispered. "They're all wet!"

Helen looked at them across Jeanne's shoulder. Indeed they were all wet—toadies, sycophants, beggars in evening dress, the parasites that live upon a star. Helen sighed.

"I must see more of you, Helen. Do call me up soon."

"I will, Jeanne. I do want to see you again. Good-by!"

"Good-by!"

Jeanne went back to her friends. "That was Helen Broderick," she said. "It was like old times, meeting her again."

And Helen went to Lester. "I saw Jeanne," she said, "and she didn't ritz me."

Two chorus girls who had given their lives for success—and found it—were happy only in a chance meeting. One was happy because it was "like old times." And the other was happy because "she didn't ritz me."

They did not meet again.

Perhaps both realized that the past was dead, and though forget-me-nots might be blooming on its grave, they were but the flowers of regret.

The past was dead, and the past was all they had in common to link one to the other.

They did not write. They did not telephone.

Helen wept when she read that Jeanne was dead. But she did not go to Campbell's undertaking rooms. She could not.

She kept remembering the times she and Jeanne had passed that funeral house, when both were young and fame was but a name.

"We'll both lie in there some time," Jeanne would say. And Helen would answer, "You, maybe. But not me. Some cheap Eighth Avenue undertaker will be good enough for me."

Helen sent flowers, and wet them with her tears, recalling the roses Jeanne had brought her when she and "Steve" were in the four-a-day. And she went on rehearsing the dead-pan wise-cracking stuff that was to make her such a hit in Fifty Million Frenchmen.

III

JEANNE EAGELS had finished the moving-picture version of Outcast when she learned that Elsie Ferguson was at last tired of the play itself.

She hurried to Tom Reilly, the producer, and asked for Elsie's job. Reilly laughed at her.

"You look a little like Elsie," he said. "That is, your nose tilts something like hers. But it takes more than a nose to play Outcast."

Jeanne left fighting mad. She wanted that part and she was determined to get it at any cost. Wanting it so gave her an idea.

She found a picture of Elsie in the rôle of Miriam and dressed herself exactly as Elsie was dressed. She pulled her hair into a Ferguson roll, leaving the tips of her ears exposed. She fluted her lips as Elsie did. She walked as she had seen Elsie walk. She talked as she had heard her talk.

And when she had made herself into another Elsie she hurried to the theater, and, before any of the group in Reilly's office could stop her, she had gone through Elsie's rôle in the first act.

JEANNE played Miriam on the road, and made a sensation wherever she appeared. She brought the play back to New York after a great season in the south; but there was no theater on Broadway for it—meaning none in the district known to all the world of the theater as Broadway.

It was played in a theater far uptown, where few of the critics ever ventured. And what critic wanted to see Jeanne Eagels in a part that had been so wonderful when Elsie Ferguson had played it?

One newspaper man, though, Rennold Wolf, managing editor of the Morning Telegraph, the racing, sports, and theatrical paper of New York, did get up that far. And he felt that Jeanne was not only the greatest actress in the world, but also the world's most glorious girl.

He began to take friends to see her. He wrote letters to all the big producers in New York, urging them to see Jeanne Eagels in Outcast, and to sign her up. She was a star, he insisted, a great star, and any producer would be lucky to get her under contract.

But producers had no confidence in Rennold Wolf, and they thought he was in love with the girl. They had heard of Eagels. She was a joke all over Broadway, a scatter-brained blonde who was always laughing and telling everybody how great she was in the tank towns.

Wolf gave Jeanne letters to every important theatrical man in New York when Outcast closed, and bored them all by phoning at odd intervals to rave about her talents and her beauty.

She was broke, as usual. And in the weeks that followed she came perilously near to starvation. She would not take money from Wolf. She would not accept help from Helen or "Steve."

She was determined to get a job in New York and pay her own way.

She went from one office to another, showing her letters. Producers and managers read, but without enthusiasm. They looked at Jeanne, and saw nothing but a thin young woman in clothes that were neither new nor of good material.

Only David Belasco gave her any hope.

Jeanne liked to talk about that first interview with "Mr. David."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. & FOREIGN COUNTRIES

COPYRIGHT 1930
THE B.V.D. COMPANY, INC.
NEW YORK.

your COMFORT comes first

If you are like most men, you have declared for freedom—and comfort! You have substituted a neat, soft collar for the old choker, soft cuffs for starched cuffs, soft shirts for "hard boiled" shirts, low shoes for high shoes—and so on.

In underwear, comfort means a garment that neither hugs or binds the body—a garment that has one thickness at the waist instead of two—a garment that permits the free circulation of air—the best antidote for *un*comfortable perspiration.

All this is simply another way of describing the famous B. V. D. Union Suit. Wear one and see for yourself.

Other B. V. D. Products—Coat Shirts and Drawers of B. V. D. nainsook, Pullover Shirts and attractive Shorts, Knit Union Suits, Swimming Suits and Sweaters. The three letters B. V. D. on the label of a garment identify it as a product of The B. V. D. Co., Inc.—it will pay you to look for them.

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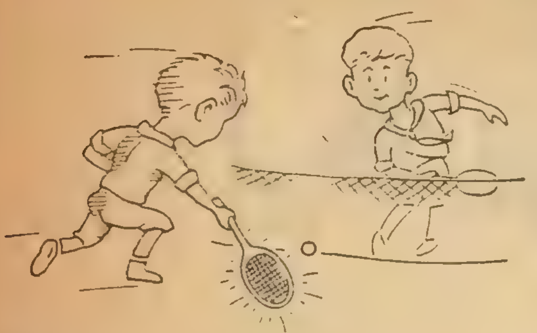
union suit



"Where'd you get that dandy racket, Bill?"

"Won it...*free!*"

"What!"

"Sure..*you* can do it too. Here's how..."

"JUST fill out one of those coupons in Liberty Magazine like I did and mail it in. Right off the bat they'll send you all the details together with a dandy illustrated catalog with this tennis racket in it and more than 350 other free prizes, such as bicycles, baseball and other sporting equipment, musical instruments, 'n everything!

"You see, Joe, you get all these free prizes for selling Liberty Magazine. And boy don't they sell! It's easy as pie. You only work in your spare time right in your own neighborhood. I never have to bother Mother or Dad any more for spending money because of the profits I make each week.

"Liberty makes everything easy for you. They give you a free carrier bag, and start you right off making money the first week. And they send you a free magazine every month full of news about other boys in the great army of Liberty Boy Salesmen. There's a pile of other helps, too, like a free book of hints on selling, and an account book to keep your customers' names in, and—Hey, where you rushin' off to in all that hurry?"

"I'm running home to fill out the coupon in Dad's Liberty."

You don't have to bother running home like Joe, though. Your coupon is just below. Fill it out today!

Mail this now!

Liberty Magazine, Boy Sales Division 6-28-30
220 E. 42nd St., New York City.

Please tell me how to join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

NAME........................AGE...........
STREET..
CITY........................STATE..........
Have one of your parents show approval by signing here.........................

JEANNE EAGELS
Continued from page forty-seven

Belasco received her in his private room upstairs over the Belasco Theater. He sat in a great throne chair, Jeanne said, looking more like a bishop than anything else. She started to speak, but he put his finger to his lips as though she had violated the sanctity of a cathedral.

With a wave of his hand he indicated a chair, and in reverent silence he studied her. Jeanne was thrilled and not a little nervous, but she almost burst into laughter at the ritualistic solemnity of the affair.

Photo by Sarony, from Harold Seton

Jeanne Eagels in Outcast, 1915-16.

Belasco, too, likes to talk about that first meeting.

"She reminded me of nothing in the world but a starved little alley cat," he says. "Beautiful—ah, that wonderful golden head and the blue angelic eyes and the sweet mouth, and the tender but firm chin, and the cunning nose!—but gaunt, starved, sick! She was an alley cat. She had been pelted, stoned, cursed, out of everybody's way.

"An alley cat, and a little girl—a little girl who seemed to have her arm thrust up perpetually as though to ward off blows—a timid, soft, hungry girl. But her eyes were hard, bitter, and shining with ambition, the eyes of a girl who would do anything to be an actress.

"Thousands of girls have come to me in my time—hardened little wretches, shy sweet virgins, girls who would step over the bodies of their dearest friends for a chance to play in a theater, poor girls, rich girls, daughters of society leaders—but never such a girl as this Jeanne Eagels.

"SHE was a timid girl who feared no man; a girl who had been whipped by adversity until she cringed, but who faced me with hard ambitious eyes, a girl in shabby clothes, with the air of a Duse, and the voice of an earl's daughter, and the mien of a tired alley cat.

"I asked her why she wanted to be an actress. She said that something in her would never let her be anything else.

As she talked I placed her. I had heard of her. Why, this, I remembered, was the girl who was always talking about the parts she had played in Keokuk or What Cheer or Dubuque. This was the Bernhardt of the sticks.

"'Do you mind telling me all about yourself?' I asked. And she answered, 'Sure; why not? I have nothing to hide. I have played in tent shows, in wagon shows, in circuses, in burlesque, in choruses. I have played all the parts an actress can play. I have stayed outside of theaters all night, freezing, soaking wet, trying to get a part to play or a job as a chorus girl. I have gone hungry and ragged. I have been sick and unable to go to a doctor. I have fought all kinds of men—and women too—to be an actress in New York.

"'And all I have left is my ambition—and my virtue!'

"I told her of the three P's—Pluck, Personality, and Perseverance. With the three P's and a little luck, one may become an actress. I told her that if she worked for me she must say good-by to love and marriage, for nothing interferes with the career of a woman of the stage so much as love.

"'An actress,' I said to her, 'should be as chaste as a nun, as indifferent and as lonely and as hard-working and as sober as a nun, if she would be a success.'

"SHE told me she was done with love, and marriage meant nothing to her. I asked her if she drank and she answered, 'Only champagne. The doctor prescribed it for me. But I cannot always buy it. I also take hot gin to relieve pain. That is also a doctor's prescription.' I realized that. Many women must drink hot gin at times."

Belasco was delighted with Jeanne, and said he would remember her. At the time he had no work for her. And Jeanne went out, to walk from agency to agency, and to faint from exhaustion and despair.

Through Wolf she managed to see Joseph Brooks; and Brooks thought enough of her to put her in The Great Pursuit, a play by C. Haddon Chambers. Marie Tempest was in the cast with Charles Cherry, W. Graham Browne, Phyllis Neilson Terry, and Bruce McRae.

The play opened in the Shubert Theater, at Forty-fourth Street and Broadway. Jeanne was on Broadway at last, and featured next to Marie Tempest. Marie kissed her as the curtain fell on the last act, and declared she was as proud as if Jeanne had been her own daughter. David Warfield came back stage and gave her a compliment and a kiss.

"You have the most genteel personality of any woman on the stage," he said.

Pluck, Personality, and Perseverance, and a little luck. And the greatest of these is luck.

But the show closed after a few weeks. And Jeanne went home, to see her mother and to rest.

Next week Mr. Doherty will tell of the admiration that Jeanne's dauntless spirit won from Willard Mack; of her friendship with Clifton Webb, "best dressed man on Broadway"; of how she got a chance with George Arliss and made the most of it; and of how she overworked to the breaking point, with ominous consequences.

Once More, Folks—How About a Little Vacation Money?

Liberty will pay

$500 a week

for the good old game

Limericks

THIS is Number Three of Liberty's new Limerick pages. We are reviving a game that old-timers among Liberty readers have played before and been crazy about, if you know what we mean.

It's so easy it's practically foolish. Each week we print a Limerick, with the last line missing. You supply a last line to rhyme with the first two—and that's all there is to it!

As soon as is humanly possible (week after next, to be exact) we shall begin publishing prize-winning last lines and the names of the winners. Meanwhile, see what you can do about annexing a little vacation money for yourself and straightening out a vacation problem for the aristocratic but helpless Miss Van Zandt, in this week's unfinished Limerick. We'd hardly make bold to suppose that she means that she's quite without clothes, but—well, there we go drifting into a Limerick ourselves, though you probably can't say *suppothse* just to make it rhyme with *clothes.* Anyway, you fix the lady up. And watch for an unfinished Limerick in Liberty every week until further notice.

For the best last lines sent in by readers,
we are going to pay

$500 a Week in Five Big Cash Prizes

And the prizes will be divided as follows:

First Prize, $250
Second Prize, $100—Third Prize, $75
Fourth Prize, $50—Fifth Prize, $25

Now read the rules on this page, study the Limerick that needs a last line, get out the old pencil, and GO TO IT!

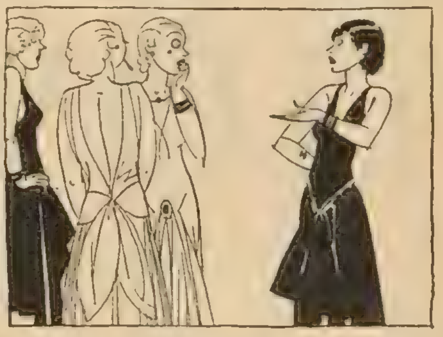
The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet.

For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50; and fifth, $25. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families.

Here Is This Week's Limerick:

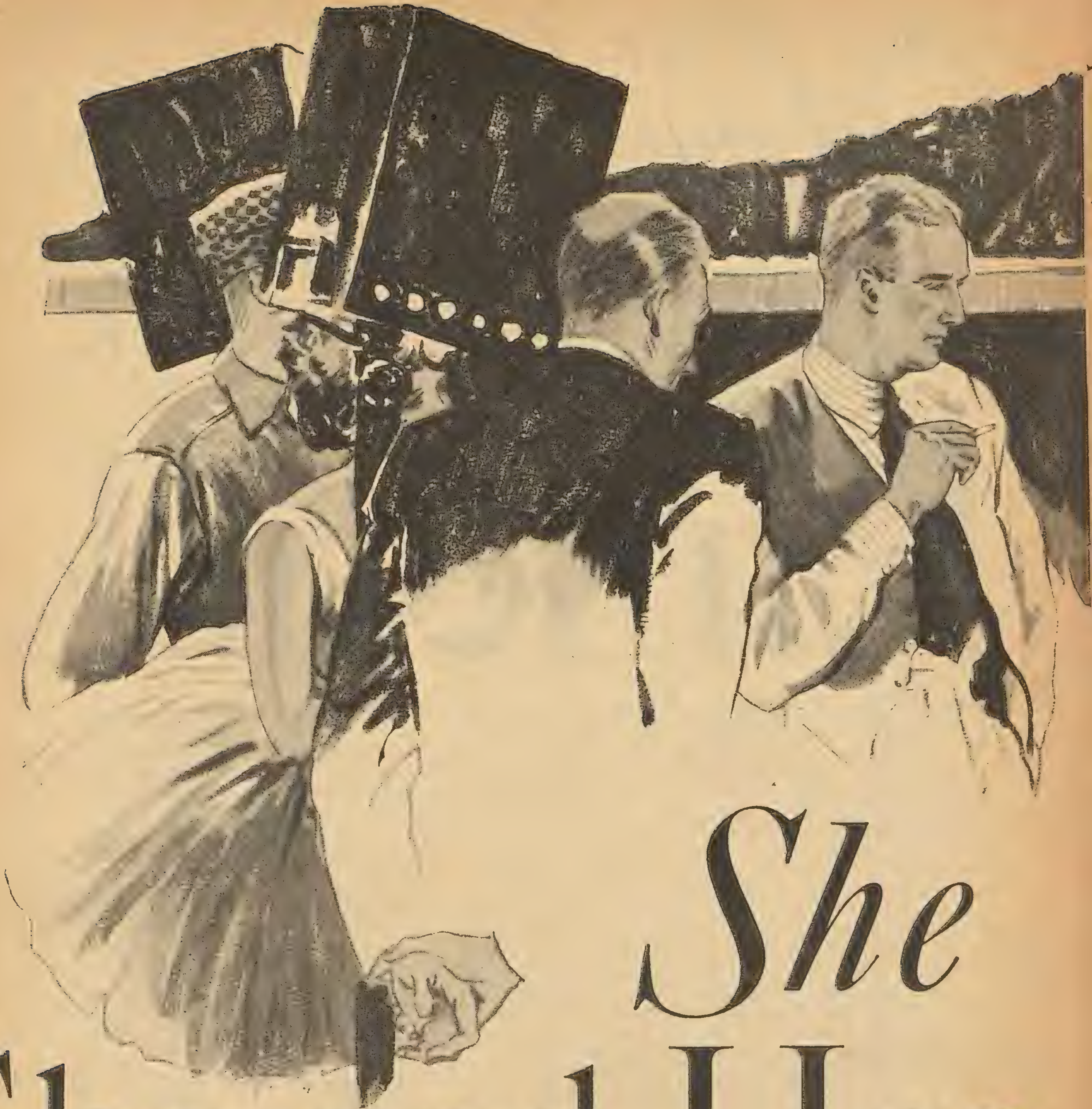


Said Martha Van Zandt, "Goodness me!
I'd like to go down by the sea.
But I really don't dare,
For I've nothing to wear—

. . . .
(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must reach us before midnight, June 28. The results from this Limerick will be printed four weeks from today. The results from the *first* Limerick of the series (which appeared June 14) will be printed week after next.

ANOTHER UNFINISHED LIMERICK AND $500 MORE IN PRIZES NEXT WEEK



She Showed Her

The Story of a Successful Hate

By

CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE

who was born in England and now lives there. She is young, the mother of two children, and the author of a large number of stories which have appeared in magazines on both sides of the ocean.

"HOW has she been to you today, honey?"

"Vile!"

"Did she hurt this morning?"

"Like hell!"

"Beast! Beast! Beast!"

This was in 1918. It was just a fortnight's unknown throw from the Armistice. The conversation took place in the large ward of one of the innumerable, big, private-house hospitals that spattered the suburbs.

"Take me away, Mimi. For God's sake, take me away from it!"

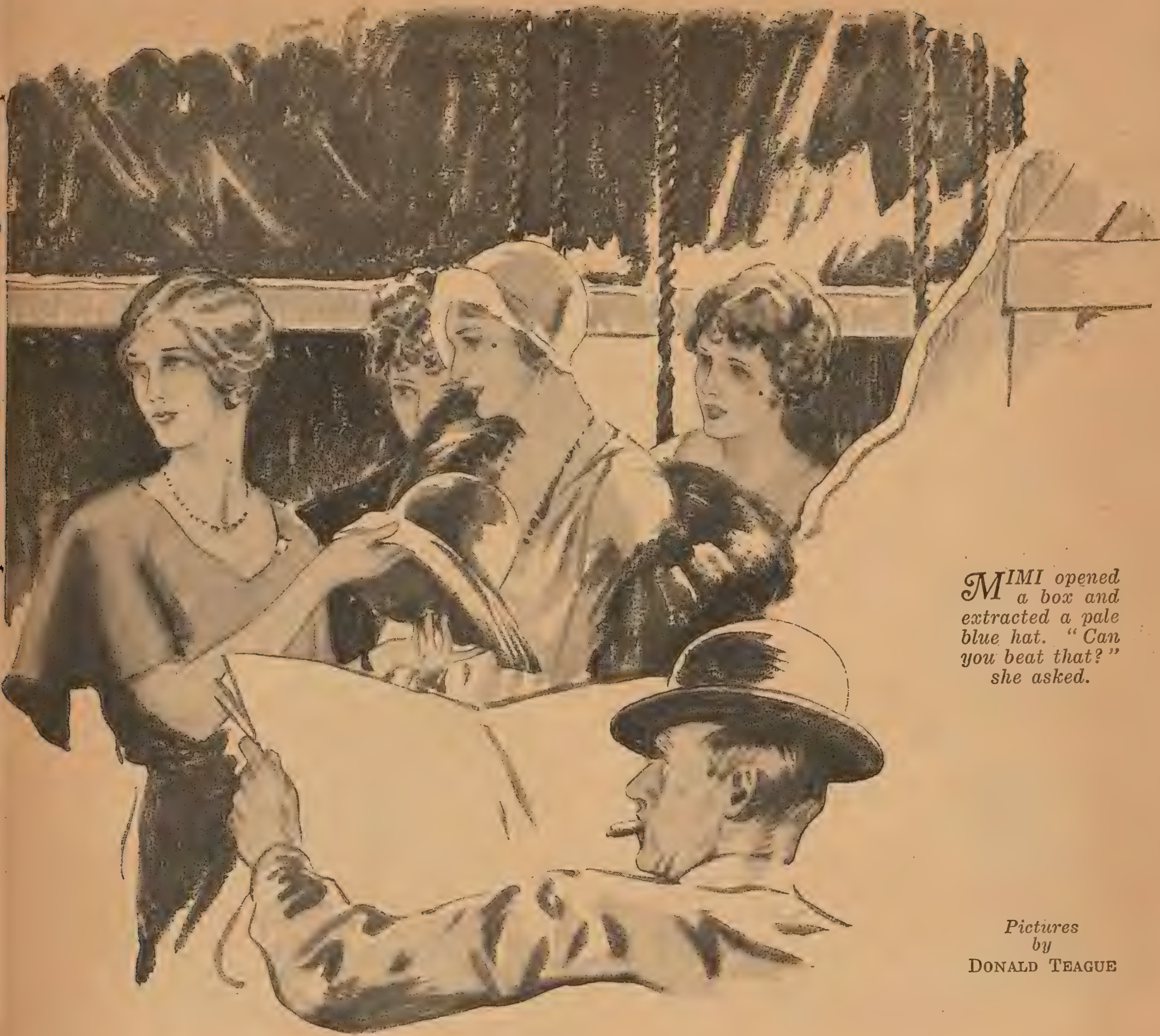
"Why does she do it, Jock?"

"Oh, I think she must hate me! Me personally. Dislike my type. Look! For God's sake, shut up! Here she comes."

The Sister came down the long ward. She was tall and elegant. She stopped to adjust a pillow here, to speak a word there. Two nurses preceded her primly and demurely, watchful acolytes.

"Now, Mimi, you just watch her make for me. There'll be something to strafe about."

The ward was full of dim lilac twilight. It was the few minutes prior to the departure of visitors, of last



MIMI opened a box and extracted a pale blue hat. "Can you beat that?" she asked.

Pictures by Donald Teague

washings and dressings, and general settling for the night. Already certain beds were screened.

The little lamp beside Private Pevensey-Fortescue's bed was lighted. It bloomed in the gloom like a single flower in a bare garden.

The Sister paused at the end of the bed.

She said quietly and levelly, "Why is that lamp alight, Jock? It is before time and it is bad for your eyes."

"I hate lying in the darkness, Sister."

"And why should he lie in the darkness?"

TO herself, timid, frightened, Mimi Fortescue seemed to have belled out, to have become enormous. Never in all her life had she stood up to anything. But this—this—this—

Words foamed in her and upheld her by their young, unspent violence.

The Sister looked at her calmly, wearily.

"Come, come, Mrs. Fortescue! Be reasonable. There are such things as hospital regulations, and they are for everybody's comfort."

She turned the light out deliberately. Equally deliberately Mimi Fortescue turned it on again.

Neither of them realized that it was the bravest thing she had ever done; that she was violating lifelong instincts, training, and natural inclination in so doing. Hatred of this woman welled up in her.

"You hate my husband."

"Pull yourself together and don't be hysterical. This is neither the time nor the place for hysteria."

"You are beastly to him. You always have been. I know! I know! But I am taking him away! Do you hear? I am taking him away!"

"You are talking very absurdly and rather wickedly."

A bell clanged gently through the hospital.

"Visiting time is up, Mrs. Fortescue," said the Sister. "Please say good-by to your husband and go."

Mimi Fortescue, who had never demonstrated herself in her life, raised her two hands and shook them dramatically in the Sister's face.

"I am taking him away tomorrow," she said. "You beast! You beast!" . . .

Still with that belled-out feeling, as if her body and her mind moved in great crinolines, sweeping everything out of her path, Mimi Fortescue found her way to the matron's room.

Her hand always trembled, hesitated, before she knocked at any door. This evening she knocked boldly. Rat-tat. Rat-tat.

The noise seemed to echo on all the other closed office doors down the long corridor. As if the sign of her amazing insurrection was being bruited stealthily abroad.

The matron and the house surgeon sat on either side of

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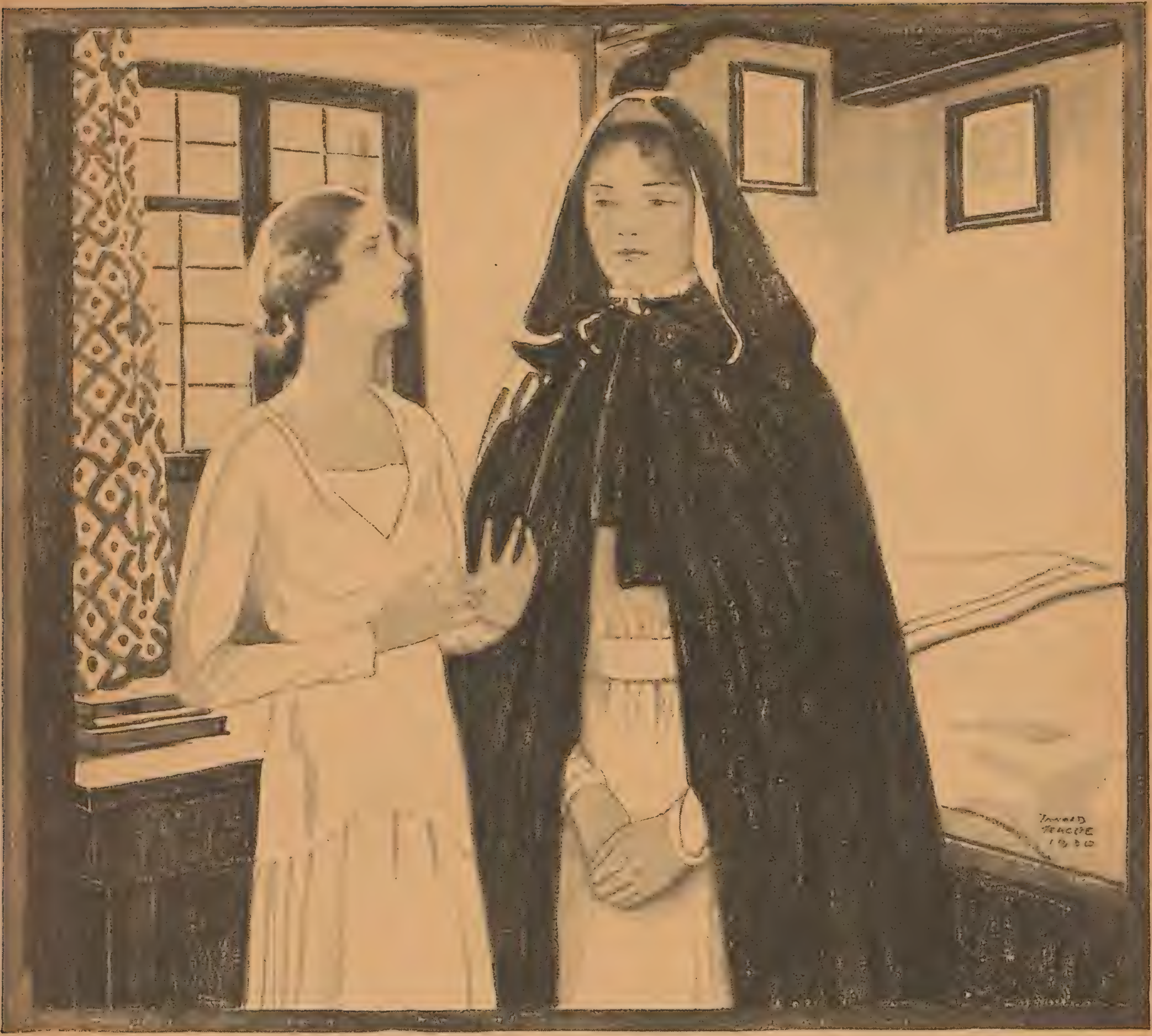


"Visiting time is up, Mrs. Fortescue," said the Sister. "Please say good-by to your husband and go."

SHE SHOWED HER
Continued from page fifty-one

a big desk with a green lamp between them. She stood outside the circle of this brilliance and threw her words into it, one after another, like sharp darts.

"I am taking my husband home tomorrow, matron."

"Then you are a damned fool, my good woman," said the house surgeon.

He got to his feet—a tired man, worried, overwrought, kindly withal.

"He can't live, my dear woman. He'll die; and if you take him out of here without our permission—you'll get no pension. Do you realize that? *You will get no pension.* You've children, haven't you?"

"Two."

"Well, be reasonable. Let him die here. That is what it boils down to. It may be a fortnight, a month, three or four months, but the end is inevitable—and you and the children will get your pension. No one on the board could, or would, sanction his removal. If you take him away, you take him away on your own responsibility, and the War Office refuses to acknowledge its responsibility or meet it. Is that clear?"

"Perfectly clear, thank you, doctor."

"Oh, my God! You must be crazy."

The matron came and put her hand on Mimi Fortescue's shoulder. She was a large, sailing woman in blue. She bore down upon Mimi magnificently, like a galleon, white topsails aflutter.

"What is it, Mrs. Fortescue? You are overwrought. We are all overwrought. What has upset you?"

"Sister Ruth of the ward. She is cruel to Jock. And I won't have it! I tell you I won't have it!"

"Rubbish. Sister Ruth is both kindly and superefficient. The best nurse I have ever had. After weeks and months of confinement in hospital, such as your husband has had, you must understand that a patient's mentality does not remain entirely normal."

"BUT Jock is entirely normal. She picks on him. She never lets him alone. She is always at him for little things. He hates her. He hates to live with her, and he hates to die under her eye—in her charge."

"Oh, he has probably got a touch of persecution mania. They often get it. My dear Mrs. Fortescue, Sister has ninety-two men under her care. She may have her favorites—she's human—but do you think for one moment—"

"I don't think, I know! I'm going to take him away tomorrow in a special ambulance and you can't stop me. I've got a home to take him to, and a certain amount of money. I can nurse him myself. It isn't as if he were very badly wounded, or were a recent case, or anything like that. The authorities cannot stop him from dying at home, away from the influence and surveillance of—that woman. I tell you he hates her. How would you like to spend all that is left of your life under the eye of a woman you hate; probably to die with her beside your bed holding your hand? It's unthinkable. I have just a thousand pounds in the world, and that's mine. My father left it to me. I shall spend that. I shall look after him."

"He may last six months, Mrs. Fortescue. You've lost your sense of proportion entirely. A thousand pounds seems a fortune now, but you may live forty, fifty years, and there are your children to bring up and educate. You've been listening to a sick man's tales."

"I've listened to them for three months and they've never varied."

"Yes? Well, to the Sister, believe me, all the boys are just cases."

"Jock isn't. Not to her. Oh, how I hate her! I hate her! I'm taking him away. I've made up my mind. I'm taking him away."

"IF you do, do you realize the government waives all responsibility for his war wound and illness? You won't get a bean when he dies, no pension, nothing."

"He is going to die happy. Away from that woman. I'll show her! My God! I'll show her!"

"Crazy," said the house surgeon when she had gone. "We can't stop her. Funny how these mice women suddenly go all lion like that, and nothing can stop them. Lord! Did you see her face? You wouldn't have said she'd the pluck of a louse, and yet, once they get going, that kind, you can't *stop* them!" . . .

A fortnight later Mimi Fortescue stepped into the paneled hall of the hospital from which she had removed her husband. She was in black and she was shaking. All her tiny, thin, strengthless body was shaking.

A nurse who knew her by sight came out of the housekeeper's room and stopped to speak to her.

"Can I do anything for you, Mrs. Fortescue?"

"Yes. I want to see Sister Ruth."

"Sister Ruth?"

"Yes. My husband died last week, and I want to show her—I want to show her!"

The strength of her own voice surprised her. It was as if she were calling through a megaphone and it was not she who called, but something strong and fierce and relentless and remorseless, as she had never been. It was as if the pale, slender, frail roots of her own personality were coiled inextricably round the deep, dark, strong roots of her hatred for Sister Ruth.

She was conscious of that hatred like wine, like warmth; intoxicating her, giving her strange, unknown powers, strength and tenacity. The theme and song of her life, her thoughts, and the whole plot of her tomorrow had become, "I'll show her! I'll show her!" said through her teeth. She was uplifted by it.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SHE MERELY CARRIED THE DAISY CHAIN

. . . YET SHE HAS

"ATHLETE'S FOOT!"

QUICK RELIEF FOR SUNBURN too!
Absorbine Jr. soothes and cools; not greasy; won't stain; leaves a healthy tan

SO fragile, so freshly feminine, so altogether lovely—the very Spirit of Youth and daintiness to all who beheld her—

Yet even as she trod the velvety green of the campus, a tiny twinge reminded her of that slight rash-like redness that she had noticed lately between her smaller toes—noticed and *worried* about, for the persistent eruption seemed such a slander upon her daintiness.

She doesn't know it, of course, but her affliction is a most common form of ringworm infection, known to millions in America as *"Athlete's Foot"!*

**Many Symptoms for the Same Disease—So Easily Tracked into the Home*

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways,* but it is now generally agreed that the germ, *tinea trichophyton*, is back of them all. It lurks where you would least expect it—in the very places where people go for health and recreation and cleanliness. In spite of modern sanitation, the germ abounds on locker- and dressing-room floors—on the edges of swimming pools and showers—in gymnasiums—around bathing beaches and bath-houses—even on hotel bath-mats.

And from all these places it has been tracked into countless homes until today this ringworm infection is simply *everywhere.* The United States Public Health Service finds *"It is probable that at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time."* And authorities say that half the boys in high school are affected. There can be no doubt that the tiny germ, *tinea trichophyton*, has made itself a nuisance in America.

It Has Been Found That Absorbine Jr. Kills This Ringworm Germ

Now, a series of exhaustive laboratory tests with the antiseptic Absorbine Jr. has proved that Absorbine Jr. penetrates deeply into flesh-like tissues, and that wherever it penetrates it *kills* the ringworm germ.

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for distress signals* that announce the beginning of "Athlete's Foot." *Don't be fooled by mild symptoms.* Don't let the disease become entrenched, for it is *persistent.* The person who is seriously afflicted with it today, may have had these same mild symptoms like yours only a very short time ago.

Watch out for redness, particularly between the smaller toes, with itching—or a moist, thick skin condition—or, again, a dryness with scales.

Read the symptoms printed at the left very carefully. At the first sign of *any one* of these distress signals* begin the free use of Absorbine Jr. on the affected areas—douse it on morning and night *and after every exposure of your bare feet to any damp or wet floors, even in your own bathroom.*

Absorbine Jr. is so widely known and used that you can get it at all drug stores. Price $1.25. For free sample write W. F. YOUNG, INC., 330 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist, or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your physician without delay.

Absorbine Jr.
FOR YEARS HAS RELIEVED SORE MUSCLES, MUSCULAR ACHES, BRUISES, BURNS, CUTS, SPRAINS, ABRASIONS

SHE SHOWED HER
Continued from page fifty-three

"Oh, Sister Ruth has left. She went to take command of a large east coast hospital. She was very popular here, you know."

"Popular!"

She felt as if a rocket or a squib had gone off in her mouth under the nurse's nose.

The V. A. D. stared at her curiously, a little apprehensively.

"Will you give me her address? I should like her to know my husband died!"

"Yes. Of course. I will write it down for you."

She clenched the bit of paper in her hand and went striding blindly through the dusk of the spring evening.

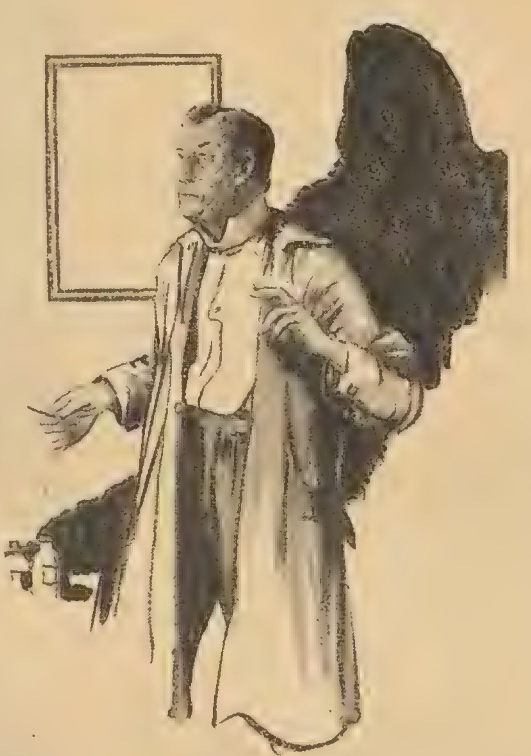
Over and over again she said to herself, "I'll show her! I'll show her!"

And every time it was a new drink of intoxication, a new inoculation of strange, alien courage.

When she got back to her tiny flat, Robert, who was eleven, had burned his hand, and was wrapped in olive oil and cotton wool and tears.

An old school friend of hers had come in. A live eel of a woman, full of half-baked ideas and evanescent schemes.

She said: "Look here, Mimi. I came in specially to tell you that Désirée Tompkins is going to marry an R. A. F. major quite suddenly, and her hat shop is for sale. You know how clever you have always been at hats. She has built up quite a decent little business, and, of course, there is the lease and fittings and everything. I thought there might be something in it for you. You've certainly got a flair for hats. Do shut up, Robert, and let me talk to your mother! I must be off in a tick. I was in there this afternoon choosing some hoods and things, and I thought of you. She wants a pretty fair price. She wants eight hundred pounds down—that is stock and goodwill and everything. Anything in it? Robert, for Pete's sake, let me hear my own voice! It isn't as bad as all that!"



The house surgeon got to his feet. "He can't live, my dear woman. Let him die here."

With one arm round her son, Mimi Fortescue looked up, and there was on her meek and sweet little face an expression that took her volatile friend's breath clean away.

"What is it, Mimi? What is it? For Pete's sake, don't look like that."

Mimi Fortescue drew a long breath. Again those strong, black reins of hatred uplifted her and bore her out of herself.

"I have got exactly eight hundred and seventy-two pounds in the world," she said. "I'll take the place. My God! I'll show her! I'll show her! I'll show her!" . . .

Mimi found that when she thought of Sister Ruth she could always climb out of herself.

SHE stood in the wings of the theater and climbed outside herself just that way, thinking of Jock who had died, and of Sister Ruth and her injustice, her petty tyranny, her persecution. When she thought of Sister Ruth she was no longer a little, shrinking, trembling thing, scared of everybody, oppressed by life, afraid to make a move.

Again she wore great crinolines that belled out, powerful and impregnable, and swept people on one side so that she could achieve her objective by sheer force, sheer sweep.

The producer sat at a desk at the back of the stage in the center. On one side sat the ballet mistress, on the other the posse of authors.

The stalls in front of them were full of chorus girls up for an audition. Gazing at them wildly, Mimi thought they looked like white-centered daisies with the petals torn off.

The stage was also full of girls. A chorus-girl customer had told her of the audition.

Firmly and fiercely Mimi entwined the pale, tenuous roots of her own nervous, shrinking personality with those darker, stronger roots of her resentment and hatred of Sister Ruth.

She crossed the stage in front of everybody to the table and said to the producer:

"I'm very clever and I want to do the hats for this show. I've come here specially for that. I'm determined to do them."

"For God's sake, go away, woman! Just cross the stage again, will you, Felicity? You've been on tour; haven't you? You walk like a winkle from Wigan. Have another shot. That's better. All right. We'll have you."

"I can do you some of the loveliest hats in London. I have brought one or two with me to show you."

"OH, clear out and boil yourself! I don't have anything to do with the dressing. Can you dance? Can you sing? That's good. Sign on. I will have your contracts ready by Monday, and Mr. Smith here will read them over to you. Four quid a week, and three matinées if it goes well. Any objections? Take it or leave it."

"Don't we get extra for extra matinées, Mr. Royston?"

"Huh! Take a look at the crowd out there and ask yourself a sane one, sister. Well, is that all, boys?"

"No, you haven't seen my hats."

The producer paused and surveyed the mouse woman in front of him in frank astonishment. While he paused Mimi opened a box and extracted a pale blue hat and a pale pink hat.

"Can you beat them?" she asked.

"I can beat them in a minute."

"That's a lie. They're the cutest hats in London."

She thought, "I shall die! I shall die, or I shall be sick, and I'd rather die!"

Her heart beat a tom-tom in her own ears.

"Oh, get out, do!"

"But I want to dress this show with my hats."

The leading lady had glided forward; satellite chorus girls closed in after her. There was the cooing of unthinking, futile doves round the hats.

"Isn't it *dar*-ling!"

"Isn't it adorable!"

"Isn't it sweet!"

"You see," said Mimi Fortescue in the director's ear.

"Who the the devil are you, pushing in here?"

"I'm the coming milliner."

"By Jove! In another minute you will be the going milliner."

Then he laughed at his own joke. Fatal. The doves laughed with him, cooingly, coaxingly.

"They really are rather sweet. She is clever."

"You would look marvelous in a jade-green one," said Mimi to the leading lady.

"Jade's my color."

Jade. Jade. The doves took up the word and threw it from one to the other.

"She is clever," said the leading lady. "I don't see why not. Wirrell-Ponsonby did my hats in the last show, and they were lousy. Absolutely lousy!"

Mimi got the order. That year she dressed five successful musical-comedy shows. She moved half a mile nearer Bond Street.

She entered her son for a public school. She interviewed the head mistress of an exclusive girls' school, and the head mistress was pleased to be gracious.

"So you are 'Mimi's'? Very expensive. Very chic. I had one for last prize-giving. Everyone said it was the prettiest hat I'd ever had. I admire women who do things, myself."

That night Mimi Fortescue thought, "I'll find out that hospital on the east coast. I'll go down and show her. I'll show her!"

The address had been lost that night, months and months ago, in the excitement of Robert's burn and the hat-shop project. The next day she was so busy she forgot. . . .

She had beautiful shingled gray hair and a hat shop in Paris. Robert was down from Oxford. He had a flat in the Temple and a fair wife. He liked the legal profession. He made a lot of money by erratic and rather brilliant journalism with a highbrow weakness in his spare time. He had one fairly successful play produced.

Nellie, her daughter, had never worked in the hat shop. From her expensive English school she had gone to a more expensive French finishing school. From there she had gone traveling with a rich friend.

At nineteen she had met a man with money, less culture, and less background; but they were happy, and she queened it royally in expensive homes, hotels, and limousines.

SOMETIMES Mimi felt tired and a little old. She had been so busy. She had done so much. The early years of her married life, the war, and her husband's death were like something that had happened to someone else. It was not even very interesting any more.

The figure that had never dimmed, that retained its black, gigantic, powerful proportions in her imagination, that could still rouse her spleen, and awake to life the embers of the amazing fire that it had once kindled—was Sister Ruth.

She hated her; she resented her as she had hated and resented her years ago. In the changing shades and contours of her life, Sister Ruth alone remained static, unaltered, and unalterable. She had tried to down her husband, to tyrannize over him, and she had failed.

All Mimi's career had been a subconscious effort to establish herself, to demonstrate herself against the gigantic, imaginative figure of Sister Ruth. She ached to see her again, to "show her!"

Many times she tried casually to trace her through various sources, even advertising in the "agony column" of one or two of the big dailies, but without any result.

As a child's imagination sees a grown-up, its potentialities and powers, so she still perceived the figure of Sister Ruth. . . .

In September the doctor said she had a tired heart. She must take a holiday, get right away from the business.

He said, "Your children are settled now, and you must be a rich woman."

"Yes. That's true."

"Get away from things. Isn't there anything you want to do? Isn't there anywhere you want to go? Take one of these sea voyages. They're rather jolly."

"No. I don't want to go far. I'll go to Eastbourne, into some good hotel,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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a story of student love in Berlin . . . an exciting romance which moves against the mysterious political background of Germany's Republican capital.

Look for this fascinating yarn

in

LIBERTY NEXT WEEK

SHE SHOWED HER
Continued from page fifty-five

and have my breakfast in bed and go for little walks and sit in the sun."

She went.

The first evening of her arrival she saw Sister Ruth coming out of a little house in a back street, through which she had sought to take a short cut to her expensive hotel.

She knew her at once.

The same walk. The same appearance of belonging completely and absolutely to herself, of being an entity, an individual.

Mimi could hardly breathe. Now, *now*, she'd show her!

Trembling, she put out her hand and stopped the other woman.

"Sister Ruth! I'm afraid you don't remember me?"

"No. I'm afraid I don't."

"My husband was a patient in your hospital."

"Ah! On the east coast?"

"No, no! St. Ninian's. You remember? The large house that was lent."

"Yes. Yes, of course."

"My name is Fortescue. You, the other nurses, the staff—everyone—called him Jock."

"We called all Scotchmen Jock. Just as we called Irishmen Pat, and all Welshmen Taffy."

"But you must remember."

"I'm afraid I don't. I was so dreadfully, dreadfully overworked and overtired. Do you know, sometimes, now, it seems like a dream. I crocked myself up then. I've never really been fit or able to do much since. Fortunately I have a very tiny private income, and I'm just able to live."

Ah, God! The rich, warm tides of triumph that surged in her; that intoxicated her so that she could have laughed, danced, shouted, clapped her hands there in that grimy little gray road away from the sea.

"I WISH you'd dine with me tomorrow at the hotel, Sister, and talk over old times?"

Sister Ruth's tired, elderly face lit up. A good meal. Nice surroundings.

"I'm afraid my evening dress is a bit out of date."

"It doesn't matter. I have a private sitting room. If you like it better we'll dine there."

"No, no. I like to see people. I don't see many these days, or go anywhere much. It is charming of you. Thank you so much."

"Eight o'clock, Sister?"

"Thank you. That will be delightful."

That night she did not sleep. On the eve of her wedding she had not felt so thrilled, so uplifted.

It was absurd that Sister Ruth should *not* remember. It was an evasion. She would recall to her the many little acts of injustice, of petty tyranny. One by one she would repeat the saga of them. She would give a recital of her meager beginnings. It was true that she had taken her husband out of the hospital away from Sister Ruth, that he had died, and because of that she had received no pension.

Sister Ruth should thoroughly understand that she had not downed them or triumphed over them. She'd show her! She'd had a grudge against Jock. Well, she'd know where she got off.

She lay and shivered with delicious anticipation. Conversation swirled and swam through her mind, but when she tried to remember the actual injustices and slights her husband had endured from Sister Ruth's hands, she found to her intense surprise that they were vague, shadowy, that they were no longer vital or essential.

With difficulty she recalled some, but now they seemed trivial and of little import. But still she wanted Sister Ruth to know. Still she was determined to show her. . . .

SHE wore her new Poiret model, her diamonds; and her hair was an exquisitely coifed sheen of silver.

She bought flowers for the room, great chrysanthemums at two shillings each, tall roses, carnations, expensive chocolates, expensive cigarettes.

At five minutes to eight Sister Ruth was shown up. She wore a black evening dress at least ten years old.

Mimi gave her cocktails in her own sitting room. They went down to dinner in the restaurant. She had ordered a marvelous meal. There were orchids on the table specially for Sister Ruth.

Sister Ruth said, "How nice of you, Mrs. Fortescue! And, you know, I am utterly ashamed to confess it, but I don't remember you at all."

"Never mind. You will presently."

After dinner they went upstairs again to Mimi's private sitting room. Her own personal fifty-guinea wireless set made softest music.

Mimi turned out the central lights. The two tired elderly women were in a glow of flowers and good dinner and cigarette smoke, perfect coffee, and expensive liqueurs.

"How lovely it is here. How nice to be among nice things again."

"Oh, yes, Sister. I can have nice things. I'm rich, you know."

"How lovely!"

"I wasn't always. I didn't get a pension with *my* husband."

"Bad luck!" said Sister Ruth.

Mimi was trembling. She was trembling as women do who stand on the eve of love's fulfillment or death's inevitability.

"Here is his photograph. *Now* perhaps you remember, Sister!"

Sister Ruth looked at it, and Mimi's eyes never wavered from her face.

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Fortescue. I feel so ashamed of myself. I feel I ought to, but I honestly haven't the faintest recollection of him. You see, during the war I had hundreds, thousands of men through my hands. To me they were just patients. Jock or Pat or Taffy, Tom, Dick, and Harry—broken things to be cared for. He's got a nice face. Did he die?"

"Yes."

"I'm so sorry. War wounds?"

"Yes," said Mimi in a strained voice.

"Bad luck."

Sister Ruth looked up with tranquil eyes.

Mimi said uncertainly, waveringly, "He hated you."

"I EXPECT he did if he was pretty bad. Poor devils! We had to serve them all alike. There were so many of them, and sometimes we must have seemed hurried, callous. They cursed us a bit when they dared."

She smiled tranquilly.

Mimi heard her voice say suddenly, "My God! I owe everything to you."

She was staring down at the tired face of the other woman so strangely, so searchingly. She saw this woman's friendship to her for the first time; her significance in her life. In her ears the old theme was beating like a tom-tom:

I'll show her! I'll show her! I'll show her!

She went to her desk. She pulled her check book toward her. Hastily, impulsively she wrote a check. It was for a hundred pounds.

"I want you to have this," she said.

"My dear, I couldn't."

"You don't know what you did for me."

"What nonsense. I did no more for you or your husband than I did for any of the other boys. It was all in the day's work."

"Yes. But I want you to have this. I want you to have this."

Sister Ruth took the check.

She said in a queer, low-pitched voice, holding back tears with difficulty, "It's so unexpected. I am completely overcome. I haven't very much money. I think you would be amused if you knew how little. This means more than I can possibly say."

She picked up the photograph of Pevensey-Fortescue and looked at it long and searchingly. Then she looked at Mimi and shook her head.

"I wish I could remember him. I feel so apologetic. His face recalls nothing to me."

THE END

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Simplified Spelling

Young John, in the first grade, was having difficulty with spelling. Having learned how to spell *eat*, his teacher told him to ask his mother, "When do we e-a-t?"

"That's fine, John. What does it spell?" said mother.

John answered promptly, "Dinner!"—M. Mersereau, Oakwood Heights, Staten Island, N. Y.

* * *

Inconsistencies of Mothers

Mother was sweeping while baby was having his nap.

She moved a chair, making a noise that sounded extremely loud to four-year-old Mary.

"Won't that wake brother?" Mary asked.

"I think not," mother answered.

"Well, it would if I did it," said Mary.—Mrs. D. Biggins, Gregory, S. D.

* * *

The Can and Can't Twins

Tom and Bill, twins, had just started kindergarten. Tom is slow and dreamy.

His mother asked him why he never brought home his drawings, cutouts, etc., as Bill did, and he replied:

"Aw, mom, I'm always the first one to get finished that can't!"—Rita King Rodgers, 2206 Madison Rd., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Young Don Quixote

Little Ralph hunted large game in his imagination. His tales became a joke in the neighborhood. One day a neighbor asked him to come and kill a bear in her hayloft. "We are afraid to go into the barn to feed the poor horse," she said.

Ralph backed away. The neighbor urged him to come on. Finally Ralph, backed into a corner, stammered:

"I'll tell you, Mrs. Smith. I never kill anybody's bears but my own."—Mrs. Harold Duvall, 305 W. 37th St., Kansas City, Mo.

* * *

Creeping Freckles

Little red-headed and freckle-faced Joey had a small brother who was as fair as a lily until the inevitable day when a few freckles were discovered on his nose. When asked where he got them, he disgustedly replied: "Sleeping with that darn' Joe."—Miss Margaret Rosell, Box 114, Darby, Pa.

* * *

Rebuffed

Four-year-old Edith was warned repeatedly not to talk to strangers.

One day while playing on the street she was addressed by an elderly gentleman:

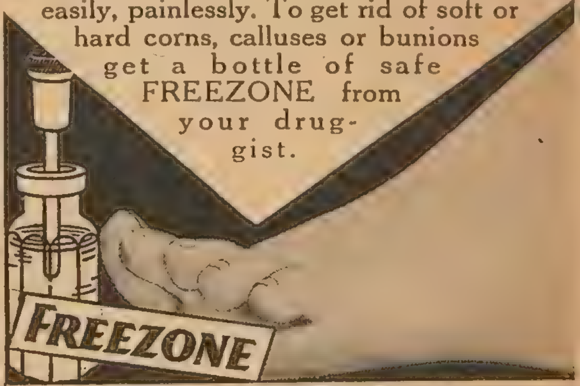
"How's the little girl this morning?"

"My mother doesn't allow me to speak to kidnapers," came the snappy retort.—Mrs. John Bruns, Summit and Midland aves., Oradell, N. J.

PAIN
stopped

Then CORN dropped off during the night

FREEZONE is surprising. FIRST DROP STOPS PAIN—INSTANTLY. Then corn loosens and falls off or lifts off with fingers, easily, painlessly. To get rid of soft or hard corns, calluses or bunions get a bottle of safe FREEZONE from your druggist.



CHARM

There is really no secret to charm or personality—it is just a matter of care and good taste.

Clean, healthy, luxuriant and well-arranged hair is a decided asset to any man or woman.

The manufacturer of Val-N-Cha pure vegetable oil treatment and hair tonic does *not* claim that these products will grow hair—but, thousands of unsolicited testimonials *do* say that even extraordinarily bad hair and scalp conditions have responded to this treatment with the result that new hair has actually grown.

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Vox

It's Quite All Right. Don't Mention It

PITTSBURGH, PA.—On the cover of your May 24 issue you published a picture by Leslie Thrasher depicting a scene both cruel and dumb. Mr. Thrasher evidently knows nothing about dogs and is, no doubt, afraid of them. Such a scene is beyond belief.

The German shepherd dog which he pictures as a cruel monster about to attack two children is so opposite from that. I own a shepherd and raise them, and also have three small children, and no finer or more devoted dog could be with children.

No real dog-lover will ever take your magazine again unless you and Mr. Thrasher retract.

I have written to the Shepherd Dog Club of America to take decided action about such a picture. Pardon me for saying you are *dumb.—Edith Flinn Patterson.*

Prohibition Again

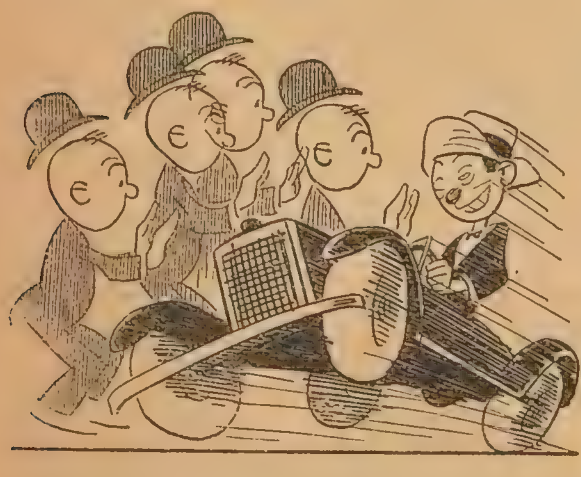
NEW YORK, N. Y.—With all four feet I am with you, and all other publishers who champion the people's rights.

I am mostly animal, and your views are in exact accord with my animal instinct.

I am like one whose letter you published—the one who, after reading the Wet and Dry letters, went straightway to mix himself a "stiff highball"—nothing like that for exhilaration!

The greatest thrill I get out of life is to mix me, say, a couple of stiff highballs—or as many as will put me in condition to see several objects where only one exists.

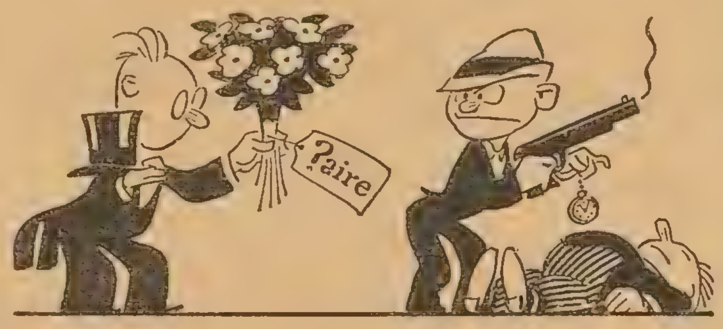
Then I hop gayly into my little runabout, step on her, and away we whiz, cut-out open, making all the noise possible—and God help anybody who gets in the way.



I am seeing a lot more cars and pedestrians ahead of me than I still have sense enough to know are not actually there, and the thrill comes in weaving through them and hitting only the myths.

Of course I would be somewhat disturbed if I hit a real object—but still, even if I killed someone, I don't see why anybody should want to deny my undeniable right to the pleasure of a stiff highball.—*Chas. L. Somers.*

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Taking my cue from those clamoring for the repeal of prohibition because the law is not enforced—and among them are the editors of Liberty—let me suggest that, since it is notorious that laws against murder, banditry, bombing, and racketeering in Chicago are not enforced, they should be repealed, to put an end to the farce of trying to enforce such legislation there. It is bringing law into contempt.



But why stop there? I would suggest that a questionnaire—politely tucked into a bouquet of roses—be handed to each of the murderers, bomb planters, and other criminals of Chicago, to find out what laws they are willing to obey; then let the rest of the criminal code, if there should be any, be repealed.

That would make Chicago the most law-abiding city in the world.—*L. A. Smith.*

BOSTON, MASS.—I'm a dry because my father was a wet: so wet that if my mother hadn't taken boarders and done dressmaking we children would have been dry and hungry, too.—*Bostonian.*

About 400 a Day

TORONTO, CAN.—Liberty prints an invitation for short short stories. In it is stated:

"We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts. . . ." How much—say, inside of 25 per cent—is "an enormous number"?—*Jack Gillan.*

And Just How Would You Say That in a Nice Way?

WICHITA FALLS, TEX.—Alicia's articles on hunting, fishing, and flying were not so hot, and her story, "Joy Ride," was positively cold. What power does Miss Patterson hold over you that you publish her "stuff"? It must be blackmail.

Even the illustrations in "Joy Ride" look as if they might have come from a comic strip.

I suggest, in all earnestness, that you tell Miss Patterson, in a nice way, that you can appreciate her talent, but that the public does not.—*W. A. B.*

The Importance of Being a Few Minutes Ahead

LAKE PLACID, N. Y.—With regard to your editorial, "Punctuality," I have this to say:

Seven years ago I was forced to retire from business on account of poor health and come to Lake Placid to live. I am only forty-two years old now, but I have always believed that "being on time," a lesson I learned early in my business life, was the real foundation of the little success I had for the fourteen short years I was allowed the privilege of working.

When I was the head of a fairly large business and twenty-nine years old, I fired an employee who was ten minutes late in meeting me at an appointed place. He was getting a salary of $15,000 a year. He thought I was the smallest, meanest man that ever lived when I fired him, and told me so.

Today that man is the head of one of the largest businesses of its kind in New York City, and he has told me many times since that he learned a lesson, through being fired for being late, that later brought him great success.

I write you all of the above as it is seldom I meet a man, even in print, who agrees with me fully on the importance of being a few minutes ahead of time.—*Harold R. Thompson.*

Annixter-Magic

CHICAGO, ILL.—This Paul Annixter is some writer of stories of the wild. This fellow can sure make a person just *see* the kind of country he is describing.

I have not traveled much—never been out of the U. S.—but his description of the African veldt country in his "Battle Royal" seemed to make me think I had actually been there.—*Herbert W. Servis.*

How Do You Mean, Miss (?)

PAWTUCKET, R. I.—I used to get Liberty for three reasons: the movie reviews, the short short stories, and Vox Pop. Now, however, Kate Cameron having taken Frederick James Smith's place, I get Liberty for two reasons: the short short stories and Vox Pop.

Summary: Kate Cameron's too damned liberal with her stars. A four-star picture used to be extremely rare, and something to look forward to; now one occurs almost every week! During the whole year of 1929 there were exactly ten four-star pictures reviewed by Smith. So far Miss (?) Cameron has had about a million (pardon the slight exaggeration).

Please try and get Frederick James Smith back, if possible. He's great.—*Jack Dottling.*

Pop

1. Not Embarrassing
2. Why Would You?

BIRCHWOOD, WIS.—Anent your editorial, with the Greek heading, about wine: Yes, Christ made wine. Just how intoxicating it was we do not know. Whether it would be strong enough to suit some of the clergy in certain cold and formal churches of our day (who might know more about Greek than of self-denying love for fellow men) I cannot say.

1. Would it be embarrassing to ask if Liberty's editor received any help with his wine editorial from one of these ecclesiastics whose sympathies blend with Liberty's Back-to-Legal-Liquor campaign?

2. And when Liberty's editor, or any other wet, will make wine out of water, as Christ did, we drys will all take a drink.—*C. R Gaylord.*

Guess

LONDON, OHIO—Are you publishing a magazine or a correspondence course in crime, hold-ups, crooked card games, dope, suicides, and countless "gooey" murders?—*Gertrude Dooley.*

Rude and Otherwise to Rudy

EDDYSTONE, PA.—How come you waste good Liberty space on Rudy Vallée? Man, man, realize that for every woman subscriber you gain by printing such a thing, you lose five men customers.

Ugh, ugh, terrible!—*Wm. Simpson.*

SHREVEPORT, LA.—I have just finished reading "Vagabond Lover," by Avery Strakosch, and I want to congratulate Liberty upon printing this fine article.

It was so interesting and real that I felt as if I could hear Rudy Vallée's voice and feel his magnetic personality all the time I was reading it.—*Harold K. Browne.*

WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.—We take this means to thank Miss Strakosch for her wonderful close-up of Rudy Vallée. It was quite the most interesting article ever written about this famous "Vagabond Lover." We, being great admirers of Rudy, were thrilled.—*Norma and Elise.*

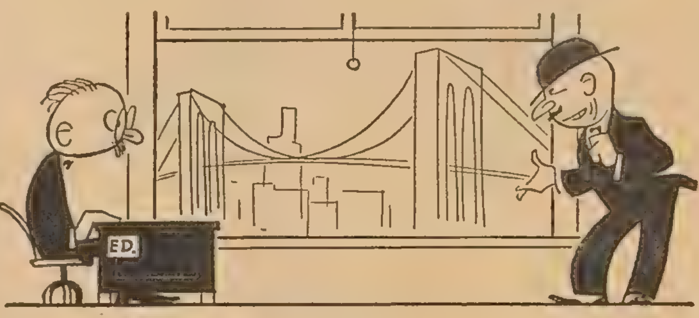
NEW YORK, N. Y.—The last time I felt the way I did when I was reading "Vagabond Lover" was when I crossed the English Channel in a rough sea.—*Jack.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—What I enjoyed and admired most in your Liberty issue of May 24 was the very human essay by Avery Strakosch on that "Vagabond Lover," Rudy Vallée. It was very well written, intensely alive.

No wonder Vallée is a supreme success. His eyes show he is a very old soul given another chance to make the very best of his talents and opportunities.—*Kathryn H. Russell.*

Well, We Probably Could Use a Good Bridge

NEWARK, N. J.—Most of your short short stories are very good, but "The Night Shift," in the May 31 issue of your mag., was just simply punk.



Tell me, on the level, did you pay a hundred bucks for that weak-kneed tale? I would like to know because, if you did, I want to inform you that I am coming over to New York and sell you Brooklyn Bridge. You must be a lot of simps. I also have a couple of broken clam shells that I would like to sell. They were real good clam shells before they got smashed.

I have bought Liberty every week since it first came out and if I have to read any more short short stories like "The Night Shift," then you are going to lose one of your first-class cash customers.—*T. J. F.*

Wise Crack

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—If you paid one-half of one per cent of $100 for that short short story, "Round Heels," you paid fifty cents too much.—*M. W. D.*

Musta Been Meant for "Twenty Questions"

HOBOKEN, N. J.—I have read Tom Mooney's letter in your issue of May 24 and from it I conclude that in this nation "conceived in liberty" it pays to be a robot. Look at Tom Mooney and see what you get for being a man!

To keep a man, whose innocence is so apparent, in jail, in spite of so many protests, is an affront to the whole nation. Yet the nation isn't getting particularly excited about it.

Where are the churches and the clergy, who are usually so anxious to show their power? Afraid or indifferent. No wonder Mooney doesn't go to church. What can it teach him?

Where are all the loud-voiced champions—Mencken, Hays, Darrow? Where are the big magazines? Where are the newspapers?

Where is the great American voter? Why don't he call a strike at the ballot-box? What are we, a nation or a flock of sheep?—*M. K.*

So That's What's Wrong with Literature, Eh?

ROCK ISLAND, ILL.—All hail to Alan Rinehart and his story, "Parson's Cove"! The plot itself is not so much to write home about, but—boys and girls, some of those expressions! F'rinstance: "hot as a pan of dishwater,"—"body by Fisher . . . but face most certainly by accident"—"I might have been a radio for all the attention she paid to me"—etc., etc.

Original, to say the least, and isn't that something refreshing these days?

Just as a man and woman, after many married years, begin to look alike, so it seems to me, on account of more or less close association, all writers are beginning to write alike—and a story with a lot of original expressions is like a breath of fresh air in a room full of smoking, gossiping bridge players!

Keep to that straight and narrow path, Alan Rinehart—let the crowd go where it will!—*Mrs. Violet Kinne.*

How Do You Know He Can't Draw with His Feet?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Amputate the arms of a certain guy called Thrasher and charge it to profit.—*L. Gibson.*

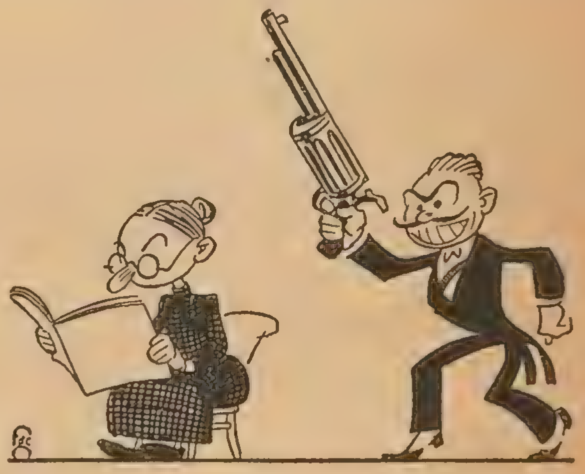
All We Can Do Is Leave Out the Puzzle

BERWYN, ILL.—Your May 24 issue was terrible. The only thing that saved it was the cross word puzzle.

Shame on you!! You're not going to do that again, are you? Please try hard next time.—*(Miss) Camille S.*

Attaboy!

CHICAGO, ILL.—Until six months ago, when I started taking Liberty, I lacked the courage to shoot my mother-in-law.



Now, thanks to Liberty, I can shoot anyone.—*Count Isez.*

It's Great to Be Crazy

LONDON, CAN.—There are too many gangsters, for my liking, in your short short stories, but I, for one, like Liberty —due to a weak intellect, probably.—*An English Reader.*

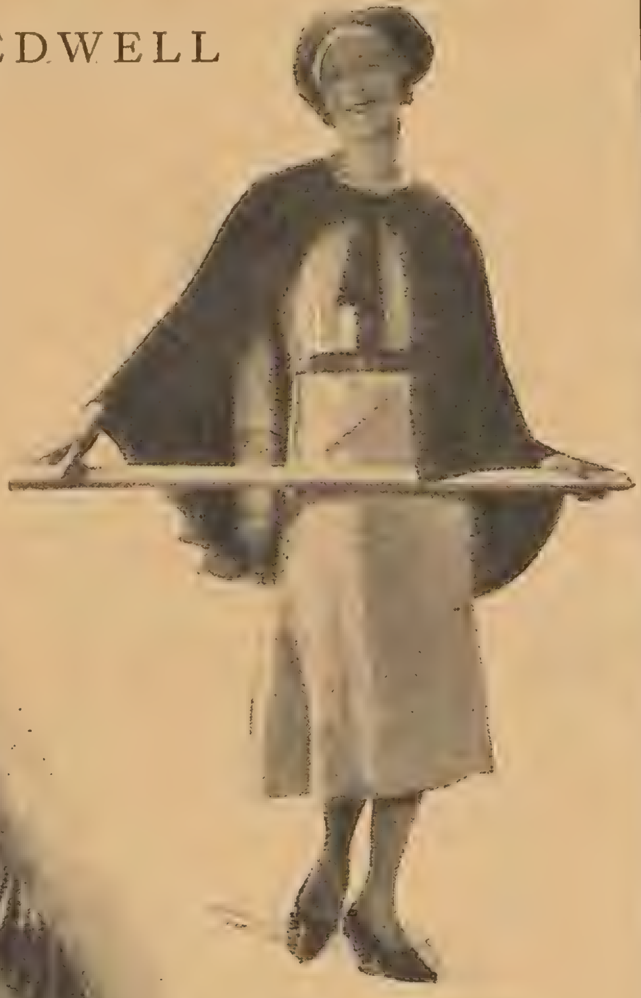
SEAFRONT Fashions

By

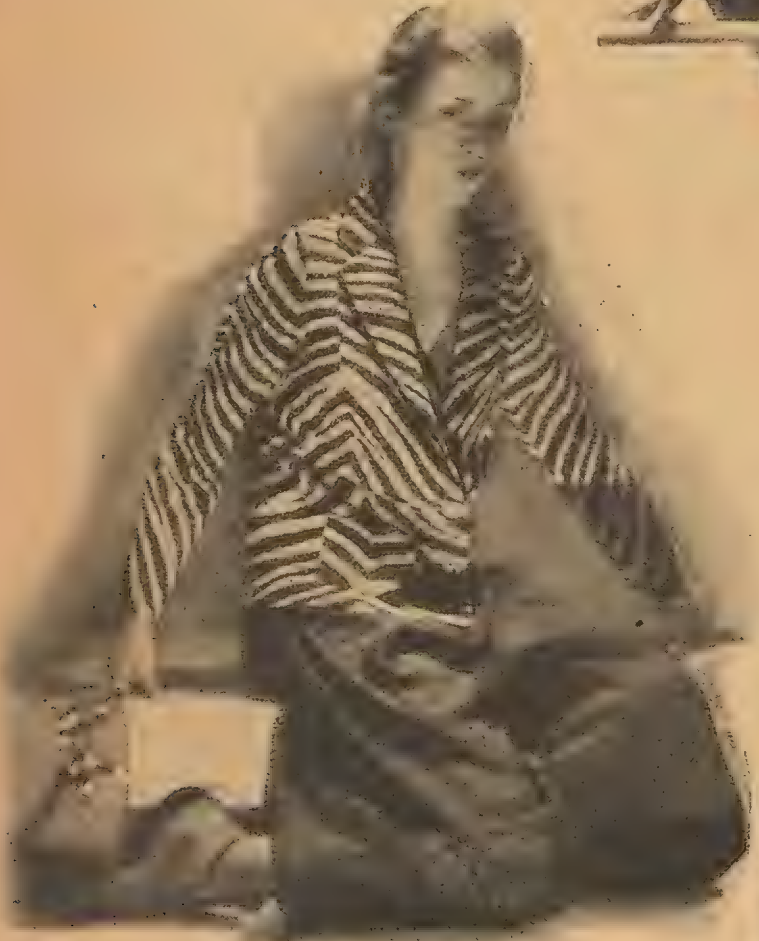
BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris.

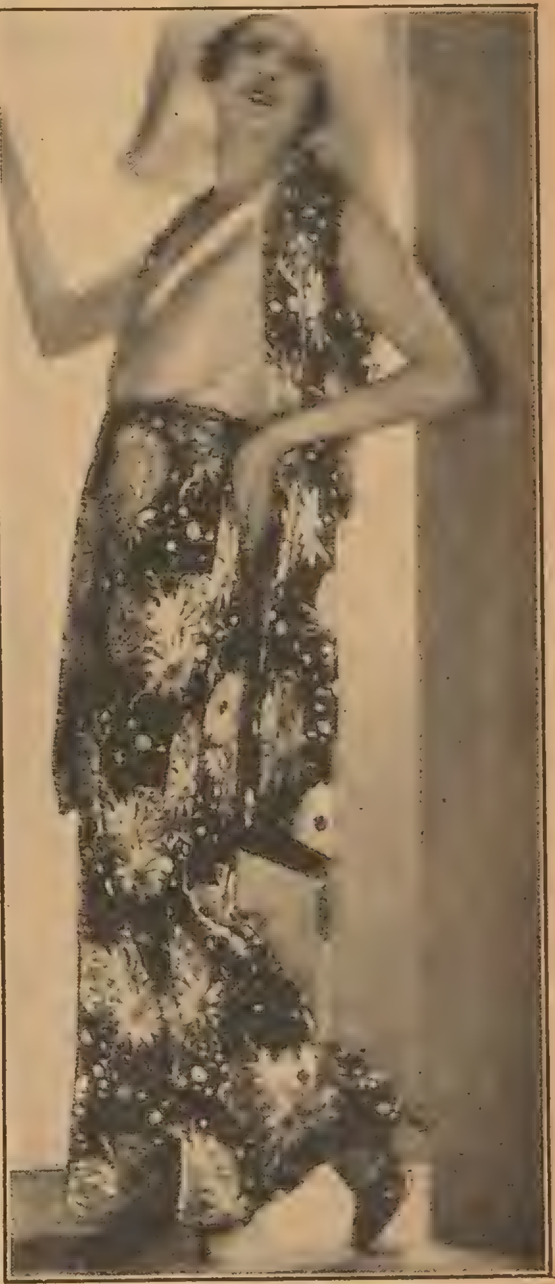
SEAFRONT fashions as conceived by Paris this summer are about 80 per cent pyjamas. There is a small, passionate minority of smart women who have the courage to continue in skirts just to the water's edge. Their tenacity gives the beach dress a place in water-front fashions.



A cotton beach dress of blue and white stripes, with a circular cape of transparent wool crêpe, comes from Talbot.



This tiger-print beach jacket is of cotton, and the trousers are of black alpaca. The model is from Schiaparelli.



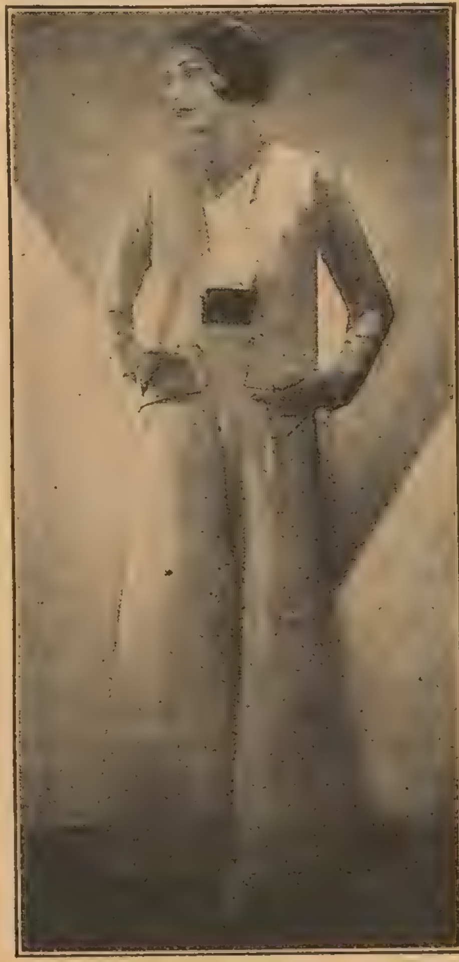
Very luxurious are Patou's beach pyjamas of printed crêpe with a satin blouse and a cart-wheel hat.

If you choose the skirted frock for your water-front chic, you will choose modest, unassuming colors or white. If you bloom out with the majority in pyjamas, you can go as brilliant as you like. No fear colors are necessary. Whether you wear one or the other, you will choose for your material either cotton or some hardy silk.

NONE of the complications of city clothes has been passed on to beach costumes. The very fashionable seafront clothes over here are practical, but they are also equally modest. No bare backs or shorts in good society. The one-piece bathing suit that is worn under beach costumes is short and décolleté, and if you want exposure and sunburn you can get them in your swimming suit.

The Schiaparelli pyjamas shown in our first photograph are worn over a black alpaca bathing suit. The trousers are of black alpaca, and the short double-breasted coat is of tiger-print yellow and black cotton.

Those who adhere to the beach dress are wearing an ensemble on the order of the Suzanne Talbot model shown in our upper center photograph. The dress is marine blue and white cotton material, with a leather belt of marine blue. The cape is of marine blue transparent wool crêpe.

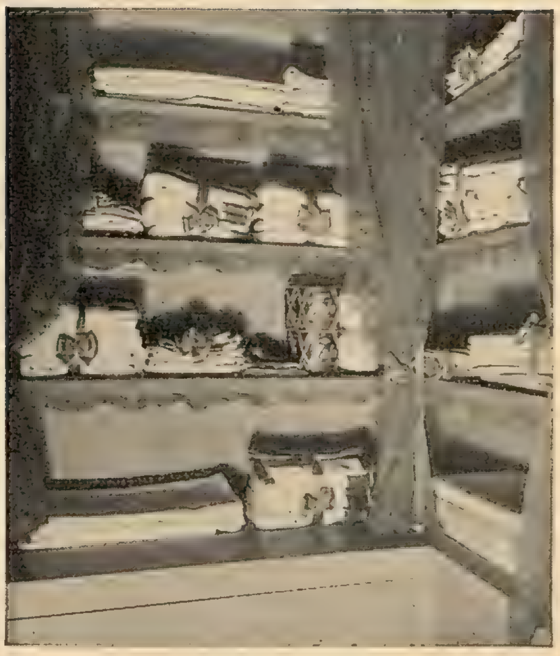


Chantal likes the tailored pyjamas. She made these of green shantung with a white linen blouse and a red belt.

PYJAMAS that are of, by, and for the lady are the Chantal pyjamas in the lower center photograph. These are of light golden-green shantung. The blouse is white linen, and the wide belt and kerchief are a dark red. The trousers of this beach ensemble are very wide. They have a fitted yoke at the top. The short jacket has sawtooth borders in front and around the wrists of the sleeves.

Luxurious pyjamas are shown in our right-hand photograph. Jean Patou creates these with his perfect flair for pleasing particular women. The trousers are like an instep-length skirt of black crêpe printed with a design of field flowers in bright colors. The sleeveless coat is knee-length, and there is a sleeveless blouse of satin.

It's silly to pay more when the **BEST** *now costs so little . . . Buy these*



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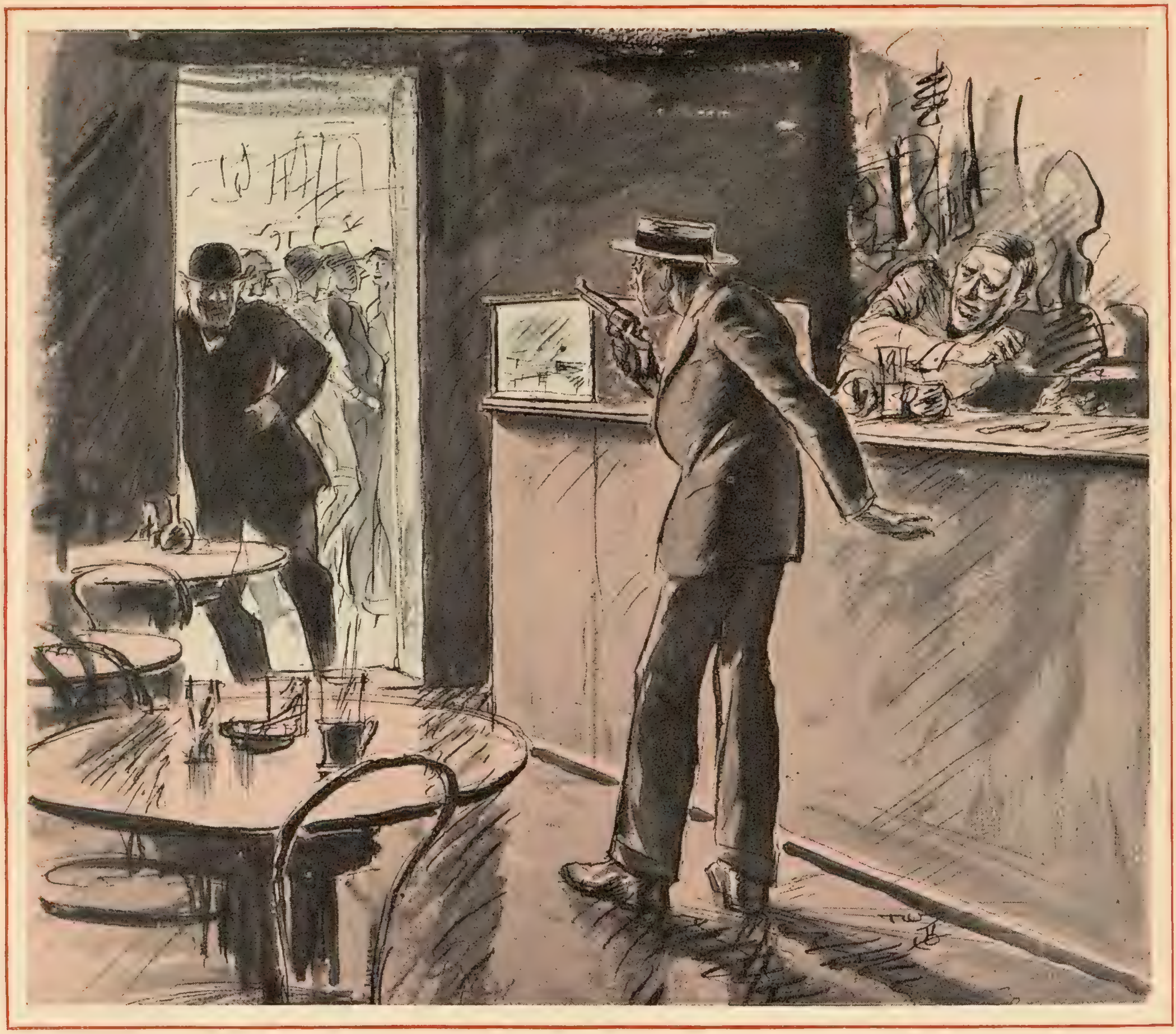

Blower Tod was standing on the threshold. Murph took a backward step and drew his gun.

The HUNTED

A Story of Courage, a Gangster, and a Girl

By

W. R. BURNETT

author of "Little Cæsar" and "The Iron Man." He was born and educated in Ohio and married a Columbus girl. For six years he earned their living as a statistician, having first considered prize fighting, vaudeville, and a jazz band. Finally he became a writer.

Pictures by CAPT. JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

MURPH took off his white coat, washed his hands, combed his hair, and then went back to the bar to wait on a customer while Whitey checked the money in the cash drawer. The customer was already drunk and a couple of steins of needle beer didn't sober him any. He leaned on the bar and stared at Murph.

"Listen, Irish," he said. "Ever hear of old Lefty Tod, used to be the knockout welterweight?"

"Sure," said Murph, glancing back to see if Whitey was ready to take his place behind the bar.

"That's me," said the customer. "Never think it now, would you, and me with this belly? Never think it. But I still got a kick in my left. Want to see?"

He aimed a left at Murph, who drew back wearily and said:

"I believe you. I believe you."

The customer laughed and addressed the empty speakeasy:

"He believes me. He believes me. Yellow bastard—afraid of an old guy's left!"

Murph picked up a glass and began to polish it.

"Yeah," said the customer, "young guy like him afraid of an old guy's left. With that mug of yours, you're a disgrace to the Irish. Put up your hands and come out from behind that bar."

"Never mind," said Murph. "You better go on home and get some sleep."

"Get some sleep, hell!" said the customer. "Come out from behind that bar and I'll show you who ought to get some sleep."

"Aw, go on!" said Murph. "You're plastered."

"Sure I'm plastered. But that ain't no reason for you to insult the best little welterweight this man's town ever seen."

"Never mind," said Murph, glancing back at Whitey.

"Never mind, hell!" said the customer. "I mind, all right. I got a kick like a mule in this left and I'm gonna show you if you can insult the best little—"

"Aw, shut up," said Whitey, turning from the cash drawer, "or I'll throw you out on your neck."

"Who's talking to you?" the customer inquired. "I wasn't talking to you, was I? I was talking to this yellow Irishman here. He's a disgrace to the Irish."

"Shut up or beat it," said Whitey.

"Shut up yourself," said the customer. "I'd hand you a left as quick as I'd look at you."

WHITEY put the money back in the cash drawer, walked around the end of the bar, and took the customer by the lapels.

"You're gonna keep your mouth shut or beat it," he said, shaking him. "You bad guys make me sick."

"Let him alone, Whitey," said Murph. "He's plastered."

"I'm gonna bounce him out on his neck if he don't quiet down," said Whitey. "You're too damn' easy on these guys."

The customer pulled away from Whitey suddenly and hit him with a feeble left. Whitey knocked him down with a straight right, then kicked him a couple of times. Murph ran out from behind the bar and picked the customer up, put his hat on, and guided him to the door.

"Throw him out on his neck," said Whitey, sucking one of his knuckles which was bleeding.

But Murph took the old pug to the door and started him down the street. Then he came back, put on his hat, and said:

"Cash drawer O. K.?"

"Yeah," said Whitey, "but you never collected from that bum that just went out."

"Hell," said Murph.

"It's O. K.," said Whitey. "But look here, Murph. You know you're getting to be too easy. You can't be that way around here. You got to be tough or they'll lay on you, see? You got to show 'em you're tough."

"All right," said Murph. "See you later."

Murphy went over to Mike's for his dinner; then he went up to his room over Mike's, took off his coat and shoes, and lay down on the bed. But he couldn't get to sleep, as he kept thinking about old Lefty Tod and how Whitey had socked him and how the old guy had fallen like a ton of bricks. Murph was too tender-hearted and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE HEART OF YOUR RADIO SET

THE HUNTED
Continued from page sixty-three

he knew it. He had always been that way. When he was a kid in parochial school he was always trying to protect the little kids the school toughs picked on, and afterward, in the factory, Bull Dunnigan had given him a bad beating because he had stood up for a Polack that Dunnigan was bullying. It wasn't because he was yellow—he was strong and tough and a good rough-and-tumble fighter—but he just hated to see people get the worst of it.

MURPH turned and tossed for a while; then he fell asleep. When he woke it was night; he saw a lighted elevated train standing at the station at the end of the street. He looked at his alarm clock. Back on the job in an hour. He washed and put on his coat and shoes, and went down to Mike's for a sandwich before going back to work. When he came in he noticed that Mike turned and whispered something to his wife, who pursed her lips and nodded. But he saw The Duke sitting in the back of the restaurant and went back to sit with him, forgetting all about Mike and his wife.

The Duke had a napkin tucked into his collar and he was eating a big slice of watermelon, spitting the seeds out into his plate and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. The Duke was nearly six feet tall and weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds. His face was round and red, his hair white. He was always smiling and everybody in the neighborhood knew him. He was an ex-soldier, ex-labor-racketeer, ex-policeman, ex-saloon-keeper, and ex-alderman. Now he did nothing and nobody knew how he lived.

"Well, my boy," he said as Murphy sat down across from him, "how's the beer business?"

"It's all right," said Murph.

"Having any trouble with the government dicks?"

"Not that I know of. I just work for Whitey, you know. On a salary, see?"

"Yeah?" said The Duke. "You'll never get to Congress that way. Never work for anybody, kid. No profit in that."

"Well," said Murph, "I got to eat. Money's scarce in this town. Soon as I get a little stake I'm hitting for home."

"What part you from?"

"Pennsylvania. Pittsburgh."

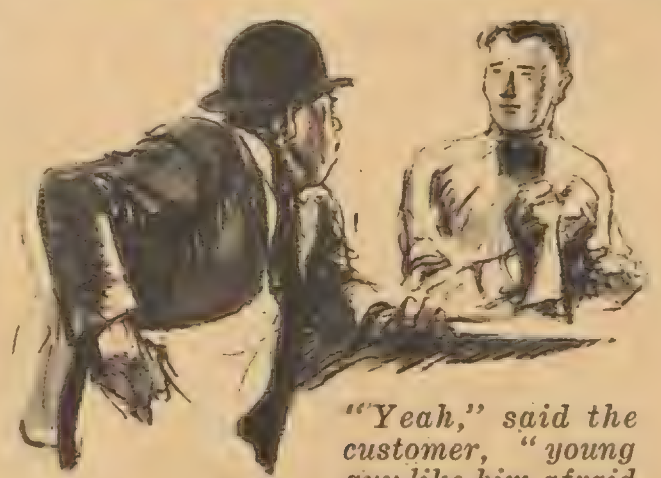
"That's a nice town to be from," said The Duke.

"It's an up-and-up town," said Murph. "I wish I was back. Chi's too tough for me."

"Hell, it ain't tough," said The Duke. "This place is quiet, boy, quiet. I'm telling you straight."

A waiter took Murph's order and carried the remains of The Duke's melon to the kitchen. The Duke took out a cigar, lit it, and tipped back his chair.

"Yes, sir," he said, "Chicago's right quiet lately. Course once in a while some dummy gets up on his hind legs and goes gunning for somebody. But that don't disturb me none. What I say is live and let live; that is, unless some guy won't play that way. That's different."



"Yeah," said the customer, "young guy like him afraid of an old guy's left."

"Most of 'em won't play that way," said Murph.

The Duke laughed, lowered the front legs of his chair, and pulled himself to his feet.

"Well, son, I'm on my way. Drop up and see me some night. I got gin and cigars. I'm getting old, son. Be seventy my next birthday, and when a guy gets that old, why, he's apt to be lonesome. Old men are a damn' nuisance and most people won't put up with them. Now, ain't that right, son?"

"I wouldn't say that," said Murph.

"Good boy," said The Duke.

Murph turned to watch him as he went up to the counter to pay his check. He walked slowly because of his bulk, but he swung his shoulders like a young man sure of himself. Mike leaned on the counter to talk to him. Murph saw The Duke glance in his direction at a word from Mike.

The waiter brought Murph his sandwich and he ate it hastily, wondering what Mike had said about him to The Duke. He left a dime tip for the waiter and went up to the counter to pay his check.

"Hello, Mike," he said. "How's things?"

"O. K.," said Mike, handing him his change. "How's things by you?"

"Fine," said Murph, turning to go.

"Say," said Mike. "Ever hear of Blower Tod?"

"No," said Murph. "Why?"

"I just wondered."

Murph turned and stared at Mike. Mike's wife nudged Mike and said:

"Tell the boy! Tell the boy!"

"Say," said Murph. "What's wrong?"

"Well," said Mike, "Blower Tod's gunning for you, kid. That's all."

"Gunning for me?" said Murph. "Hell, I never heard of him. You got your dates mixed."

"No," said Mike's wife, "we got it straight from Blower himself."

"Yeah," said Mike. "He says you bounced his old man out of Whitey's and broke his nose. You're in a tough spot, kid, 'cause Blower's bad."

Murph looked at the floor and said nothing.

"Blower's running booze for Terry O'Sullivan and he knows he can get away with anything. Better pull out, kid, while you're all together."

Murph ran his hands over his face, stared at the floor for a moment, then said: "Much oblige for the tip."

II

"MURPH," said Whitey, "what's the matter with you lately? You got something on your mind."

"It's the weather," said Murph, avoiding Whitey's eyes. "I never seen such hot weather."

"Yeah," said Whitey, "it's hot all right. But that ain't it. You're in some kind of trouble, Murph. Why don't you let me in on it?"

"You're kidding yourself, Whitey," said Murph. Then, as Whitey said nothing, Murph asked: "Cash drawer O. K.?"

"Yeah," said Whitey.

Murph took off his white coat, put on his street coat, took his hat from the hook, and started out.

"Murph," called Whitey, "you needing money?"

"No," said Murph.

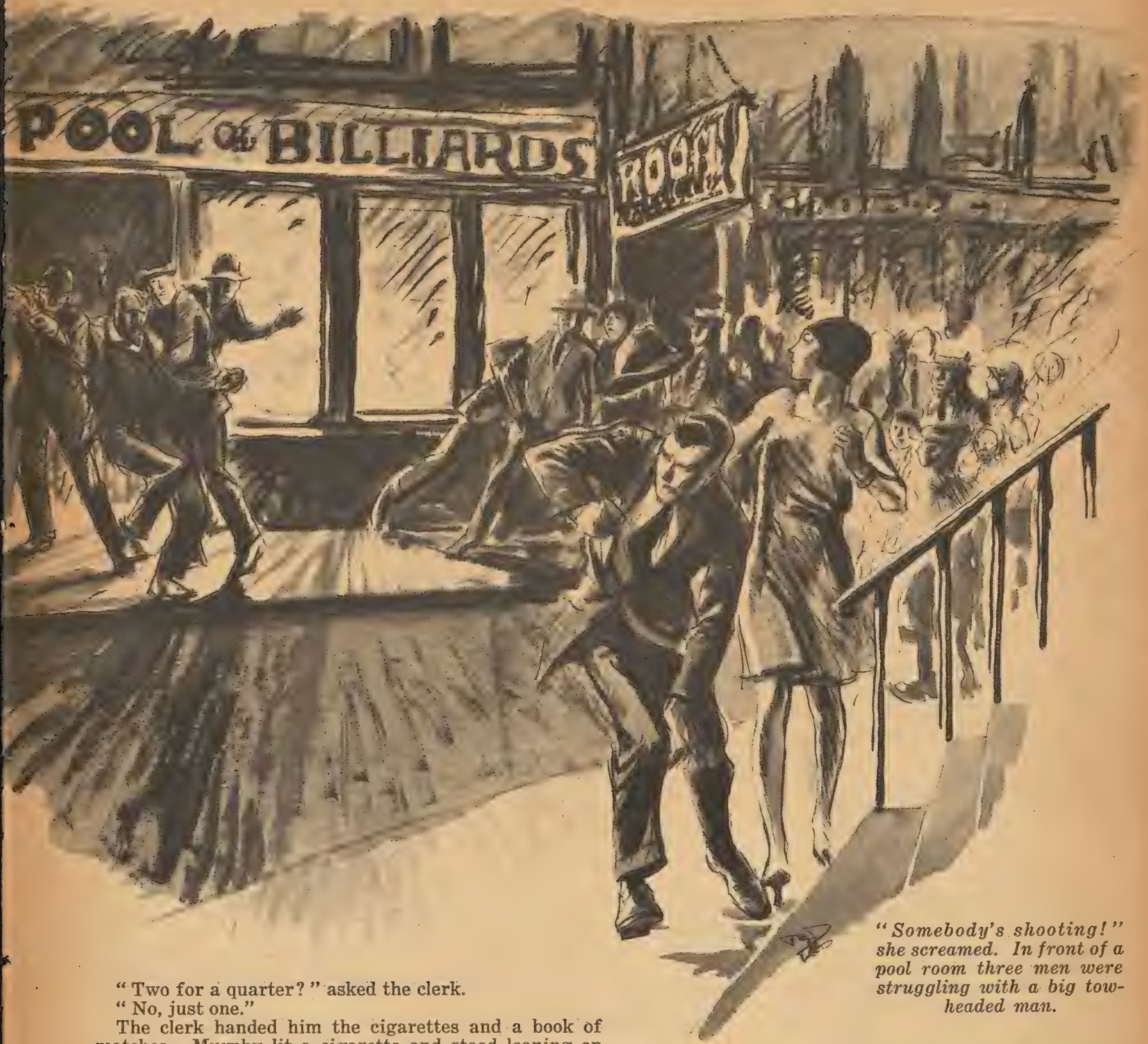
Whitey looked at him for a moment, then he went back behind the bar.

"So long, Whitey," said Murph; "see you later."

"So long."

Before leaving Whitey's Murph looked up and down the street. No one in sight except a couple of Italians swinging picks. He started for his room, but he hadn't gone ten steps when sweat began to stand out all over him and he wanted to break into a run. A man didn't have a chance even in broad daylight when somebody was gunning for him. Every doorway was a potential hiding place for a killer. Before he reached his room, an automobile turned a corner near him suddenly and threw him into a panic. He leaped into a cigar store. The clerk looked up at him in surprise. Murph's face was pale and twitching.

"Camels," he said.



"Somebody's shooting!" she screamed. In front of a pool room three men were struggling with a big tow-headed man.

"Two for a quarter?" asked the clerk.

"No, just one."

The clerk handed him the cigarettes and a book of matches. Murphy lit a cigarette and stood leaning on the counter. His mouth was dry and his heart was beating so loudly he was afraid the clerk could hear it.

"Nice game yesterday," said the clerk.

"Yeah," said Murph.

"Cubs got a good team this year. Ought to get some action," said the clerk.

"Yeah," said Murph. Then suddenly he turned, nodded to the clerk, and walked out of the store.

"Jees," said the clerk, "that guy's hopped to the ears."

MURPH didn't feel like eating, so he went up to his room, took off his coat and shoes, and lay down on the bed. But he couldn't get settled, and twice he got up to see if he had locked the door. He couldn't get Blower Tod out of his mind. Even when he was working, even when the evening customers were keeping him constantly on the go, part of his mind was thinking about Blower Tod and his big automatic. Now, how come this all had to happen to him? He was a right guy, had never caused anybody any trouble, and always tended to his own business. One day he was getting along all right, drawing pretty good money, and not a worry on his mind. The next day the whole thing was upset. He was losing weight; he didn't have any appetite; and he was so nervous he couldn't sleep like he used to, but turned and twisted all night long and had nightmares. If he could only get the whole thing over with. Some day he'd meet Blower on the street and say to him: "Now look here, Tod, you got me wrong. I never done nothing to your old man. I never done nothing to nobody." Only thing was, Tod'd know somebody done something to his old man and that's where Whitey came in. He couldn't put Whitey in no spot like that, 'cause Whitey had picked him up off the street and give him a good job. Course he could always beat it, but he was sick of the rods and wanted to keep on earning money and staying out of jail.

He remembered one night over on Halsted Street. It was hot and everybody was out walking around. He stopped at a penny arcade to kill a little time. He looked at some of the smutty pictures in the penny machines, tested his strength on a punching bag, tried his grip, got perfume squirted on his coat, and got his fortune told. Then he strolled back to the shooting gallery at the rear of the place. A half dozen men were grouped around a big tow-haired man who was shooting at the revolving target and hitting it every time. It was fifteen shots for a quarter and the big guy made every shot count, ringing the bull's-eye fifteen times.

When he put down the gun, one of the group slapped

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE HUNTED
Continued from page sixty-five

him on the back and said: "Atta boy, Blower!" It was Blower Tod.

Murph sat up in bed and cried: "I can't stand it! I can't stand it! It's getting me. I'm going nuts."

He got up and dressed. Then he took a pint bottle of liquor from a cupboard and drank it in three gulps.

III

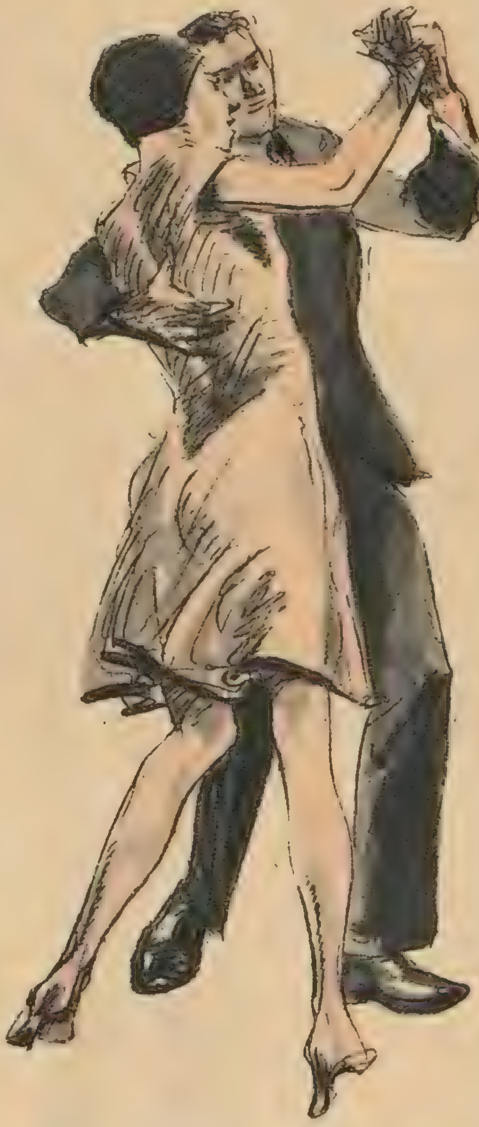
FOURTH of July night Murph got off work at ten o'clock. It had been a tough day. He had worked steadily since nine in the morning, and the joint had done a capacity business. All day long crackers had been exploding in Whitey's. Torpedoes had been flung at the bar and even at the mirror behind it. One guy had got a bad burn by holding on to a big cracker too long, but he had laughed, tied a handkerchief around his hand, and gone on drinking.

Well, it was all right for other people, but not for Murph. Every time a cracker or a torpedo exploded, he shook all over, and several times he felt himself to see if he had been hit.

All along the street kids were shooting off Roman candles and rockets, and a bunch of hoodlums were on one corner throwing torpedoes at the passing automobiles. Murph hurried along toward his room, keeping close to the store fronts. When he got to his room, he sat down in a chair by the window, put his hands to his face, and began to cry. He couldn't help it; his nerves were shot. Pretty soon he got up, took a pint from the cupboard, and drank it. Then he began to undress, but somebody knocked at the door. His first impulse was to dive under the bed, but he stifled it, and stood in the middle of the room, trembling. The knocking continued. Finally he called:

"Who's there?"

"It's me, Murph. It's Mary."



They danced and Mary kept telling him what a great guy he was.

Mary was a waitress he had spent a couple of nights with. She lived across the hall, worked twelve hours a day in a sandwich shop, and picked up what she could in the neighborhood. He ran over to unlock the door, sighing with relief.

"Gee," said Mary when he opened the door, "what you got your lights out for? Going to bed?"

She put her arm around him. He put his arms around her and kissed her.

"Jees, I'm glad to see you," said Murph. "Suppose we have a party."

"O. K.," said Mary. "How come you been dodging me lately, Murph?"

"I ain't."

"Yes, you have," said Mary. "You been going right past me and not seeing me."

"Honest to God, Mary," said Murph, "I didn't know it."

"Well, anyway," said Mary, "let's go up on the roof and see the fireworks."

THEY went up on the roof. It was a nice night, with a cool breeze now that the sun had gone down, and a sky full of stars. Some of the other people that lived in the building were up on the roof, and one man had even brought up some chairs for his wife and kids. They leaned on the parapet, put their arms around each other, and watched the fireworks. In all directions red and green flares were burning, rockets and Roman candles were going up, and crackers popping. There was a smell of burned powder in the air.

"This sure is a safe and sane Fourth all right," said Mary, laughing.

But Murphy was thinking about Blower Tod and said nothing.

After a while they got tired of watching the fireworks and decided to go down and get some sandwiches and coffee at Mike's. Mary walked with her arm around Murph and kept talking to him, but he said nothing.

"Say," she said finally. "What's wrong with you, anyway? You're about as sociable as a strange police dog."

"I'm just thinking," said Murph.

"Lined up a new sweet mama?"

"I should say not."

"Don't kid me. I know."

"I was just thinking, that's all."

"Your new mama must be out of town," said Mary, hugging him.

THEY went into Mike's and got a table near the front. The place was full and in the back some drunks were firing off torpedoes. Mike walked around, pale and determined, balancing a tray.

"It's been a hard day for everybody," said Mary, jerking her head at Mike. "Down where I work they like to run me ragged."

"Me, too," said Murph.

They ate their sandwiches and drank their coffee in silence. When they went up to the front counter to pay the check, Mike's wife leaned over and whispered to Murph:

"That friend of yours was in here tonight."

"Yeah?" said Murph, swallowing and trying to grin.

"Yeah," said Mike's wife, "and he was so boiled he could hardly stand up."

"That so?" said Murph.

Murph and Mary left the restaurant and Murph started for the doorway next to the restaurant which led up to his room, but Mary pulled him the other way.

"Let's take a walk," she said.

"No," said Murph, "let's hit the hay."

"No," said Mary, "I want to take a walk first."

"Well," said Murph, "if you got to take a walk, we'll take one."

They turned into a side street and started to walk toward the lake. In front of an old stone house with a long flight of stone steps leading up to it, a group of kids were setting off firecrackers. Murph and Mary walked around them and went on. Suddenly Murph bent over and slapped his leg; something had stung him. Just as he bent over, he heard a low whine and something struck a stone step in front of him and ricocheted, knocking off his hat. Mary stood looking down at him with her mouth open.

"Somebody's shooting! Somebody's shooting!" she screamed.

Murph, stunned, unable to run, straightened up and looked across the street. In front of a pool room three men were struggling with a big tow-headed man, whose hat was off and who was swearing at the top of his voice. It was Blower.

"Let's beat it," said Murph. "That guy must be crazy."

He took Mary by the hand and they ran down an alley, doubled back, and went up to his room. She turned on the lights and made Murph lie down on the bed. Then she pulled up his right pants leg. The bullet, cutting across in front of him, had made a long, narrow hole in his trousers. He was bleeding slightly.

"Only a little scratch," said Mary. "'Tain't nothing."

She ran across to her room for iodine, and Murph lay staring at the ceiling, grinding his teeth.

IV

IT was about twelve o'clock one night when Murph knocked at The Duke's door. The Duke lived in a little flat over a drug store, and it was said that he had never locked a door in his life. "Come in," called The Duke, and Murph opened the door. He stood hesitating on the threshold. The Duke was sitting in front of a window with his shirt turned in and a big white handkerchief in his hand. There was a fifth of gin and a half dozen lemons on the table beside him.

"Well, well," said The Duke. "Come in and pull up a chair, son. Ever drink gin? I drink it 'stid of water. It makes me fat."

Murph stood turning his hat in his hands.

"I want to see you about a little matter," he said.

"O. K.," said The Duke. "If you're in a jam remember this: I'm short on money, but long on advice. Sit down."

Murph sat down and tried to smile. He refused The Duke's offer of a drink and sat watching The Duke while he sucked a lemon, then took a swallow of gin.

"It's my own system," said The Duke. "Lemon and gin. The lemon kills the taste of the gin and the gin kills the taste of the lemon. Perfect."

Murph tried to laugh, but his hands were trembling and he had a pulling sensation in his stomach. The Duke narrowed his eyes and stared at Murph.

"What's the matter, kid?" he said. "Been using the white stuff?"

"No," said Murph, "but I'm all shot just the same. I wouldn't tell nobody but you. There's a guy gunning for me and it's getting my goat."

THE Duke ran his hands down over his face and began to twirl his mustache.

"Is this guy gunning for you for sure, or is he just shooting off his mouth?"

"He's gunning," said Murph. "He damn' near got me the Fourth."

He pulled up his pants leg and showed The Duke the sticking plaster on his leg.

"Un hunh," said The Duke.

Murph's shoulders began to shake and a look of acute misery crossed his face.

"I can't stand it, Duke!" he cried. "I can't stand it no longer. I'm going nuts, Duke. I can't sleep nor I can't eat. I wish to God he'd got me."

"Hell!" said The Duke. "You're a pretty likely-looking kid, Murph. You got a yellow streak?"

Murph looked up suddenly at The Duke.

"Who the hell says I have?"

"I'm asking you, kid. I'm asking you," said The Duke, taking another suck at a lemon, followed by a drink of gin.

"It's this way," said Murph. "Some guy's sore 'cause he said I chucked his old man out in the street and busted his nose. See? But it wasn't me. Whitey socked the guy 'cause he got fresh, and all I did was help him get started home. Honest to God, I was gentle with him, see, 'cause I felt sorry for him. But I can't put Whitey in no spot like that."

The Duke nodded and went on pulling at his mustache.

"You see," said Murph, "I comes in on the rods, and was I broke! I didn't have a thin dime. Whitey takes me right off the street and gives me a good job, so there you are. I'm not putting Whitey in no bad spot."

"Good," said The Duke.

"But here's the thing," Murph went on. "I'm all shot, and I ain't doing Whitey a bit of good the way I am—forgetting orders and getting the money balled up. But he thinks I'm sick, see, or in some kind of a jam, and he don't say nothing."

"Whitey's a right guy," said The Duke.

"You said it."

"Well," said The Duke, "if you're dead scared of getting bumped, why don't you blow?"

"Where to? Summer ain't gonna last forever. When winter comes on I want a place to stay and a job. I ain't a regular 'bo. I just work at it in the summer sometimes. I ain't been saving my money. You know how that is. And I ain't gonna blow into Pittsburgh without no job nor no money. I'm stuck, that's all."

"I got you," said The Duke.

"You see," said Murph, "this is soft money for me. I've put up tents with a circus and swung a sledge in a foundry and cut timber and stacked wheat, and this is soft money, see? I hate to get run out of a snap

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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A NATIONAL TRAVEL SYSTEM

THE HUNTED
Continued from page sixty-seven

like this just 'cause some dummy starts to rare!"

"I heard something about all this," said The Duke. "Who's the guy?"

"Blower Tod."

"Lefty Tod's kid, hunh?"

The Duke lay back in his chair and laughed.

"Well," he said, "if he ain't got any more guts than his old man, you got a cinch."

"He burned me once," said Murph.

"Yeah," said The Duke, "but he don't figure you'll burn him back."

Murph stared at The Duke, but said nothing.

"Yeah," said The Duke, "he's got everything on his side. He does the hunting and you do the dodging. It's funny what a big difference it makes to a guy which side of the fence he's on. Blower's got all the brass in the world now 'cause he's on the right end of the gun. Put him on the wrong end and see how long it lasts. I know that family. I seen his old man lay down like a dog 'cause a little Italian boy hit him half a dozen body blows, and me with five leaves on him."

Murph sat staring at The Duke; the color had already begun to come back into his face.

"If you're dead set on sticking it out," said The Duke, "listen: get yourself a gat and put some lead in it. Pack it and let people know it. Tell everybody you meet that you're gunning for Blower Tod and you're gonna blow him into Indiana. Get the idea? In twenty-four hours you'll be so tough you'll be scared of yourself. And if I know my Tods, in a day or so Blower'll forget all about gunning for you or anybody else. He'll be too busy running."

"It's an idea," said Murph. "Course I wouldn't really bump the guy, but it's an idea."

THE Duke pulled himself to his feet, opened a bureau drawer, and took out a big blue-steel revolver and a shoulder holster.

"Here you are, kid," he said. "The Duke's gonna give you a lift 'cause you're a right guy. Strap this cannon on, then see how different you feel."

Murph held the weapon in his hands for a few minutes, staring at it, then he took off his coat, strapped on the holster, pulled it down under his left armpit, and put the gun in it. He stood in the middle of the room grinning at The Duke. The gun felt heavy, but it felt good.

"Now," said The Duke, "remember this: plans don't always work out. I'm just trying to do the best I can for you. But if you get yourself shot up, don't blame me. I'll send flowers, but that's all."

Murph felt better already. He even found himself thinking about taking Mary down to Oak Street beach some night. His death didn't seem so certain now; there was a doubt about it.

"Another thing," said The Duke. "I'll fix your bull for you. O'Shay's a right guy and he ain't got no use for Blower Tod, Terry O'Sullivan or no Terry. So put it on big."

"O. K.," said Murph.

Then he took a pint of gin from his hip pocket.

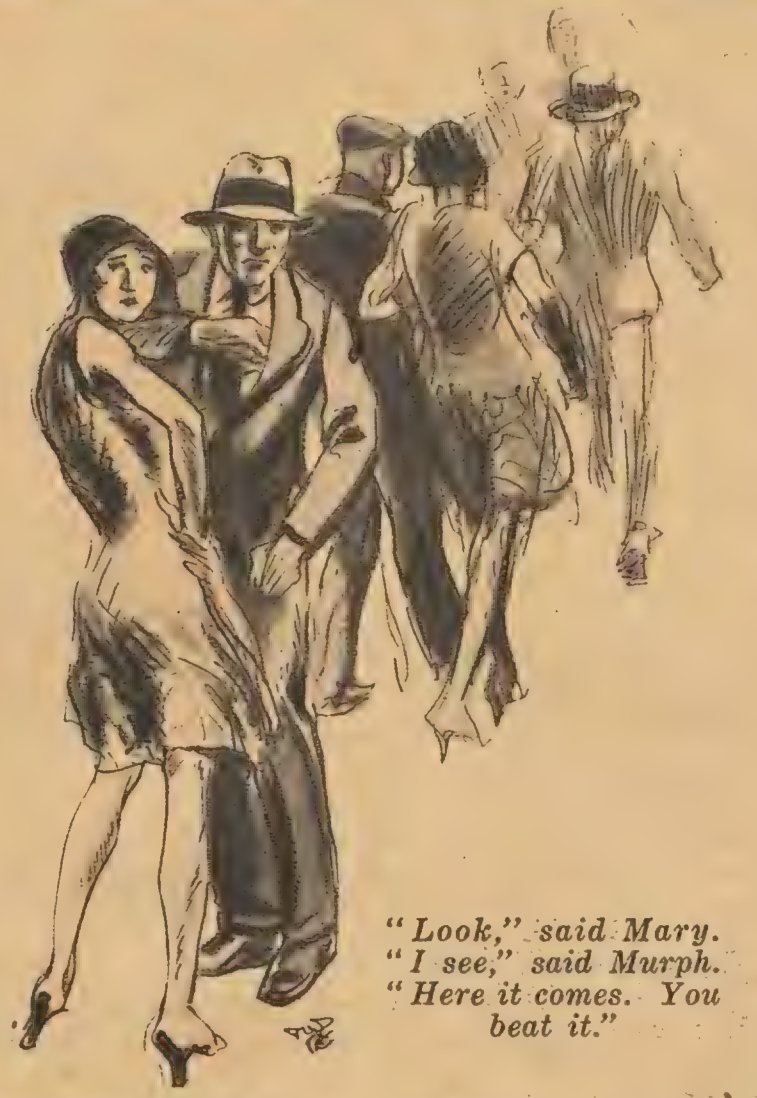
"Here's a little present for you, Duke," he said.

The Duke took the pint, uncorked it, and ran it under his nose a few times.

"Well," he said, "I guess it's no worse than mine. Thanks."

Before going home, Murph stopped in a pool room to buy some cigarettes. On the front table four of the Five Corners gang were shooting pay ball. Murph lit a cigarette, pushed open his coat, and stood watching them with his hands on his hips. Red Sweeney was the first to notice him; he saw the strap of the shoulder holster and the determined look on Murph's face.

"Say," said Murph. "Any you guys know where Blower Tod is?"



"Look," said Mary. "I see," said Murph. "Here it comes. You beat it."

SWEENEY rubbed one hand over his face; the others looked up. The one who had been shooting stood with his cue poised.

"No," said Sweeney.

"Well," said Murph, "when you see him, tell him I'm looking for him."

"He's looking for you," said Sweeney.

"Well, tell him he knows where I work. I'm there every day. Tell him I'm damn' anxious to see him."

"O. K.," said Sweeney.

Murph stood and watched the game for a moment, then he went out. As soon as he was gone, Sweeney walked over and put a nickel in the pay phone.

When Murph passed Mike's window, he saw Mike standing at the counter in the front so he went in.

"Hello," said Mike.

"Hello," said Murph. "Ain't seen that bastard of a Blower around here, have you?"

Mike's mouth fell open and he just stood there.

"If you do," Murph went on, "tell him I'm looking for him."

He pulled back his coat and stood leaning on the counter. Mike saw the holster strap and grinned.

"Can't scare you, can they, kid?"

"Not a chance," said Murph. "Just tell anybody that asks you that Blower Tod's number's up."

When he was climbing the stairs to his room, he began to have qualms. This was all pumped-up stuff. Blower would laugh at him and bump him off. He'd be sorer than ever now, and he wouldn't let anything stand in his way. Murph began to shake all over and he hurried to his room, double locked the door, and crawled under the sheets, fully dressed. Suddenly he sat up.

"I ain't yellow! I ain't yellow! If he fools around with me, I'll fill him full of holes."

V

"WHITEY," said Murph, "I was figuring I'd kind of like to take my girl down to Muny Pier for some dancing. I was just wondering . . ."

Whitey nodded.

"Sure," he said. "Mut and I'll worry along."

Murph took off his bar coat, washed himself, carefully combed his hair, then he reached under the bar, got his holster, and strapped it on.

"One of these days you're gonna hurt yourself with that cannon," said Whitey. "Fool around with guns long enough and you'll get burnt. Just like women."

Murph laughed.

"I ain't fooling," said Whitey. "I been in this racket for five years and I never yet seen a guy that packs a rod that hasn't got himself in a jam just on account of it. You better put that heater away."

"Not until," said Murph.

"Hell," said Whitey, "that's all over with. I ain't seen hide nor hair of Blower nor his old man since the Fourth."

Murph took a note out of his pocket and handed it to Whitey, who read it and whistled.

"Trying to scare you out, hunh? Say, why don't you tip O'Shay off and let him have a talk with this big bum? O'Shay don't like that Five Corners mob much, anyway."

"I'll do my own fighting," said Murph.

"Un hunh," said Whitey, "and you'll do your own dying. Yeah. How comes these dumb eggs has always got to be popping at each other? What the hell! Ain't there business enough and room enough for everybody? Look at Buggsy. Now there wasn't no use in him getting himself shot up like that. That one arm of his'n won't never be no good."

Murph winced slightly and looked at the floor.

"Yeah," Whitey went on, "I been in this racket five years and I never seen the day I'd pack a rod. That's all bunk."

"You let me alone, Whitey," said Murph. "I'm running this show. Anyway, wasn't you the guy that told me I ought to get tough? Well?"

"All right," said Whitey. "But getting tough and packing a rod are two different things."

"Never mind," said Murph.

He took his straw hat from the hook and started for the door.

"Yeah," called Whitey, "and it was me that done the busting, anyway. How come they don't come popping at me? I told Red Sweeney, but he just laughed."

"I know," said Murph. "He thought you was trying to give me some protection. You keep out of this, Whitey."

"Well," said Whitey, "all I got to say is, you're a square shooter, kid; and you got a lifetime job if you live that long."

"So long, Whitey," said Murph.

"So long."

MURPH went over to Mike's to wait for Mary. Mike was out, but Alonso, the counterman, nodded and smiled when Murph came in. Because of the feud Murph had become known all over the neighborhood. Blower Tod's friends had been telling everybody that Murphy's number was up; and Murph's friends had been telling everybody the same about Blower. The neighborhood watched the feud with detachment. It was neither sympathetic nor appalled, merely curious. There had even been some bets made on the outcome, with Murph on the short end.

"Seen Mary?" asked Murph.

"Yeah," said Alonso; "she went upstairs for a minute. Said she'd be right down."

"O. K.," said Murph. "Give me a cup of Java."

Alonso drew the coffee, then stood with his elbows on the counter and watched Murph drink it.

"Murph," he said, "they tell me Blower got through with an empty truck yesterday. Got hijacked. Terry O'Sullivan's raving. That's what Red Sweeney says, anyway. Sore at Blower and Blower's sore at Terry and everybody else. So there you are. It's a tip."

"Nobody's seen Blower lately," said Murph. "He must be hiding."

Alonso laughed.

"Think so? Me, I don't know. Blower's a busy guy."

Murph raised his eyes to Alonso's face, ready to make some retort, but Alonso's expression warned him that something was wrong. He lowered his coffee cup slowly and turned to look in the direction Alonso was looking. Blower Tod was standing on the threshold. Beefy face, big shoulders, derby hat, and all. Murph took a backward step, dropped his cup, which smashed on the tile floor, and drew his gun. But Blower ducked, put his arm over his face, and ran. Murph, shaking all over, stood with his gun in his hand for a long time. Then he put it away and turned to look at Alonso. But Alonso had disappeared. He was lying on the floor behind the counter.

"Jees," said Murph, "he beat it!"

Alonso got shakily to his feet.

"He beat it," Murph reiterated.

"Well, can you tie that!" said Alonso, dropping his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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SPALDING SWIMMING SUITS

THE HUNTED
Continued from page sixty-nine

hands on the counter. "That big bum must be yellow."

Murph laughed. Hell, he couldn't see what he had been worrying about all this time. Why, this Tod was a four-flusher just like The Duke said. No more worrying for Murph. No more hugging the wall, no more watching his shadow on the window blind, no more sleepless nights and feverish days, no more packing a heavy gun and being tough and blowing off his mouth.

Murph began to whistle.

"But maybe he wasn't packing his rod," said Alonso.

Murph stopped whistling to stare at Alonso.

"He always packs a rod," he shouted. "What the hell are you talking about!"

He wanted to take a paste at Alonso, standing safe there behind the counter and thinking up things to destroy his newly recovered peace of mind. Alonso took a step backward and stared at Murph, whose face was contorted.

"Sure," said Alonso, "that's right."

"Sure it's right," said Murph.

MARY came in the front door in a pink summer dress, which was sleeveless and didn't quite reach her knees.

"Here's me, Murph," she said, "all set for Muny Pier."

"Hello, Mary," said Murph. "I just had a run in with our old friend Blower Tod."

"Yeah?" said Mary, her eyes big. "What happened?"

"He dogged it," said Alonso. "I mean Blower."

"Wow!" said Mary. "Some class to my Murph."

They took the elevated and got off at Grand Avenue and took a street car. The street car was full and Murph spent most of his time trying to keep Mary from falling. As they got off the car at the end of the line a man jostled Murph heavily. It was Big Joe, one of the Five Corners mob.

"Blower ain't through with you," said Joe. "You caught him with an empty rod."

Murph laughed. "That's his story."

"Yeah?" said Joe.

"Beat it, you big bum," said Mary.

Joe stared at them, then disappeared into the crowd.

Murph's evening was spoiled. He bought tickets and they danced and Mary was cute as she could be and kept telling him what a great guy he was, but it was no use. Every time a shoulder touched him, he whirled abruptly; every time anybody came up behind him he shied off and put his hand inside his coat. Of course you wouldn't expect a guy to take a shot at you in a place like this, but you never know!

About twelve o'clock they started home. On the elevated Murph sat looking at his shoes and Mary couldn't rouse him. Murph was full of despair. For weeks he had been living at a tension, keyed up to a meeting with Blower Tod. Now that the meeting had come and nothing decisive had happened, he felt like a deflated balloon. He just couldn't keep it up any longer. He felt a sudden distaste for The Duke, big and fat, sitting safely in his room and laughing, while some kid he hardly knew was packing his own rod and getting ready for the cemetery. The Duke was wrong. Murph was sure of it. Why, Blower was a tough, a real tough guy!

"Here we are," said Mary, shaking him.

"Hunh?" said Murph.

He followed Mary out into the elevated station and down the stairs. Mary took his arm.

"Don't let it get your goat, kid," she said.

"I'm O. K.," said Murph.

As they crossed the street in front of Mike's they saw two men in the doorway which led up to their rooms.

"Look," said Mary.

"I see," said Murph, who had begun to shake. "Here it comes, kid. You beat it. Run in Mike's."

He wanted to lie down on the sidewalk and pretend he had been suddenly stricken. He wanted to go over and beg Blower's pardon and tell him it was all a mistake. He wanted to run blindly in the opposite direction and yell for help. But he did none of these things. He put his hand inside his coat and walked toward the two men. Mary stood in the middle of the street for a moment, then she made a dash for Mike's, with her hands over her ears.

THE two men stepped out into the light cast by Mike's windows and raised their hands. It was Blower and his old man. Ten paces away from them Murph stopped and stood staring at them, fearing a trap.

"Well?" he said.

"Get your hand off that rod," said Blower. "We're on the square."

"What's the idea?" said Murph.

"Lookee here, Mr. Murphy," said Old Tod, "what you gunning for my boy for?"

"He's gunning for me," said Murph.

"Hell, no!" said Old Tod. "He was just fooling."

Murph laughed.

"I guess he burnt me on the Fourth, didn't he?"

Blower shifted his feet and lowered his head.

"They put me up to it," he said. "I wasn't figuring to hit you."

Mike, Alonso, Mary, and Mrs. Mike all came out of the restaurant and stood looking at the Tods.

"Well," said Murph, swelling out his chest and keeping his hand on his gun, "what you guys got on your minds?"

"Here's how it is," said Old Tod. "You boys just forget all your troubles and shake hands. That's what I say. No use fer two upstanding boys like you to be running around popping at each other. I guess I ought to had my nose busted, shooting off my mouth like I was."

"Sure," said Blower, "I'd 've busted it myself."

Murph took his hand out of his coat and the Tods hesitated, then lowered their hands.

"Well," said Murph, "if you guy's 're on the square it's all right with me. But get this: I'll still be packing a rod just in case."

Blower stepped up quickly to shake hands and the old man followed suit. Blower was grinning and Murph saw that when he grinned he looked like a big overgrown kid. Murph couldn't understand how he could have been so scared of Blower Tod. Why, he could lick him in a rough-and-tumble fight without half trying.

"Did you kiss and make up?" called Mary.

"Yeah," said Blower, grinning. "Ain't neither of us ready for slow music yet."

Murph lay on the bed singing as loudly as he could and beating out the time on the wall with his feet, while Mary made some coffee on her little oil stove.

"Say, Irishman," she said, "will you pipe down! There's a guy sleeps next door that's crabby as the devil and he'll be raring in a minute."

"Let him rare," said Murph. "Ain't I got a right to celebrate?"

"You already celebrated," said Mary, laughing, "and how!"

THE END

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MAKE-UP for the EYES

By EILEEN BOURNE

NO matter how crudely rouge may be laid on a cheek, it cannot begin to do to a nice face what inexpertly applied eye make-up will do. The eyes and lips, it must be borne in mind, are the expressive features. Therefore they should be treated to the most conscientious make-up study. Either that or they should be left alone—the eyes particularly.

Practice and practice and practice eyelid, eyelash, and eyebrow tinting before appearing in public. If you are uncertain about what shade shadow, mascara, or eyebrow pencil to use, consult an expert who can study you first hand. Pay for one good make-up lesson. Try blue eye shadow if you haven't yet discovered its youthful, flattering tone. There are clear blue and green blue to be had. There is green shadow, lovely with hazel eyes and gray, that contributes warmth and depth to a pale eye. There is black and brown shadow for the brunette and for the woman who knows the meaning of sophisticated restraint.

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After cleansing, powder the face, brushing off surplus powder.

Eye shadow should be put on at the lashes, shading off toward the eyebrow.

Color top lashes, curling them upward; the lower lashes downward. Do not bead. Use more water than color.

Go lightly on shading the eyebrow; more lightly toward the outer edge. An artful art, that only practice will teach.

Photos by Nickolas Muray

EILEEN BOURNE has written for Liberty readers an entirely new 64-page Book of Beauty that will prove of invaluable aid to those who would always look their best. Miss Bourne's new book (not a reprint of her previous one), smartly illustrated and attractively printed, contains up-to-the-minute advice on Make-up, the Skin, Posture, and many other factors of charm. The price is 10 cents. Fill out the coupon and send for your copy today.

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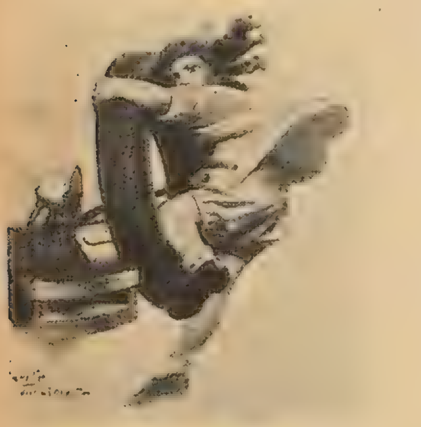
DANGER!

A New FOR THE LOVE o' LIL

"I WISH it would rain, so we could walk in puddles," Gwendolyn told Ulysses, as they sat on his front steps. "Your shoes look too good. D'you know what they need?"

"What does what need?" he asked stupidly. In reality they shared the same step, but mentally little U. might have been sitting on the moon.

"Your shoes, dumb-head! Your shoes need mud on the top, on the bottom, inside and outside—and, gee, how I wish it would rain!"



This week's cover picture.

"Mud?" Ulysses said in a hollow voice. "Mud?"

"*Mud!*" she yelled, cupping her hand against his left ear. "What's the matter? Are you mama's little deaf pet? P'rhaps you got mud in your ears. Lemme see!" And she stared into his left ear.

"I'se clean," U. boasted. "We have a tub home."

"A tub?" shrieked Gwen, banging her heels on the step until it sounded like the beginning of a parade. "*A* tub—just one tub for everybody? Just one tub for your mother, your father, your cook, and the kittens?"

"We got a tub upstairs—" U. began.

"Gee, you're dumb," she butted right in. "First you talk about mud, an' then you talk about the one tub in your house. Mr. One Tub! Mr. One Tub!"

"Oh, go home and take a bath," Nannie, the cook, mumbled over her work. "Lock yourself in and keep your mouth under the water."

Gwen and U. watched a sparrow fight and then ran out on the lawn to hunt for feathers.

"See?" Gwen asked, holding up a chicken feather that had blown from some chicken yard. "A bird dropped that. Take it an' put it in your pocket. You come here every day, and if you look good an' hard you'll find one every day, an' you can make a pillow for your mother."

"Oh!" Her advice sounded so mixed up that he couldn't make head or tail of it. He looked around for feathers, but Gwen seemed to have found every one.

"Sodas!" she whispered. "Let's go an' ask your mother for money. She's rich."

"She's out," he said. "Nannie's in."

"Nannie?" She laughed. "She's a crab."

"I'm a crab?" Nannie demanded at the door. "Take this thirty cents and get out. Get—"

They got out, bound for sodas—or sundaes, in case they changed their minds, or cones, in case they changed their minds again.

But they didn't go to the candy store. They reached Mrs. Lundy's house around the corner—and stood agog. A yellow awning stretched from curb to door. They heard music inside.

"A *wedding!*" Gwen yelled as a taxi drove up. "My mother told me about it. Miriam Lundy's marryin' some bug from somewhere. We should've brought rice."

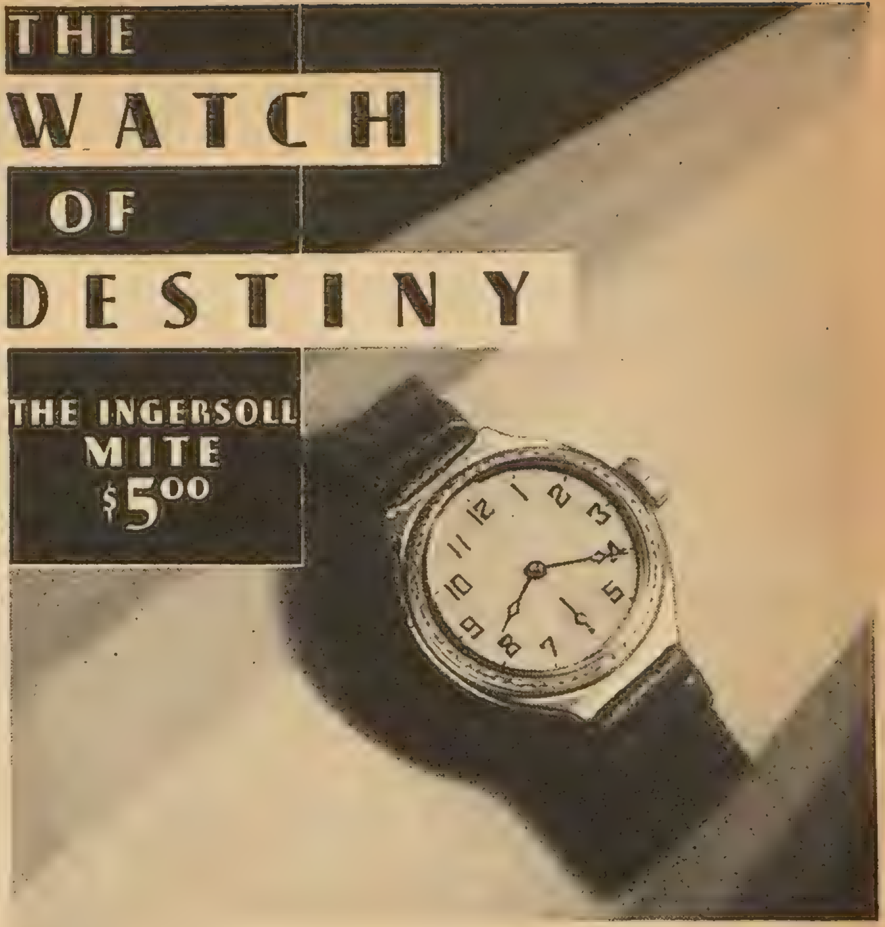
"Rice for the bug?" U. asked, watching a fat woman in fussy silk walk up under the awning.

"Rice for the bride, dumbbell," scowled Gwen. "Ask the ladies goin' in for some rice, an' when the bride parade starts, go right in an' pitch it. Gee, look at that yellow roadster. I'm goin' for a hitch!"

"Hitch? Let me hitch, too. Let me—"

Gwen didn't answer. She had a weak grasp on the extra tire, and her fingers were slipping as the car jerked away. For a block she clung there like a frightened blue monkey, but there was a curve ahead. Danger!

(Next week's cover adventure: The Glorious Fourth)



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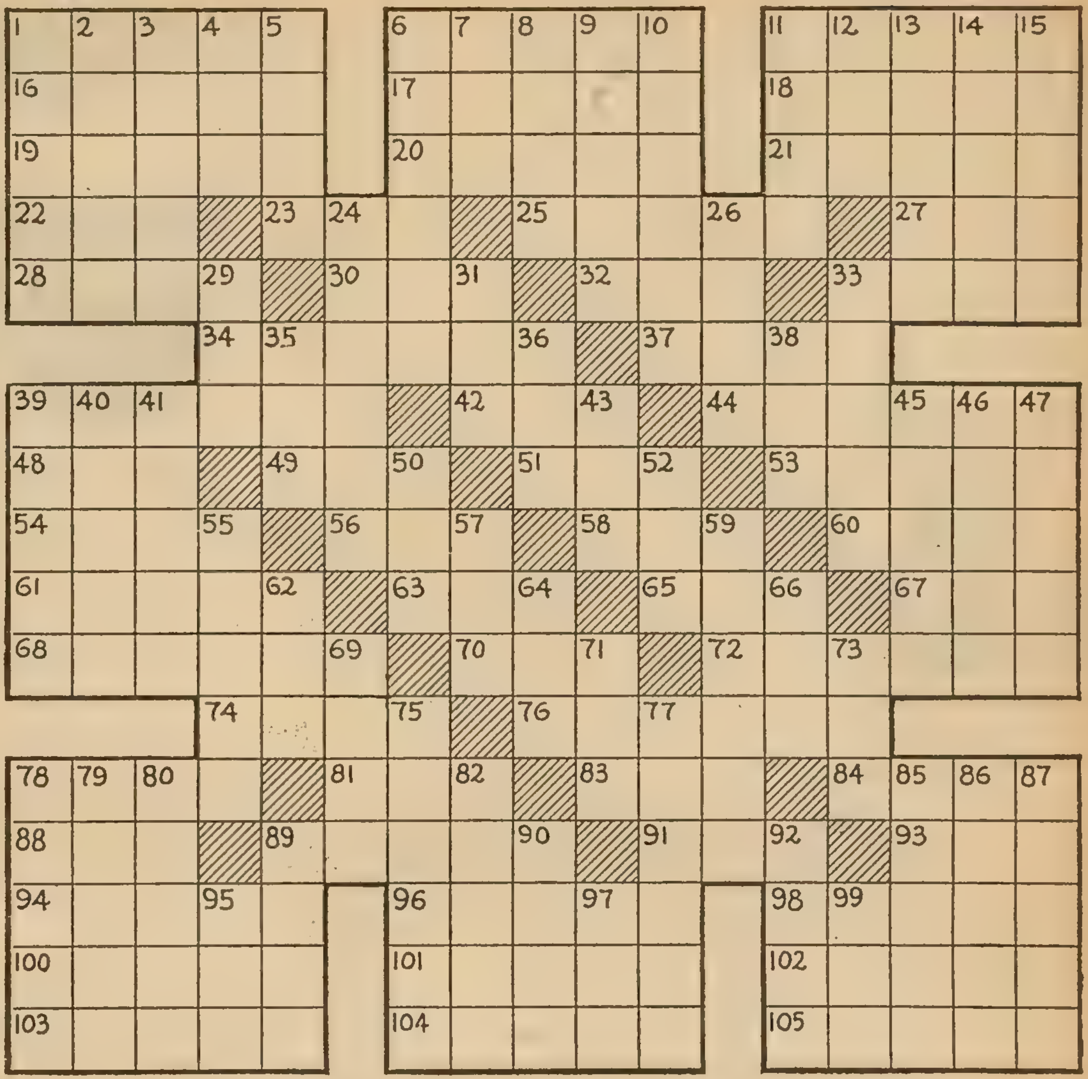
Cross Words

A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1 Biblical name
6 Causes to cease
11 Cripples
16 Winged
17 Hourly
18 Scent
19 Outlines
20 Growing out
21 Proof reader's mark
22 Cardinal number
23 Article
25 Legal claims
27 Pronoun
28 Break suddenly
30 Corroded
32 Eggs
33 Terminates
34 Ascended
37 Wickedness
39 Part of a seed plant
42 Authoritative rule
44 Expunged
48 Man's name
49 Couch
51 Fondle
53 French storehouse
54 Illuminating device
56 Immerse
58 Small mark
60 Spirit; dash
61 American Indians
63 No
65 Street urchin
67 A month (abbr.)
68 Annoyed
70 A tomtit
72 Stamps
74 Allowance for waste
76 Flocks of birds
78 Arabian garments
81 Measures of area
83 By; in place of
84 Entangles
88 A container
89 Blemishes
91 Kind of worm
93 Wager
94 Declaim
96 Of a pole
98 Abscond
100 A fusible substance
101 Wear away
102 Helper
103 Thoroughly skilled
104 Stitched
105 Lining, as of a well

VERTICAL

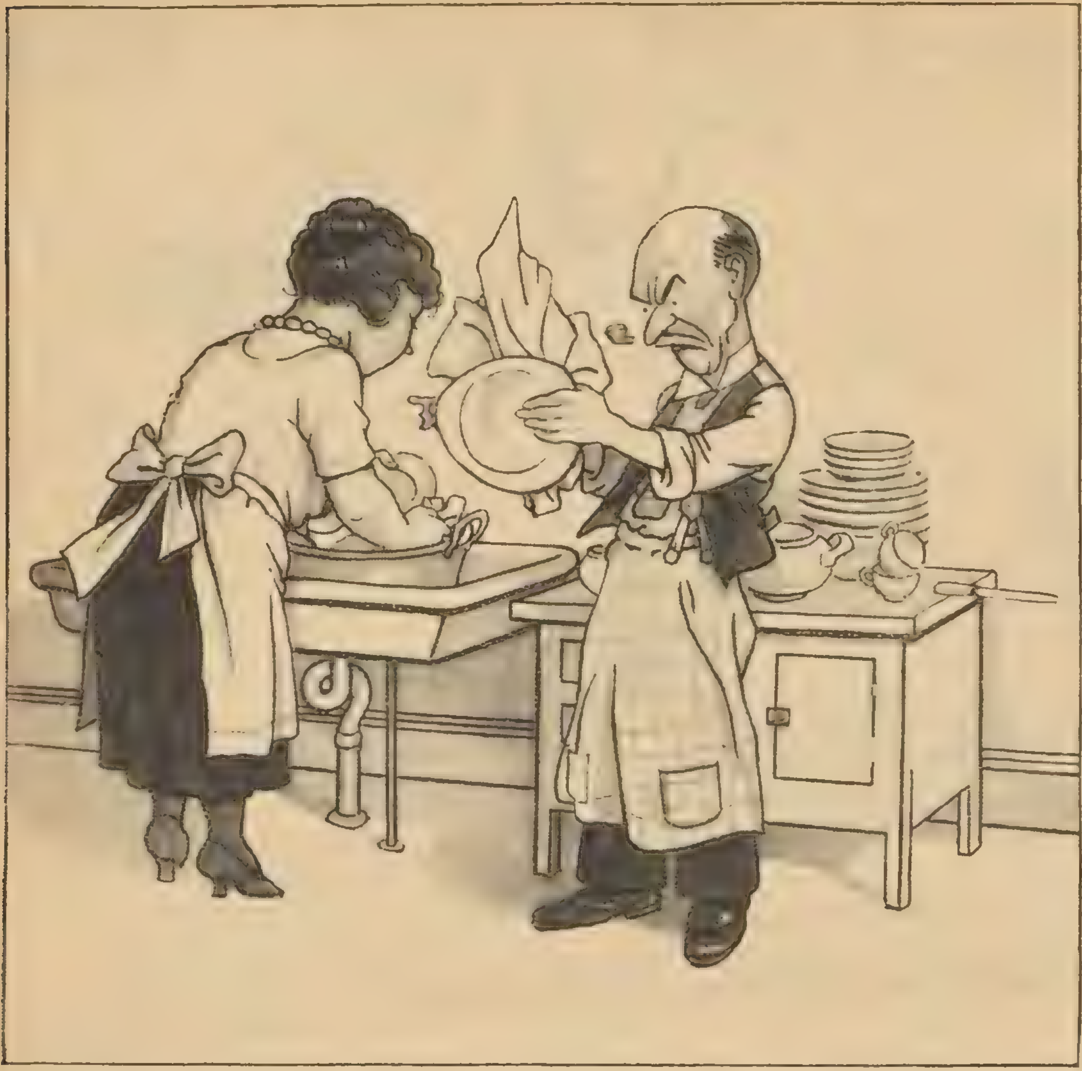
1 Stops
2 Foreign
3 Food from heaven
4 Infatuation
5 Cozy abode
6 Bedclothes
7 Measure of weight
8 Verbal
9 Inner court
10 Part of a coat
11 Stick-lac (plural)
12 A constellation
13 Feeble-minded person
14 Amend
15 Satiates
24 Accosted; addressed
26 Part of a church
29 Strike lightly
31 A fish
33 Puff up
35 Vein of a leaf
36 A sleep
38 Anger
39 A guide
40 Angry
41 Pacific island group
43 Espouse
45 Reception room
46 Excess of a calendar month over a lunar month
47 Small hollows
50 Noise
52 Small child
55 Nuisances
57 Cooking vessel
59 Candles
62 East Indian weight
64 Nervous twitching
66 Free from moisture
69 Distribute
71 Topmost part
73 Theory
75 Figures of speech
77 Turned; shifted
78 South American boa
79 Made naked
80 Size of type
82 A shop
85 Dwelling
86 Wigwam
87 Severe
89 Girdle
90 Sluggish; lingering
92 Large waves
95 Faucet
97 American author
99 Illuminated

DASH SCARP BAIL
KOREA POWER ADDED
INERT IRENE NEEDY
TON■TANK■EYED■AGE
ERASERS■OWED■USES
ORT■SPED■AT
SCANS■DEED■AVERSE
TANG■BEEN■ERI■AWN
END■PEAR■PAID■GOT
ATE■EER■HARD■HERE
LOSSES■BOSS■EIDER
OR■MALT■PAN
ANON■MOLE■PARTNER
TAV■TARA■MARL■AVE
ORATE ANGER EAVES
METER SCARE SLANT
SEEM SEWED SALT

Answer to last week's puzzle

Don't give up too quickly—but if you MUST know the answer to this puzzle, you will find it on page seventy-eight

How Many Mistakes Here?



Detecting the several mistakes made by the artist in drawing this picture will test your ability to observe details. If any of the errors elude you, turn to the list on page seventy-eight.

WINNERS! Eight New Awards in Liberty's Offer of $10,000 for Mystery Solutions

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND has awarded prizes as follows for the solutions which, in his judgment, were the best of those submitted on The Mystery of the Giant Redwoods, the seventh problem in his recent series of ten for solutions of which Liberty is giving its readers a total of $10,000:

FIRST PRIZE—$500
To George O. Jager,
219 East Charlton Street, Savannah, Georgia.

SECOND PRIZE—$250
To H. L. McCune,
Box 74, El Paso, Texas.

THIRD PRIZE—$100
To William C. Summers,
6047 St. Anthony Court, Chicago, Illinois.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50
To Judge J. E. Lovvorn,
Box 908, Okeechobee, Florida.

FIFTH TO EIGHTH PRIZES—$25 EACH

To Carroll E. B. Peeke, the Call-Bulletin, San Francisco, California; W. T. Withrow, 159 Plymouth Avenue North, Rochester, New York; D. W. Robinson, 107 Cheney Street, Syracuse, New York; Glenn D. Whisler, Attorney at Law, Room 1007, 308 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

Prize awards for the eighth problem—The Mystery of the Target Range—will be announced next week.

As the above awards indicate, $1,000 is given for solutions of each of the ten mysteries—$10,000 in all. In case of a tie, the prizes are duplicated. Everyone except employees of Liberty and members of their families is eligible.

The series was completed in the issue of May 31, but the lists are still open on The Mystery of Arnold Rothstein, which appeared in the issues of May 24 and May 31, the rule being that solutions must be postmarked within four weeks after the date of the issue in which the story was completed.

Solutions should be mailed to Liberty Mystery Contest, Post-Office Box 480, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

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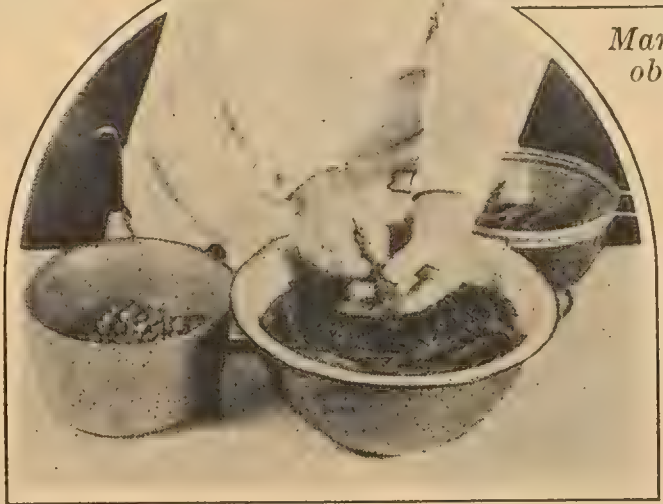
For Midsummer Menus

By ETHEL SOMERS

Many varieties of small pans may be obtained that are ideal for serving individual ice-cream cakes.



To preserve the delicate flavor of fresh garden peas, thoroughly wash the pods before shelling the peas.

MIDSUMMER is the season for fresh green vegetables and delicious iced desserts. Herein you will find some recipes to help you in planning warm-weather menus.

Ice-Cream Cake

(Two white layers)

1 cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons baking powder
2 egg whites, unbeaten
¼ cup butter or butter substitute, melted
½ cup milk
1½ cups all-purpose or bread flour
¼ teaspoon vanilla

PUT all the ingredients in a mixing bowl, adding the melted butter to the milk before pouring it in the bowl. Beat the mixture vigorously for two minutes, divide, and put in two oiled layer-cake pans. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) from twenty to twenty-five minutes, or until the cake shrinks from the edge and is baked enough to spring back when dented lightly in the center. Cool on a cake rack. Spread the bottom layer with ice cream, and cover with crushed sweetened fruit or berries; add the second cake layer and top with whipped cream, decorating it with fruit. Serve at once.

Plain Ice Cream

1 cup cream
3 tablespoons sugar
¾ teaspoon vanilla

WHIP the cream until stiff. Fold in the vanilla and sugar. Pack in salted ice, churn, and freeze. If it is to be frozen in the electric ice box, that is, without churning, fold in also one teaspoon of gelatin dissolved in one teaspoon of water. It will be necessary to heat the gelatin over hot water to dissolve it. Place in the freezing trays and stir every twenty minutes during the first hour, or until the mixture thickens. Let stand until ready to use.

Crushed Sweetened Fruit

1 quart sliced fruit or berries
1¼ cups powdered sugar or 1 cup granulated sugar
¼ cup orange juice, if the fruit or berries seem dry when crushed

RESERVE some of the nicer fruit slices or berries for decorating the top of the cake. Add the sugar and orange juice (if used) and crush with a potato masher.

Fresh June Peas

1 pound peas in pods
1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon sugar
¼ teaspoon salt

IF the pods are thoroughly washed the peas when shelled will be perfectly clean without loss of flavor. Drain and shell the peas. Add one cup boiling water, cover, and boil until tender (fifteen to twenty minutes). Add the seasonings. Serve hot. Peas may be cooked without water in a waterless cooker or in the top of a double boiler, having the lower part one-third full of hot water.

Bouquet Salad

2 tablespoons granulated gelatin
½ cup cold water
¼ cup granulated sugar
¼ cup lemon juice
} or one package of commercially prepared lemon gelatin to which is added ½ cup boiling water
1½ cups ginger ale
¼ cup chopped nut meats
¼ cup chopped celery
1 tablespoon crystallized ginger (if desired)
1 cup mixed fruits, diced

ADD the half cup of water to the plain gelatin or the commercially prepared lemon gelatin. Place over hot water and stir until dissolved. Cool and add the ginger ale. Chill, and when the mixture begins to congeal, stir in the other ingredients. Pour into a mold that has been dampened with cold water. Chill until firm. Invert on a bed of lettuce and remove from the mold by laying a cloth wrung out of hot water momentarily over the top.

Fried Chicken

1¼ pounds chicken
1 teaspoon salt
1/16 teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons flour or cornmeal
1½ tablespoons fat
Lemon or lime wedges and parsley to garnish

ONLY tender young chickens fry satisfactorily. Older chickens should be steamed tender before frying. Clean the chicken thoroughly and disjoint as for stewing. Wash and dry thoroughly. Blend the dry ingredients. (Some people like to add one teaspoon baking powder to the flour to produce a more porous crust.) Roll each piece of chicken in the flour mixture and place in a hot pan together with the melted fat, which may be chicken fat, salt pork, butter or substitute. Continue to cook over a medium flame, turning the pieces of chicken frequently so as to brown on all sides. In from twenty to thirty minutes the chicken should be tender and well browned. Serve hot with lemon or lime wedges and parsley garnish.

Apricot Ice

1 pint water
1 cup sugar
1 teaspoon gelatin
1 teaspoon cold water
⅓ cup lemon, grapefruit, or orange juice
⅓ to ½ cup apricot pulp

BOIL the sugar and water together to the sirup stage (217° F.). While hot stir in the gelatin soaked in the cold water. Add the other ingredients and pour in the tray of a mechanical refrigerator, stirring every twenty minutes until frozen.

MIDSUMMER menus—freshening, delicious, easily and quickly prepared—are plentiful in Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks. Fruit sherbets, frozen cake sandwiches, and coconut sweetmeats are just a few of Miss Somers' booklet suggestions that will cut kitchen hours and, in addition, prevent appetites from wilting. The cookbooks cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Send for them today. And please use the coupon.

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Love Letters of an Interior DECORATOR

Marg, Meet the Macks!

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

New York.

DEAR MARG:

I would have wrote you before, but I split my pants. No kiddin, I had to go to a doggy affair and while I was puttin on the fried shirt the button hopped out of the works and rolled under the bureau. It would! I think them things got wheels on em. I never could understand, Marg, why a fello has to dress up like a window mummy to enjoy hisself. I think the frails love to see a guy miserable.

Anyway, wait till I give you the low down on what happened, on the level its a wow. To begin with I get a knobby invitation with Seals and Coats of Arms on it from the Macks. Thats the blow off! I'll have to give you the in on the family Marg, so youll get acquainted with em. Theyre fine people.

This bozo, Tom Mack, is a good old scout. He used to be one of the best steam shovel twirlers that ever dug a rock out of a exkervation. On the level, he could pick up a dime with a steam shovel and lay it on a pip stick, thats how good he is. I met him years ago at the Blastmans Clambake out in College Point. Me and him are old pals. Well, Tom inherited a sock full of dough. Somethin like a hundred thousand grand from a goofy old maid down South somewhere near Minnesota. And right away his familys gone *high hat!* Sure, haywire. The doughs gone to theyre heads, they want to put on the big blast. You know, just like Bill Ryan the ashman what used to live up in Mooch Chunk.

You see, Toms wife always had a yen for the big society stuff but she never could put on the swank, because everytime she brought some doods home, Tom would be sittin around the kitchen smokin a clay pipe with his feet in the oven. Yes, it used to burn her up! She never could break him of wearin his red flannels at the dinner table. I dont know why it is, but red underwear dont go so big in one of them Park Avenoo blowouts. Toms got a daughter, too, named Peggy. Oh boy, what a sweetheart *she* is! Shes the niftyest little stenog that ever bent the ITS on a new typewriter. And does she shake a mean thigh. Dont think she dont! When she struts, the arrow collars follow the runs, and HOW!

Now you dont need to go thinkin, Marg, Im goin to give her a make just because Im writin you about her. Not me, Im frail proof! But Im not kiddin you a bit, she could ruin a guys insurence if the medical was expected. She could spoil a bank presidents career by crossin her legs.

Shes got a brother, too, by the name of Buddy. Hes one of them cake eatin fools that sloughs the frails everytime they look into his Alice Blue eyes across the soda counter. Boy, hes got more girls than Lipton has yachts. When he loves em, they stay dazed; he puts a mean pressure on their heart beat and HOW!

Well these people dont know what its all about since they went into the big dough. Mrs. Mack and Peggy put the bee on the old man and sold him the idea he had to bust out in a new house and put on the dog. Can you imagine a donkey like him movin out of a thirty five buck a month walk-up and movin into a thirty thousand dollar layout like that? I laff!

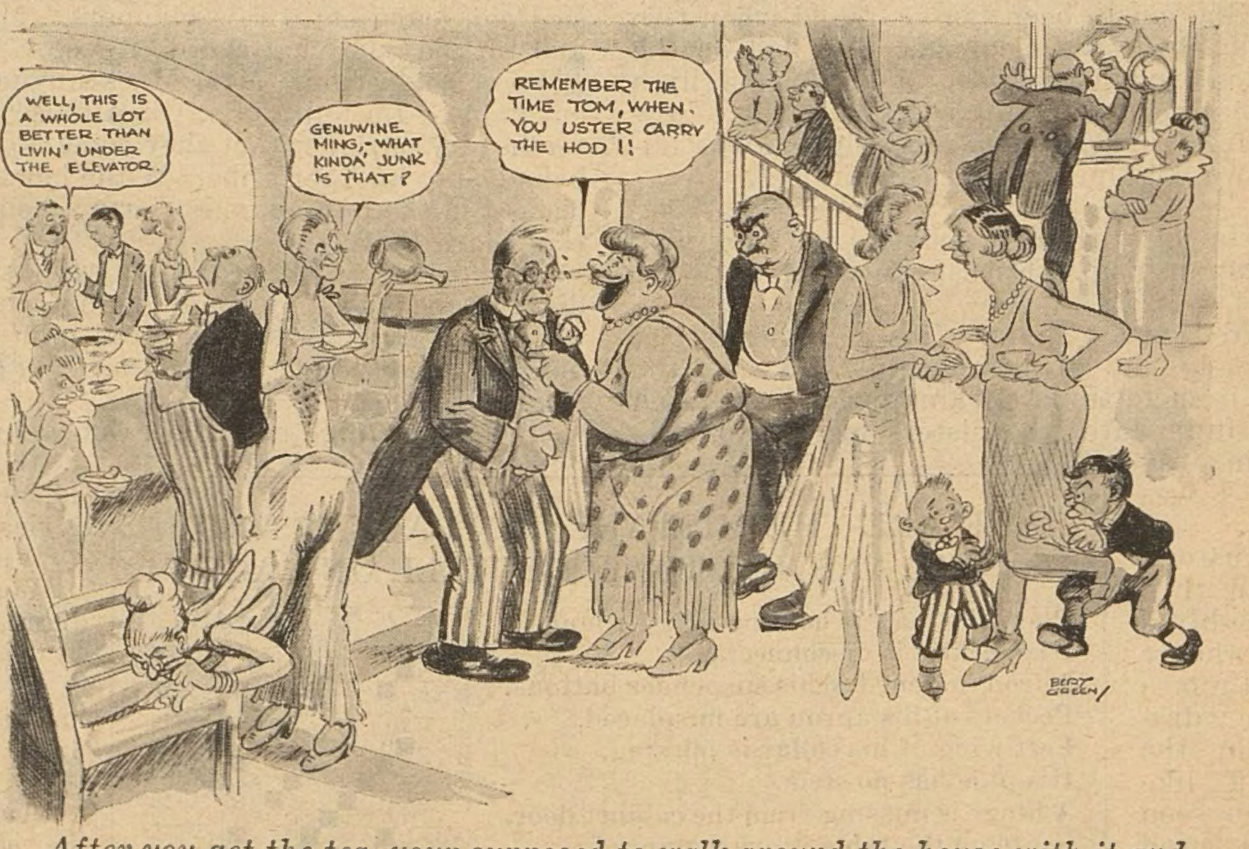
Well anyway, Angel Face, I dont want to bore you with this stuff but heres the dope. When I got home that night and began openin up my poisonal mail I came across this,—read it!

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mack
At Home
on Saturday the tenth of May
at four o'clock
One Carbuncle Court
Larchmont

and on the bottom is written in pencil: Dear Mike, Please send over six cases of gin and one case of Hennesys brandy—signed Tom Mack, hisself. I'll bet Toms old lady didn't see him write that invitation.

Well, I put on the magicians outfit and hopped up to Larchmont to give the layout the office. Outside the new house is the greatest variety of trick cars you ever glommed an eye over. Theres everything from a Moon to a Sunbeam with a few Ford Tractors thrown in. Some of the cans you wouldn't give a nickle a dozen for. I guess out of the fifty cars there wasnt five of em with a

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]


WELL, THIS IS A WHOLE LOT BETTER THAN LIVIN' UNDER THE ELEVATOR.
GENUWINE MING,-WHAT KINDA' JUNK IS THAT?
REMEMBER THE TIME TOM, WHEN. YOU USTER CARRY THE HOD !!
BERT GREEN

After you get the tea, your supposed to walk around the house with it and tell the gests what a nifty layout the place is. Its about as important as Fathers Day.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SEVEN]

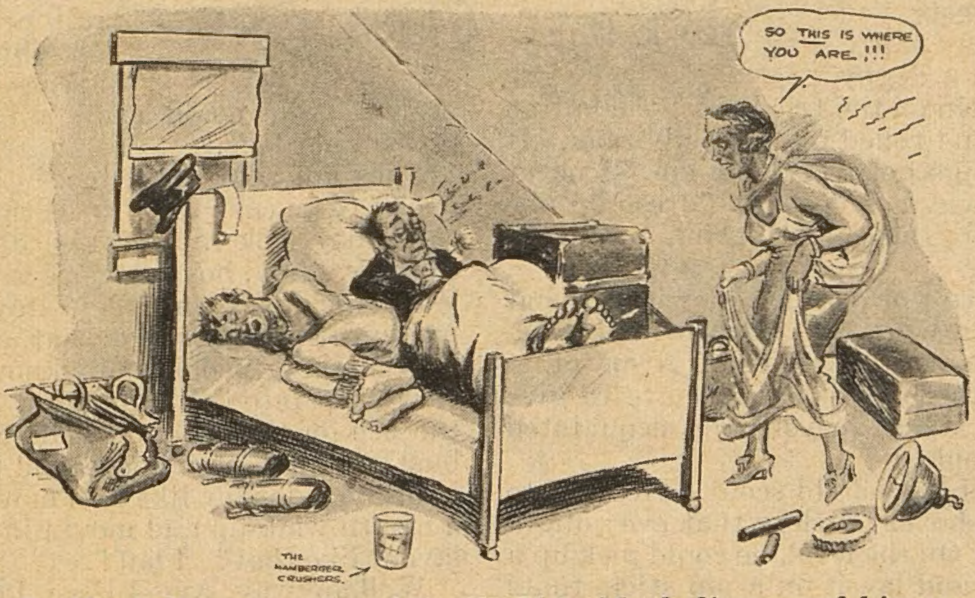
clear bill of sail. Anyway, when I blow into the house who do I see but Tom Mack, all dressed up in a motormans coat that would slay a coachman.

Around his neck he had on a collar that was big enough to throw over a gas tank, and rapped around the collar was a birthday tie that looked like a Long Island sunset.

Its the bunk, says Tom to me shakin my hand, Id rather be back on me steam shovel diggin dirt than be dressed up like a boiled monkey. If I could only get back in the stable and get this laundry box offer me chest Id feel happy.

Be your drink, I says to him, you look swell!

Swell me eye, he hollers, I aint had a drink *yet*, and whats more, these pasteboards hangin around me rists are drivin me nuts.


SO THIS IS WHERE YOU ARE !!!
THE HAMBERGER CRUSHERS.

Pa Mack dissapeared and finally Mrs. Mack discovered him up in the servants quarters asleep with the chauffeur.

Well, at that moment who comes along but Mrs. Muriel Fidjets. You remember her, Marg. Her husband used to run the Wash Sales Laundry up in Glens Falls. But between me and you, Kid, I think hes peddlin Laughin Syrup because they look so prosperous. Oh, you shoulda seen the outfit *she* had on. The two of em looked like they was playin a comedy turn in a Tank Town. She had on a cheesecloth creation from Main Street trimmed with spangles that would startle a traffic horse. An brother, on the top of her head she steadied one of them weepin willow hats that Anna Held wore durin the bicycle craze. It was all trimmed up with lillies, asparagrease and things what looked like dry batteries. What a bargain. No foolin, it jigged me.

She says to me, she says—How do you do Mr. Shea? I want you to meat my old friend Fannie Killgallon—and from the looks of her nose I guess she could. If you think Mrs. Fidjets was bad, you shoulda got a sly slant at Fannie. Fannie was dressed up like she just got a divorce. She had on a pair of six sided spectacles with a umbrella case tied to the end. Oh, she looked too charming for words. She musta been ten years old when Geo Wash told the fib about the meat ax. She had on the darlingest creation ever imaginable. A low busted, high wasted spring ensemble of bright red that made a new fire engine look like a lylock. Ab-so-lute-ly she was immense. About two fifty on the hoof, soakin wet.

NOW, if Im borin you with these people, Love Lips, why just tear this letter up.--Excuse me while I answer the phone.

It was that Mr. Downey again. Hes on a very strict diet, but he says he can drink anythin. He says the wood alcohol hes been gettin lately aint as good as it used to be. He says it irritates the ulsters in his stomack. Anyway Im gettin away from the party I was describin to you.

Well, all the customers began toorin thru the house like the hired hands. Pokin theyre nose into the bed rooms and feelin the draperies and tryin the chairs and stuff like that. They never seen the inside of a swell place like that in theyre lives. Ole Erickson, what janitors in Toms old flat, got so stuck on the pink and green bathrooms that he wouldnt leave em. He was layin in the tub with his shoes on. His wife, Olga, too, what runs the news stand, was down in the cellar puttin eight or ten towels thru the electric close ringer to see how it worked.

Out in the great big dining room sat Mrs. Mack at the end of a table. She *poured.* Yeh, thats the dood way of servin tea. First, they take a thing what looks like a tonsil on the end of a string and drop it in a cup. Thats the tea! Its all sewed up in a salt bag so they can use it over again.

After you get the tea, your supposed to walk around the house with it and tell the guests what a nifty layout the place is and how well everybody looks and a lot of baloney like that. Thats *etikette*, Marg! Its about as important as Fathers Day.

When most of the gang cleared out, Pa Mack took the derby off a shaker full of cocktails that was big enough to bathe a rug in and right away everybody sat down to do some serious cellarbrating to the new house.

SISTER what cocktails! Ive tasted some hot numbers in Hollywood, but one drink of that stuff and youd bite the legs off a rattle snake. Bacardi, Ammonia and Gin, thats what I think it was.

Anyhow, Ma Mack began tellin me she has to do somethin to polish up the old mans grammer.

Oh, shes gettin so ultra Ritzy youd be surprised. She says his manners are somethin turrible and she thinks theyll have to take a trip abroad just to get him a bit broke in.

She says it would do Peggy good, too. She thinks she might meat up with a real honest to God husband on the boat, instead of one of them business men what carries a pick.

Oh shes determined she is, Marg. Gosh, its funny what money will do, aint it Good Lookin? The Macks want me to live with them Marg, while Im in New York, so I can learn em a few manners. Maybe I will. Yes, and Im the guy what can do it, too.

Youd never know Mrs. Mack anymore, shes a different dame. Im tellin you, when these women go against the beauty parlor racket they come home lookin like they belonged to another tribe. While her long gray locks are parked in the bureau, she sports a henna bob that would slay Clara Bow.

Anyhow after the Macks party broke up, Pa Mack dissapeared and they couldn't find him nowhere.

Finally Mrs. Mack discovered him up in the servants quarters *sound asleep with the chauffeur.* Oh what a riot.

Well, I got to go now and label some gin. Im sorry to hear your mother has hardening of the artilleries.

Wishing you the same.

Your ever lovin husband,

MIKE SHEA.

P. S. Will write you more about the Macks later.

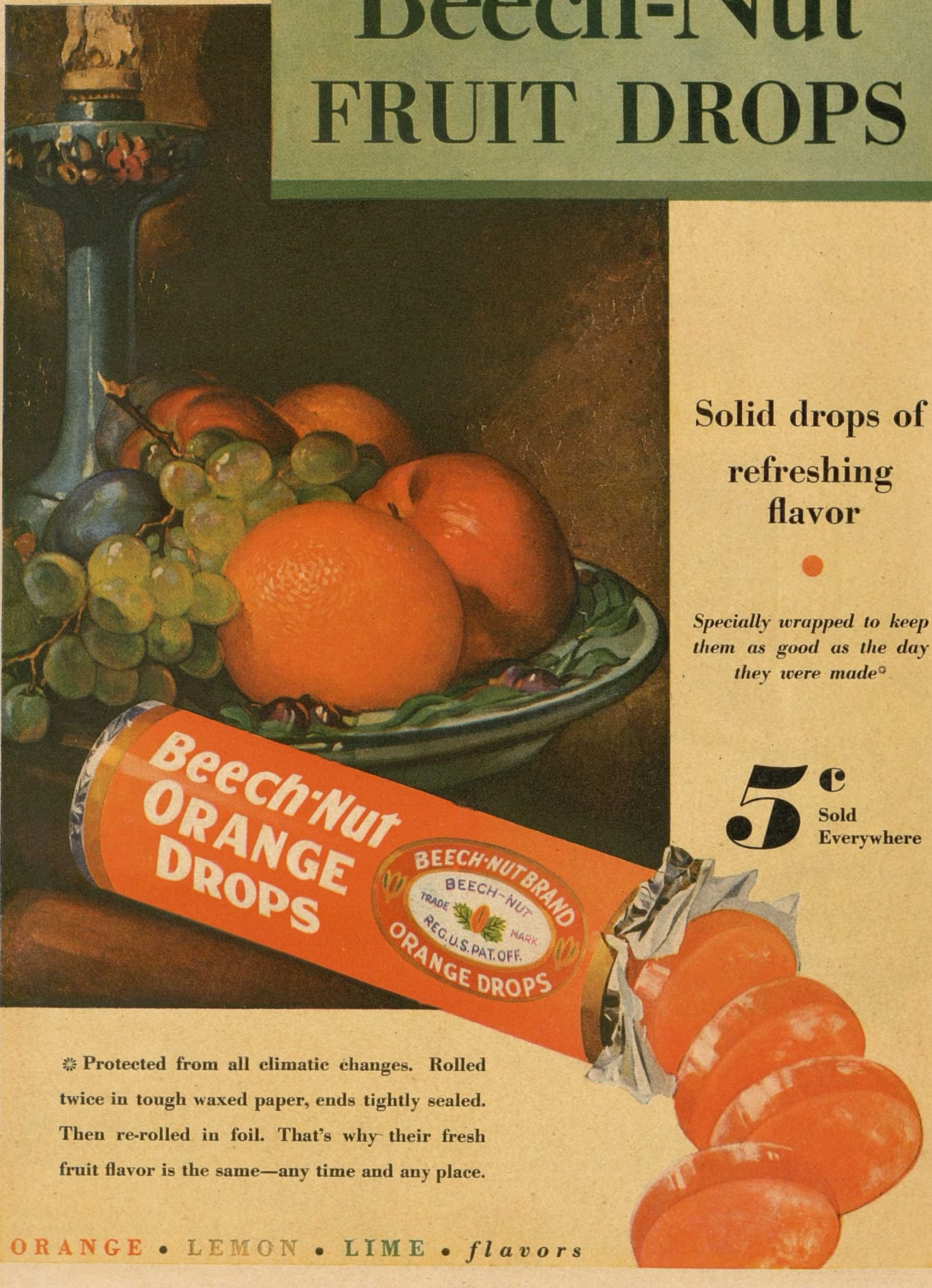
And it probably will be plenty. Watch for Mike's next effusion in an early issue.

HERE ARE THE MISTAKES ON PAGE 75 AND THE ANSWER TO THE PUZZLE ON PAGE 74

Plate the man is holding is not round.
His necktie is disconnected.
Apron fastened to his suspender buttons.
Pockets of his apron are misplaced.
Left wing of his collar is missing.
His pipe has no stem.
A hinge is missing from the cabinet door.
Knife on the table is overbalanced.
Part of the spigot is missing.
Drainpipe under sink makes full turn.

H	A	M	A	N		S	T	O	P	S		L	A	M	E	S
A	L	A	T	E		H	O	R	A	L		A	R	O	M	A
L	I	N	E	S		E	N	A	T	E		C	A	R	E	T
T	E	N	■	T	H	E	■	L	I	E	N	S	■	O	N	E
S	N	A	P	■	A	T	E	■	O	V	A	■	E	N	D	S
			A	R	I	S	E	N	■	E	V	I	L			
P	I	S	T	I	L	■	L	A	W	■	E	R	A	S	E	D
I	R	A	■	B	E	D	■	P	E	T	■	E	T	A	P	E
L	A	M	P	■	D	I	P	■	D	O	T	■	E	L	A	N
O	T	O	E	S	■	N	O	T	■	T	A	D	■	O	C	T
T	E	A	S	E	D	■	T	I	T	■	P	R	I	N	T	S
			T	R	E	T	■	C	O	V	E	Y	S			
A	B	A	S	■	A	R	S	■	P	E	R	■	M	A	T	S
B	A	G	■	B	L	O	T	S	■	E	S	S	■	B	E	T
O	R	A	T	E		P	O	L	A	R		E	L	O	P	E
M	E	T	A	L		E	R	O	D	E		A	I	D	E	R
A	D	E	P	T		S	E	W	E	D		S	T	E	E	N

Beech-Nut FRUIT DROPS


Beech-Nut
ORANGE
DROPS
BEECH-NUT BRAND
BEECH-NUT
TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
ORANGE DROPS

Solid drops of refreshing flavor

●

Specially wrapped to keep them as good as the day they were made✲

5¢ Sold Everywhere

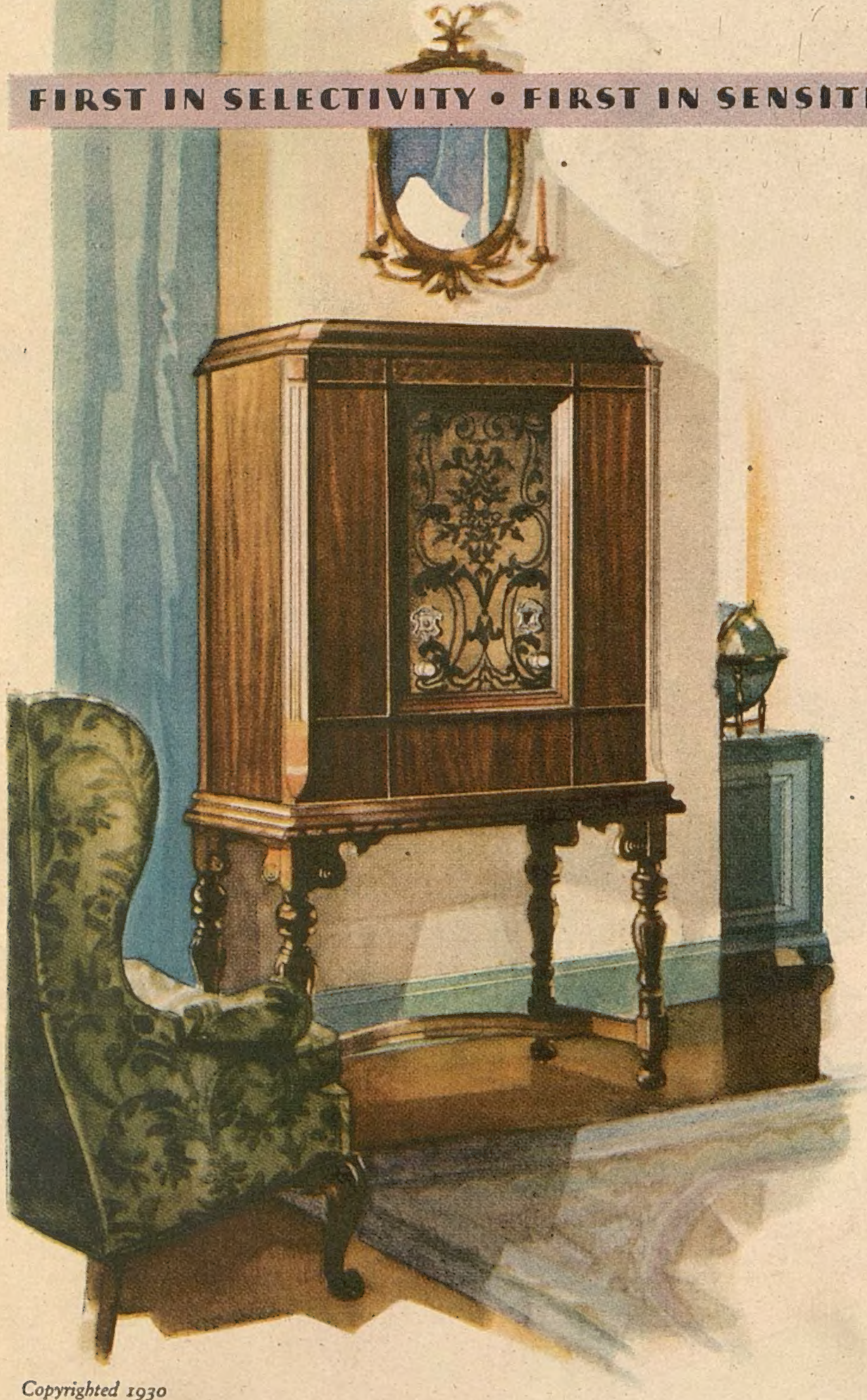
✲ Protected from all climatic changes. Rolled twice in tough waxed paper, ends tightly sealed. Then re-rolled in foil. That's why their fresh fruit flavor is the same—any time and any place.

ORANGE • LEMON • LIME • *flavors*

Supreme command of the air

RADIOLA
Super-Heterodyne

FIRST IN SELECTIVITY • FIRST IN SENSITIVITY • FIRST IN QUALITY RECEPTION



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